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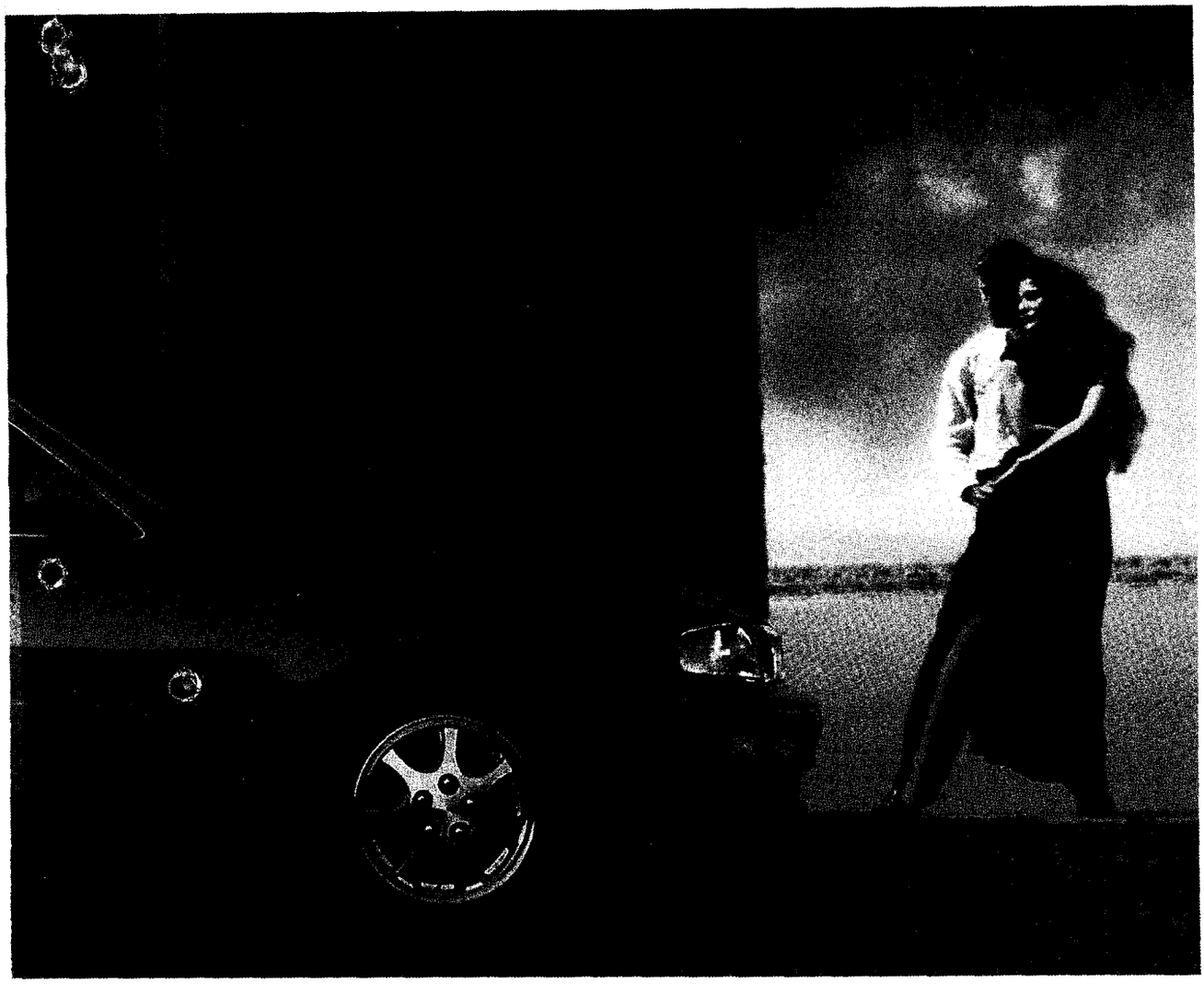

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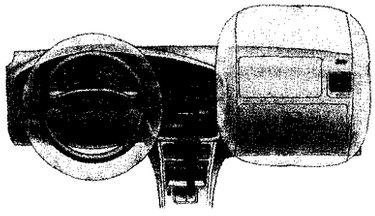

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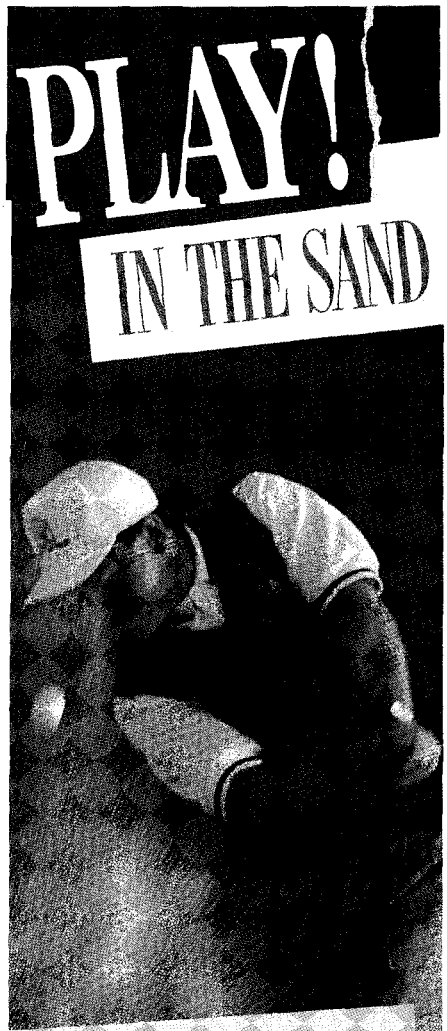

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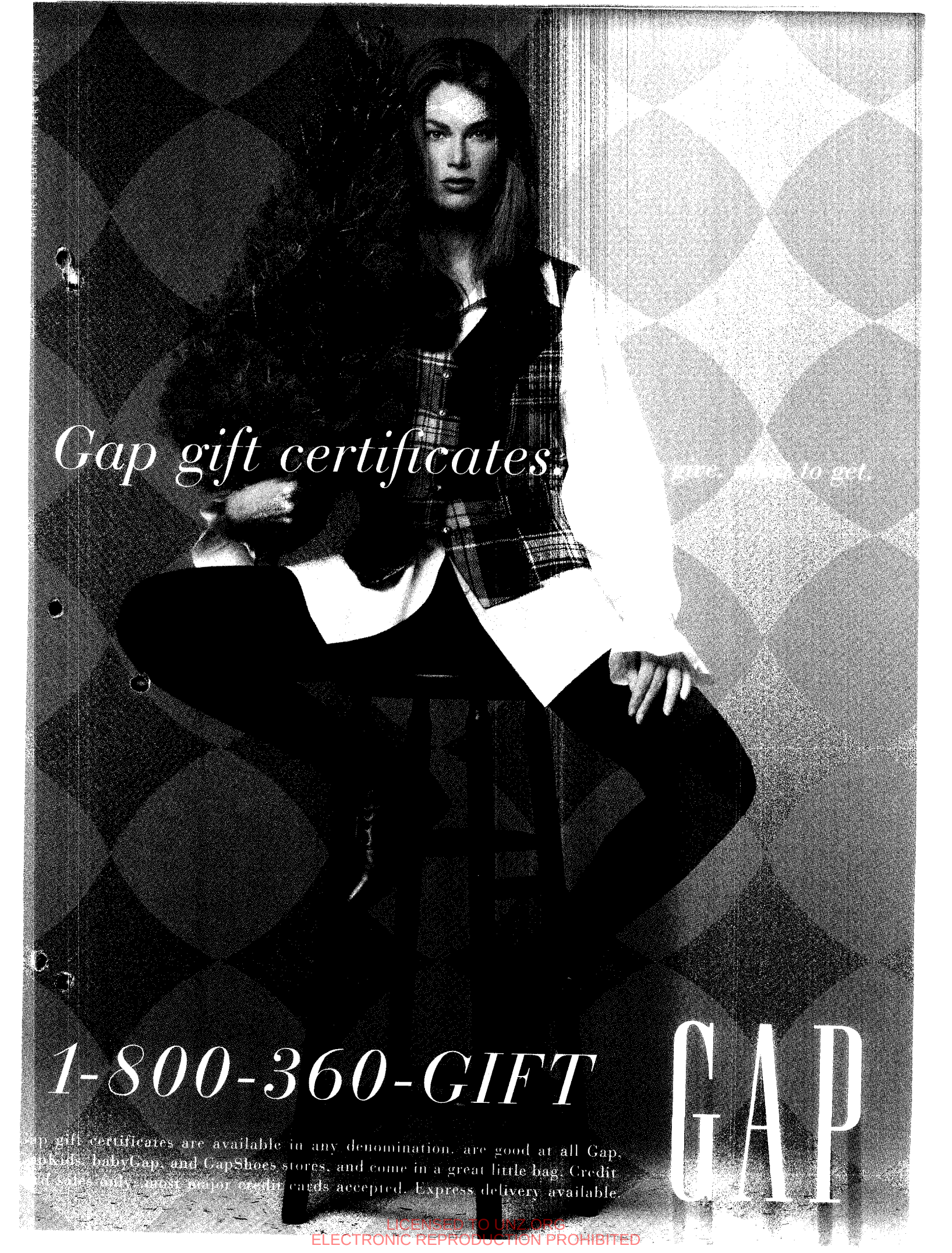

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COMMENT

CLINTON'S JUDGES

GEORGE BUSH has been out of there for less than a year, and already it's hard to remember much of anything about his Presidency—except that he waged the Gulf War and appointed David Souter and Clarence Thomas to the Supreme Court. In the long view of history, the appointments will probably loom larger than the war. In fulfilling their constitutional duty to populate the federal judiciary, Presidents leave a legacy that long outlasts them. Federal judges hold office for life; they serve as arbiters of the Constitution's magnificent—and magnificently vague—commands; on issues as various as racial equality, personal privacy, and religious liberty, they shape the society in which we live. Whatever questions may obsess and torment us in the future (Do clones have inheritance rights? Are speed traps permissible on the information highway?), we can be pretty sure that federal judges will have the last word on them.

With Congress in recess, President Clinton has done all the judicial nominating he can do for his first year in office, and it is possible to make an early assessment of how he has discharged this pivotal duty. He turns out to have launched a quiet revolution in the "diversity"—Beltway shorthand for ethnic and gender heterogeneity—of the federal judiciary. A glance at the record of his predecessors shows the dimensions of the change. According to a comparative analysis by the Clinton White House Counsel's Office, Jimmy Carter, by Thanksgiving of his first year in office, had nominated thirty-four judges, one of whom was a woman; in that same span, Ronald Reagan had nominated forty, two of them women, and George Bush had nominated twenty-three, four women among them. Bill Clinton has nominated forty-eight judges—and eighteen of them are women, including, of course, his most important appointee, Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg of the Supreme Court. The same pattern holds true for minorities. In the first eleven months of their terms, Carter nominated five black or Hispanic judges, Reagan one, and Bush two. Clinton has nominated fourteen. To put it another way,

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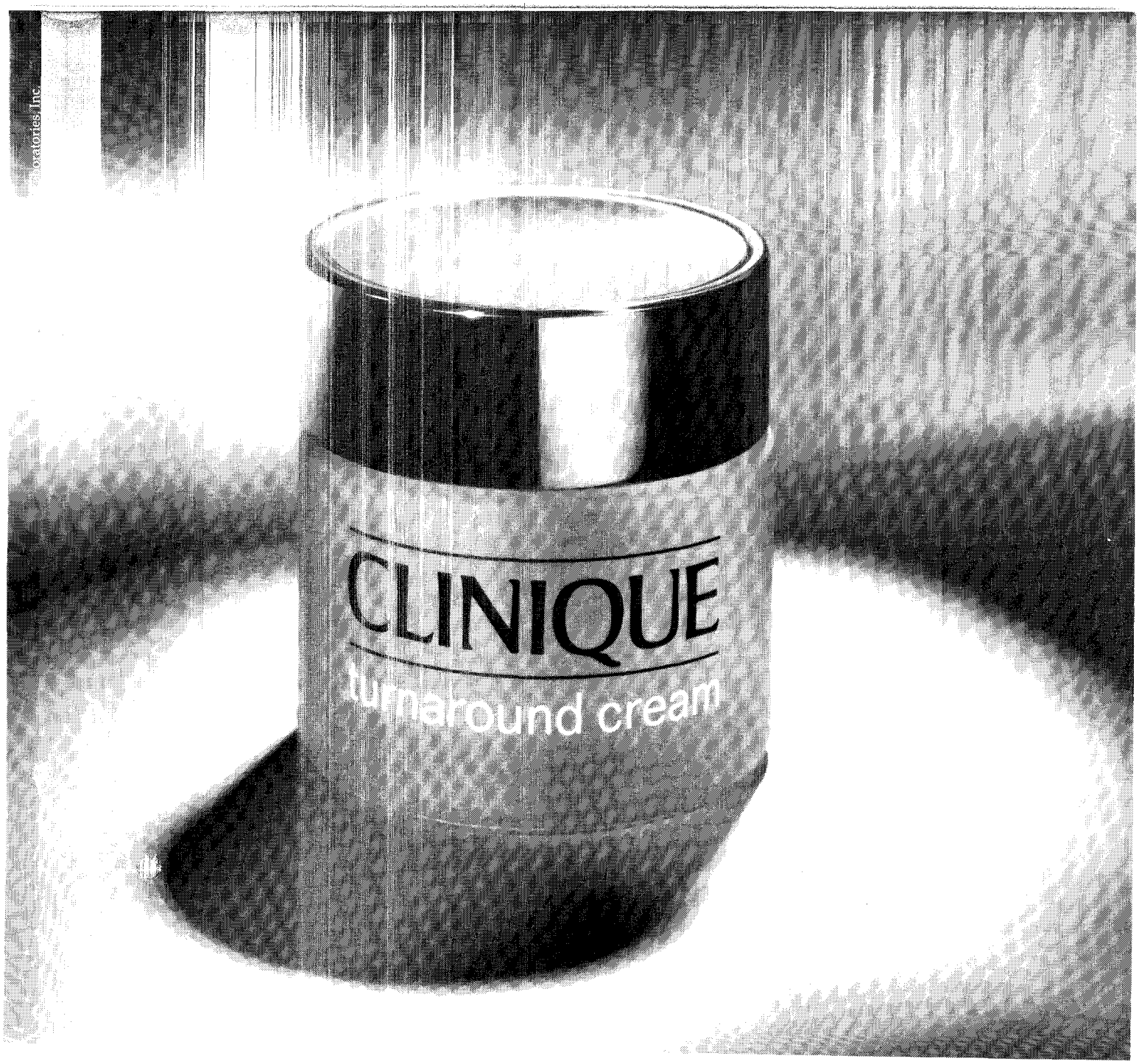

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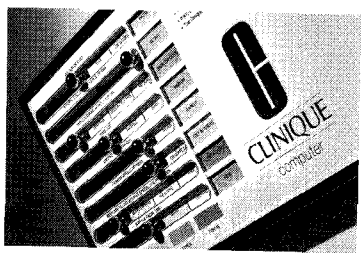

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eighty-two per cent of Carter's first-year nominees were white males, and so were ninety-two per cent of Reagan's and seventy-four per cent of Bush's, while only thirty-eight per cent of Clinton's first-year nominees to the federal bench were members of that not yet long-suffering breed. The first-year trends among Clinton's predecessors continued with little change, and it's logical to expect this President to maintain his pace as well.

All this good news on the diversity of Clinton's nominees would be bad news indeed if the President had achieved diversity at the expense of quality. But, if the ratings of judicial candidates put out by the American Bar Association are any guide, that hasn't happened. Of the Clinton nominees rated so far this year, three-quarters have received the A.B.A.'s "well qualified" label—a higher percentage than Carter's, Reagan's, or Bush's first-year nominees achieved. A look at a few of the nominees themselves shows what's behind this favorable consensus. In New York, for example, Pierre N. Leval has long been among the region's most eminent district-court judges; he richly deserved to be elevated to the court of appeals. Dean David Trager of Brooklyn Law School, who likewise has a long and distinguished record in public service, clearly belongs on the district-court bench. Highly qualified nominees of diverse backgrounds have been the rule throughout the country. Martha Craig Daughtrey, whom Clinton appointed to the court of appeals, was the first female prosecutor in Tennessee, the first woman to serve as a state-court judge in Tennessee, and the first woman to serve on that state's supreme court. Martha Vázquez, an appointee to the district court in New Mexico, is the daughter of Mexican immigrants and is a distinguished trial lawyer. And Nancy Gertner, a nominee to the district court in Massachusetts, has been a leading civil-liberties practitioner and a professor at Harvard Law School.

The nominee who has generated the most controversy may be the most highly qualified of all. The life story of Rosemary Barkett reads like a gloss on the American dream. She was born in 1939 in a small town in Mexico. Her parents, who were immigrants from Syria, had sixteen children, of whom only five survived. The Barkett family moved to Miami when Rosemary was five. About the time she turned eighteen, she became both a Roman Catholic nun and a United States citizen. After teaching school for several years, she graduated from college, and then, having left the convent, she graduated near the top of the University of Florida College of Law's class of 1970. Following a successful stint as a litigator, Barkett became a lower-court judge in the Florida state system in 1979, and by 1985 she had worked her way up to an appointment to the Florida Supreme Court. As a justice on that court—she is now its chief justice—she won a reputation as one of the most progressive and intelligent judges in the nation, gaining particular notice for her 1989 vote that the Florida Constitution protects a woman's right to choose abortion.

A handful of conservative critics have assailed Barkett for insufficient zeal in support of Florida's death-penalty statute. One may question whether such zeal is something to be desired in a judge; in any event, Barkett has shown nothing but evenhandedness in enforcing that doleful law, voting more than two hundred times to approve death sentences. Barkett's opponents managed to prevent her confirmation to a seat on the court of appeals from going forward before Congress adjourned in November, but, since she has virtually the entire Florida legal establishment behind her—and most of the state's major newspapers as well—she stands every chance of winning approval early next year.

Clinton's nominees are different from those of his Republican predecessors in more surprising ways, too. Bush and, especially, Reagan nominated any number of aggressively opinionated young academics to the federal bench. Clinton has resisted the temptation to match that record ideologue for ideologue; rather, he has drawn in significant measure from a deep pool of judges on state courts, which served as a refuge for many moderate jurists over the past twelve years. Nor has Clinton sought to magnify his legacy by reaching out for notably youthful nominees; his selections include many judges in their fifties and a few in their sixties. It's true that, as the Washington *Post* pointed out the other day, the Clinton judge-picking machinery has moved slowly, and that the age factor will cause vacancies to remain endemic in the system. But this President seems to recognize that, in the long run, who the judges are rather than how long they serve will determine their contribution to the judicial system and the nation. ♦

"One caveat: If Harvey Keitel is there, you're on your own."

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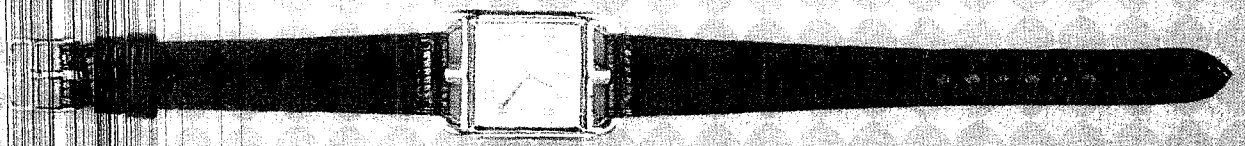

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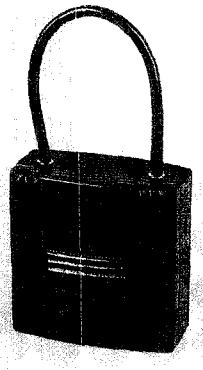

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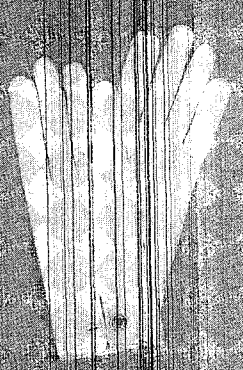

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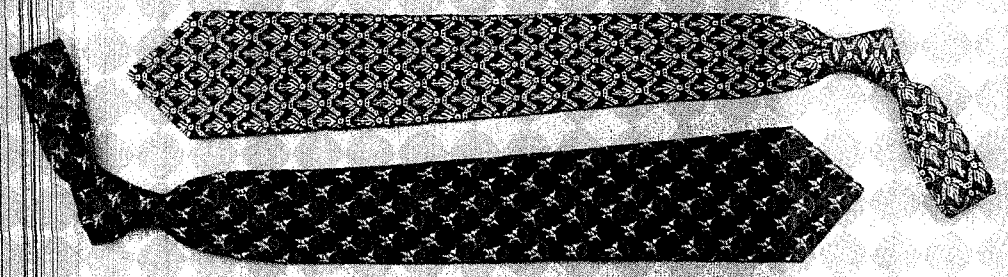

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IN THE MAIL

PRESERVING AUSCHWITZ

I found Timothy Ryback's article regarding the memory of Auschwitz, "Evidence of Evil" (November 15th), as effective in recalling the atrocities of that time as any piece on the Holocaust that I've read, but also, and more important, illustrative of the fundamental issues that challenge the preservation of those memories we'd sooner forget.

Just as the hair of the dead must be preserved to recall the horrific fate suffered by some ten million Nazi victims, so, too, ironically, must the revisionists' denial of those events be preserved. Their insistence that the Holocaust never occurred, despite irrefutable testimony to the contrary, is the single most compelling piece of evidence that human beings are capable of the intent to exterminate an entire race. And our own capacity for genocide is, more than anything else, what we must never forget.

ANDREW JESKE
New York City

In Mr. Ryback's excellent article, he refers to a Roper poll that indicated that one in three Americans believes it possible that the Holocaust never took place. As one who has had a longtime interest in the Holocaust, I believe that this statistic is misleading.

The question that the Roper Organization asked the nine hundred and ninety-two adults it surveyed is phrased, "Does it seem possible or does it seem impossible to you that the Nazi extermination of the Jews never happened?" The question's structure makes it difficult to understand, especially when it is heard, not read. To indicate that the Holocaust happened, one must respond with a double negative: "It is impossible that the Nazi extermination of the Jews never happened."

I thought the phrasing of the question might have affected the nature of the responses. Shortly after the Roper poll was released, I polled two hundred Chicagoans using standard polling methodology and asked, "Does it seem possible or does it seem impossible to you that the astronauts' landing on the moon never happened?" Thirty-one per cent of the Chicagoans polled thought it was possible that the astronauts had never landed on the moon! And 7.5 per cent were not sure. I attribute the large proportion of skeptics to the awkward wording of the question.

I also posed a more direct question about the Holocaust: "Do you believe that the Holocaust happened?" To those persons who indicated that they did not understand the term "Holocaust," I supplied a definition, referring to the mass killings as an alleged event. Eighty-nine per cent of the people I questioned responded yes, they believed that the Holocaust happened; seven per cent stated that they did not know if the Holocaust had happened, and 3.5 per cent said they did not believe that the Holocaust had happened. Thus, my "poll" suggests that approximately one in every ten persons expresses doubt or disbelief that the Nazis exterminated the Jews.

My reëvaluation of the Roper poll suggests that our historic awareness is more nearly intact than we have been led to believe. The Roper statistic gives unwarranted validity to the claims of those who deny the Holocaust and provokes a sense of hopelessness regarding our country's conscience. If so many deny humanity's capacity for evil, how can we

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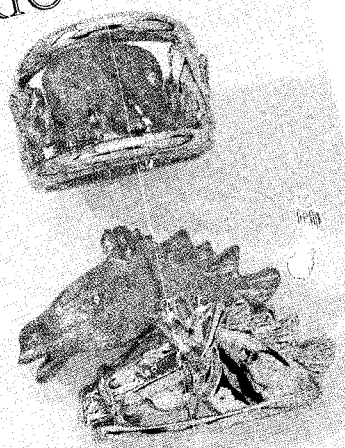

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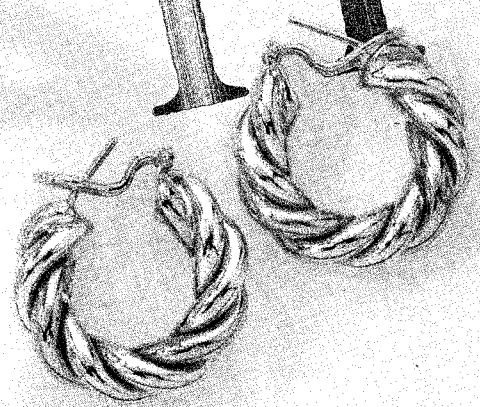

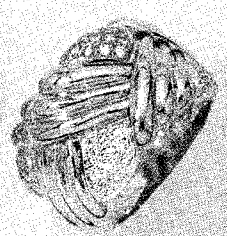

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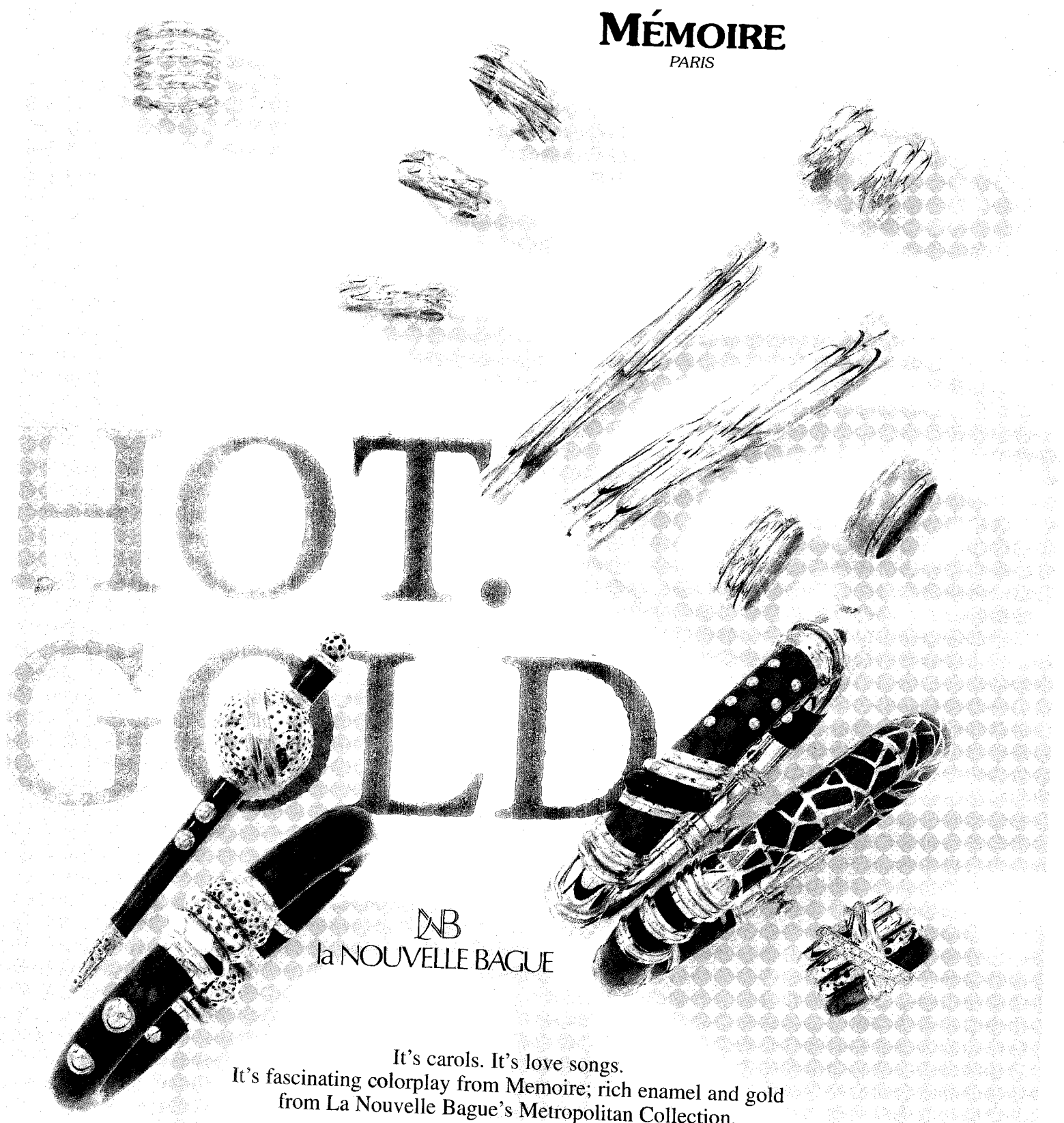
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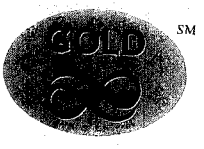

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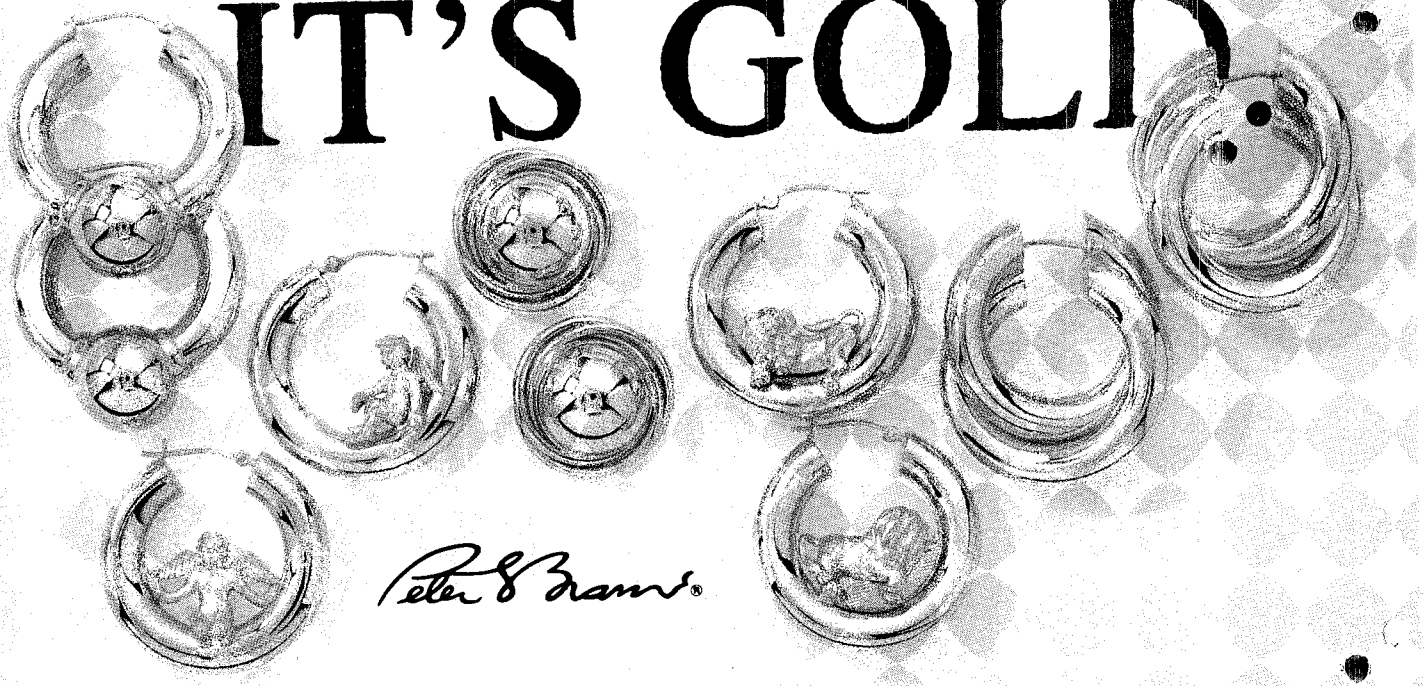

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recognize evil? A collective memory is a powerful force; it underlies our collective consciousness and shapes our collective conscience. Let us be careful how we describe this memory.

KATHERINE MOSCHANDREAS
Harvard Divinity School
Cambridge, Mass.

Timothy Ryback delivers a heartfelt and illuminating appraisal of the Holocaust and the questions that remain concerning the preservation and memorialization of the physical artifacts.

Although it is understandable to go to great lengths to preserve in memory the atrocities that took place, one has to draw a line between emotional anguish and factual documentation. It is factual to state that an atrocity of some magnitude took place in Europe during the Second World War in which millions of Jews lost their lives. The exact number has become undefinable as time and history have gone on.

The survivors of the Holocaust have made their point quite effectively with the creation of the Holocaust Museum in Washington and the many other memorials worldwide. I believe Mr. Ryback's charges of revisionist agitation and bureaucratic euphemism operating in collusion are ridiculous. Americans have been satiated with accounts of the Holocaust, and to question their veracity is not blasphemous but merely human. After all, the Jewish population was not the only group of people to suffer death on a large scale during either the twentieth century or the Second World War.

OLIVER DUNWORTH
Kimberton, Pa.

Timothy Ryback's article is an unfortunate example of how most newspapers and magazines, even respected magazines like *The New Yorker*, engage in an ugly kind of self-censorship when it comes to reporting the revisionist side of the Holocaust controversy.

I am a Jewish Holocaust revisionist and documentary-film producer. When Mr. Ryback quoted from the text of one of my documentaries, he wrote that, while touring Auschwitz, I "say" I discovered "a camp theatre," "a swimming pool with a diving board and starting blocks for races," and "delousing chambers, for maintaining camp hygiene." This gives the impression that I am making some sort of unsubstantiated claim. In truth, the existence of these buildings is not denied by *anyone*.

DAVID COLE
Beverly Hills, Calif.

I am a former prisoner of Auschwitz, No. 13390, and spent three and a half years there before escaping, on September 28, 1944. I would like to comment on David Cole's "revelations": The theatre he refers to was outside the perimeter of the Stammlager and was for the exclusive use of the S.S. The "swimming pool" referred to was a reservoir for water in case of fire; its walls were at a forty-five-degree angle. It is true, though, that the S.S. had a diving board built and prisoners were commandeered—I was among them—to dive from it, at which time the S.S. propaganda office took pictures. As far as I know, that incident happened only once.

I am happy that you took the interest and time to publish your article. It is a pity that people here generally know so little about what took place half a century ago and many times care even less.

LEONARD T. ZAWACKI
Ashland, Ore.

I read with great interest the article by Timothy Ryback on Auschwitz and, especially, Birkenau. On a Smithsonian trip to Poland in the spring of 1960, I went to Birkenau under the leadership of a young professor of Jewish history. It was moving to have him explain most reservedly and objectively the horror of this death camp. At the memorial site, there is a semicircular pavement of small, square cobblestones. Growing in that pavement were yellow blossoming flowers of a low-growing wild plant. I later was told that this plant's Latin name is sempervivum.

Might we not take this as a portent that the memory of this horror will be "living forever"?

BETTY WHITNEY
Jackson, N.H.

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

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"An enthralling story, told with a novelist's zest."
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

Backstage Passage

DAVID HAPGOOD, in his recently published "Year of the Pearl: The Life of a New York Repertory Company," says that for years he'd wanted to write about a small nonprofit theatre—one of the ones "that have meant so much to us and that are as distinctive a part of New York's landscape as the money-crazed alleys of Wall Street." He chose the classically oriented Pearl because of the high-calibre performances he'd seen there since the company's founding, in 1984. Then, during the 1991-92 season, the year he kept his account, the company made the transition from Off Off to Off Broadway, allowing him to document the search for funding and new audiences.

In his lively, instructive report, Mr. Hapgood chronicles both what makes the Pearl distinctive (a straightforward approach to classics, a small but relatively steady band of artists) and what makes it emblematic of the small-theatre scene in New York (the effects of AIDS and of the recession that has put many of New York's non-Broadway theatres out of business during the past few years). He also provides good portraits of the Pearl's dedicated artistic director, Shepard Sobel, describing him as "a missionary who can poke fun at himself," and of the company's most loyal actors, several of whom can be seen in the new production of "Twelfth Night" that begins performances at the company's home this week.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21				

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

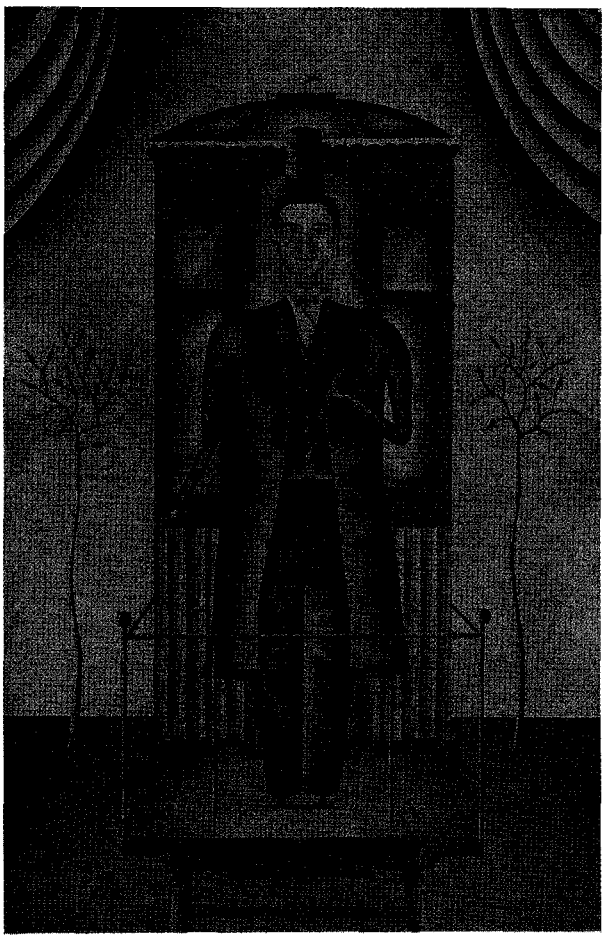
(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

THE ASH FIRE—A comedy by Gavin Kostick. Previews through Dec. 18. Opens Dec. 19 at 7 and runs through Jan. 2. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

FIRST LADY SUITE—Musical portraits of Eleanor Roosevelt, Mamie Eisenhower, and Jacqueline Kennedy, by Michael John LaChiusa. Opens Dec. 15 at 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

THE RED SHOES—A new musical, based on the 1948 movie, with a score by Jule Styne, a book by Marsha Norman, and lyrics by Ms. Norman and Paul Stryker. Two previews on Dec. 15. Opens Dec. 16 at 6:30. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

TWELFTH NIGHT—The Pearl Theatre Company presents Shakespeare's comedy. With Robin Leslie Brown (Viola), Andrew Sellon (Sebastian), Michael James Reed (Orsino), Raye Lankford (Olivia), Robert Hock (Malvolio), and Frank Lowe (Sir Toby Belch). Previews start Dec. 17. (125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708.)



Sam Waterston in "Abe Lincoln in Illinois."

HAYDEN CORNNER

OPENED RECENTLY

ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS—Sam Waterston has the title role in a production of Robert E. Sherwood's 1938 play. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 2.)

ALL FOR ONE—Paul Weitz's very funny play about three boys'-school friends—a television writer, a law student, and a musician/junkie—who reunite in their mid-twenties. The actors—Calista Flockhart, Liev Schreiber, John Speredakos, Michael Louis Wells, and Noëlle Parker—are all wonderfully convincing, even though their characters occasionally lean toward the stereotypical. Solidly directed by Kate Baggott. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Closes Dec. 19.)

ALL IN THE TIMING—An evening of six one-act comedies by David Ives. The subjects are various (the death of Trotsky, Philip Glass goes shopping), and the literary technique is sparkling. Directed by Jason McConnell Buzas. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-7471.)

ANGELS IN AMERICA—"Millennium Approaches" and "Perestroika," the two parts of Tony Kushner's epic work, run in repertory. ("Millennium Approaches" was reviewed in our issue of 5/31/93; "Perestroika," 12/13/93.) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

ANNIE WARBUCKS—Kathryn Zaremba, an infant phenomenon if ever there was one, has the title role in this beguiling sequel to "Annie." (8/23 & 30/93) (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

ANY GIVEN DAY—Frank D. Gilroy's new play demonstrates that dysfunctional families existed as far back as 1941. Sada Thompson, Andrew Robinson, and Victor Slezak stand out among the cast. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

BLOOD BROTHERS—Willy Russell's musical, with Shaun Cassidy, David Cassidy, and Petula Clark. (5/10/93) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

CYRANO: THE MUSICAL—The nose have it. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

FAMILY SECRETS—Sherry Glaser is the sole, physically adept, very funny performer in this comedy about a Jewish family, which she wrote with Greg Howells. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1994—This edition of Gerard Alessandrini's parodies is disappointing in spite of a few sharp lines and ideas, and even they are blurred by the all but unbearable amplification. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

FOUR DOGS AND A BONE—The "bone" of John Patrick Shanley's satiric comedy is a movie, and the "four dogs" are its producer, writer, and two actresses, who together make the funniest foursome in town. They are played by Loren Dean, Polly Draper, Adam Arkin, and Arabella Field. (11/15/93) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING!—Indeed. This expanded version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein revue that originated at Rainbow & Stars pampers its audience. The singers are Jason Graae, Martin Vidnovic, Victoria Clark, Lynne Wintersteller, and Suzzanne Douglas. Tony Walton designed the exquisite setting. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes Jan. 1.)

GRAY'S ANATOMY—Monologuist Spalding Gray is back, this time to talk about his eye troubles, among other matters. Sundays and Mondays only. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 3.)

GREETINGS!—A comedy by Tom Dudzick, with Darren McGavin, Lenore Loveman, and Gregg Edelman. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 967-9077.)

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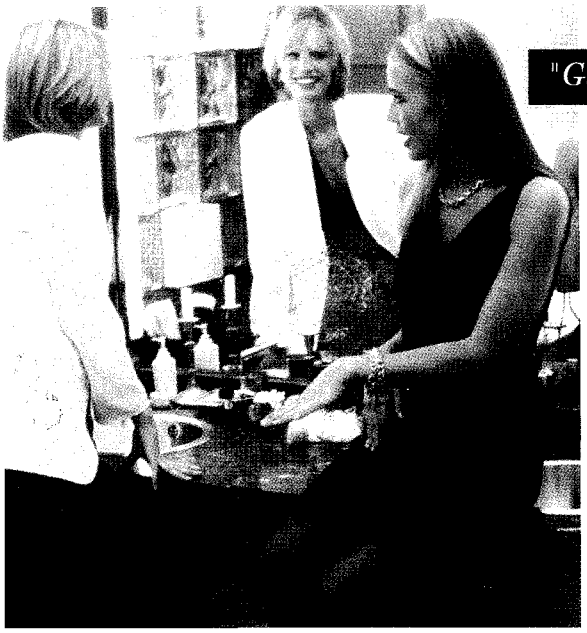

"Get him the one that comes in the box with the dots."

CHARLOTTE: *Well, I approve.*

LISA: *Oh, lucky me.*

CHARLOTTE: *Marry him.*

LISA: *He hasn't asked me.*

CHARLOTTE: *A minor detail.*

LISA: *Besides, we're having a good time as things are. Why rush it?*

CHARLOTTE: *Oh, go ahead. Rush it.*

LISA: *I see. I'm in the enviable position of getting advice from a world-famous expert. My sister.*

CHARLOTTE: *What are you talking about? Honestly, the way he looks at you in public... you should do something about it.*

LISA: *So you're saying that if I marry him, he'll stop?*

CHARLOTTE: *On the contrary. I'm saying that the pleasures of marriage are infinitely expanding; a secret universe of love that you create together.*

LISA: *Charlotte! How spiritual! It's touching, really. But my thoughts are far more earthy.*

CHARLOTTE: *Believe me, marriage is very earthy. There's more to cooking than frying eggs.*

LISA: *Teach me, O Great One.*

CHARLOTTE: *Well, does he wear a really sexy cologne when you're making love?*

LISA: *I suppose you have a recommendation.*

CHARLOTTE: *Get him the one that comes in the box with dots.*

LISA: *Dots?*

CHARLOTTE: *Dots!*

LISA: *You think he'll like it?*

CHARLOTTE: *Oh. I think he will. But I'm sure you will.*

Saks Fifth Avenue

Herrera for Men

Carolina Herrera
New York

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

An Imaginary Life—A play by Peter Parnell. The concerns are the playwright's customary ones—mortality, the creative life—but the effect is somewhat less stimulating than usual. Caroline Aaron proves affecting as an academic and mystery novelist. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Jan. 2.)

Jeffrey—A comedy, by Paul Rudnick, about love in the age of AIDS. It is less a fleshed-out play than a series of Scenes from Gay Life, but Mr. Rudnick can quip with the best of them. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 420-8000.)

Jimmy Tingle's Uncommon Sense—Tingle speaks from a leftist blue-collar worker's perspective in his politically charged one-man show. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074. Closes Dec. 19.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Like a kaleidoscope, Andrew Lloyd Webber's flippant new mega-version of his first musical is bright, ever-changing, and utterly meaningless. As Joseph, Michael Damian is physically nimble and vocally wan. Everyone else conspires to wring an ovation out of the overstimulated audience. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—A musical, based on the novel by Manuel Puig, with a distinguished book by Terrence McNally and a star performance by the redoubtable Chita Rivera in the title role. Harold Prince was the director. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb. (5/24/93) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Later Life—The reunion, after thirty years, of a middle-aged man and woman who were once in love is at the heart of this play by A. R. Gurney. Mr. Gurney has written with his customary wit and perception, and the actors do him proud. (6/14/93) (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100. Closes Jan. 2.)

Laughter on the 23rd Floor—Neil Simon's comedy takes place during the early days of live TV. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Life Sentences—Richard Nelson's story about a college English professor and his live-in girlfriend has suffered somewhat in its transition from television drama to theatre piece: the monologues of the girlfriend, who is played by Michelle Joyner, are less textured and less dramatic than the speeches of the professor, who is played with droll unawareness by Edward Herrmann. John Caird directed, fluently. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 1.)

The Loman Family Picnic—A play by Donald Margulies about a Jewish family in Brooklyn during the sixties. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

My Fair Lady—Richard Chamberlain is Henry Higgins and Melissa Errico is Eliza Doolittle in this revival of the Lerner and Loewe musical. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Presenting "Olivia's Opus," a one-woman show by Nora Cole. (Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. 346-8510. Closes Dec. 19.)

Out Is In—Comic Kate Clinton solos in her Off Broadway début. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 229-7770. Closes Jan. 2.)

Pretty Fire—Charlayne Woodard wrote and stars in this autobiographical one-woman show about being a black child in upstate New York in the sixties. (Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448.)

Shakespeare for My Father—A marvellous one-woman show, in which Lynn Redgrave reviews her own life in a search for her unloving father, Michael Redgrave. She combines anecdotes, brilliant thumbnail impersonations of British actors, and wry reminiscence with passages from Shakespeare. (5/10/93) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

Sada Thompson, Justin Kirk, and Andrea Marcovicci in "Any Given Day."

She Loves Me—The Roundabout's production of the 1963 Bock-Harnick-Masteroff musical. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

Top Girls—A revival of Caryl Churchill's forceful 1983 play of ideas and theatrical devices, some of which have aged better than others. Irene Glezos, Kelly Clark, Jeannie Zusy, and Maureen Beitler are terrific. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 307-4100. Closes Dec. 19.)

Trophies—A play by John Wooten. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2285.)

The Who's Tommy—Pete Townshend's music—however muted for Broadway—has an indubitable thrill. This adaptation was directed by Des McAnuff. (5/3/93) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

Beau Jest: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **Blue Man Group/Tubes:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **Cats:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **Crazy for You:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **The Fantasticks:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **Forever Plaid:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **Guys and Dolls:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **Les Misérables:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **Miss Saigon:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **Nunsense:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **Oleanna:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100. . . . **Perfect Crime:** 47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 695-3401. . . . **The Phantom of the Opera:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **The Sisters Rosensweig:** Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. . . . **Tony n' Tina's Wedding:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

The Radio City Christmas Spectacular—In ninety minutes, nine technologically enhanced holiday fantasy scenes whiz by. With the Rockettes, of course. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Through Jan. 8. For information about tickets, call 247-4777.)

Big Apple Circus—In its annual engagement at Lincoln Center. (Damrosch Park. Through Jan. 9. For information about show times and tickets, call 268-0055.)

"House of Buggin' "—Comedy sketches by John Leguizamo and David Bar Katz, performed by eight actors, including Mr. Leguizamo. (Downtown Art Co., 64 E. 4th St. Dec. 16-18 at 10:30 and Dec. 19 at 8. For reservations, call 477-5288.)

Bread and Puppet Theatre—Vermont's intrepid band of puppeteers offers its politically oriented holiday classic, "Nativity." (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Dec. 20-21 at 8. Through Jan. 2.)

DANCE

The Moral

What's a little girl's idea of a perfect evening? How about this: It's snowing. She gets to go out after dark to a party while her bratty little brother stays home. At the festivities—an evening of magical entertainments at which she is the guest of honor—her parents dance together with perfect decorum, revealing the sublime dazzlement that lies at the heart of grown-up, married love.

Such is the child heroine Marie's happy lot in George Balanchine's interpretation of "The Nutcracker." His New York City Ballet classic is a holiday lesson in dreams come true for the kiddies, but it is a moral tract for their mommies and daddies—represented in idealized form by the Sugar Plum Fairy and her Cavalier. Through them, Mr. B. shows us what children really want for Christmas: to be loved the most, by parents who (really, truly, forever) love each other.

Meanwhile, in Brooklyn, Mark Morris's "The Hard Nut" is a deceptively ironic version of the same story. Morris has encoded his own moral caution in two parallel duets. In the first, the perfectly avuncular Drosselmeyer instructs his young nephew; in the second, the nephew (who is, incidentally, the Nutcracker Prince) uses the same steps to partner his first true love, Marie. Thus Morris reminds us that the way we learn to love is by being loved: as we are loved as children, so will we love as adults.

New York City Ballet—"The Nutcracker," through Jan. 2. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Dec. 15-16 and Dec. 20-21 at 6; Dec. 17 at 8; Dec. 18 at 2 and 8; and Dec. 19 at 1 and 5. The season continues through Feb. 27.)

"The Hard Nut"—Mark Morris's downtown (and across the river) version of the "Nutcracker" story, with a retro setting, no children, and male Snowflakes and Flowers. The work had its United States première here last year; the plan is to establish it as an annual event. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Dec. 15-17 and Dec. 21 at 7; Dec. 18 at 2 and 7; and Dec. 19 at 3. Through Dec. 23.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Dec. 15 at 8: "Blues Suite," "Treading," "Hymn," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 8: "Dance at the Gym," "Forgotten Time," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 8: "The Winter in Lisbon," "Hymn," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz" (company première). . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 2: "Fontessa and Friends," "Jukebox for Alvin," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 8: "Hymn," "Shelter," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 3: "Fontessa and Friends," "A Folk Dance," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 7:30: "Dance at the Gym," "Treading," "Hymn," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 8: "The River," "Shelter," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. The engagement runs through Jan. 2.)

American Indian Dance Theatre—A company of twenty-one dancers, singers, and musicians. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Dec. 15-17 and Dec. 20-21 at 8; Dec. 18 at 2 and 8; and Dec. 19 at 2 and 7:30. Through Jan. 2.)

DENA SCHUTZER

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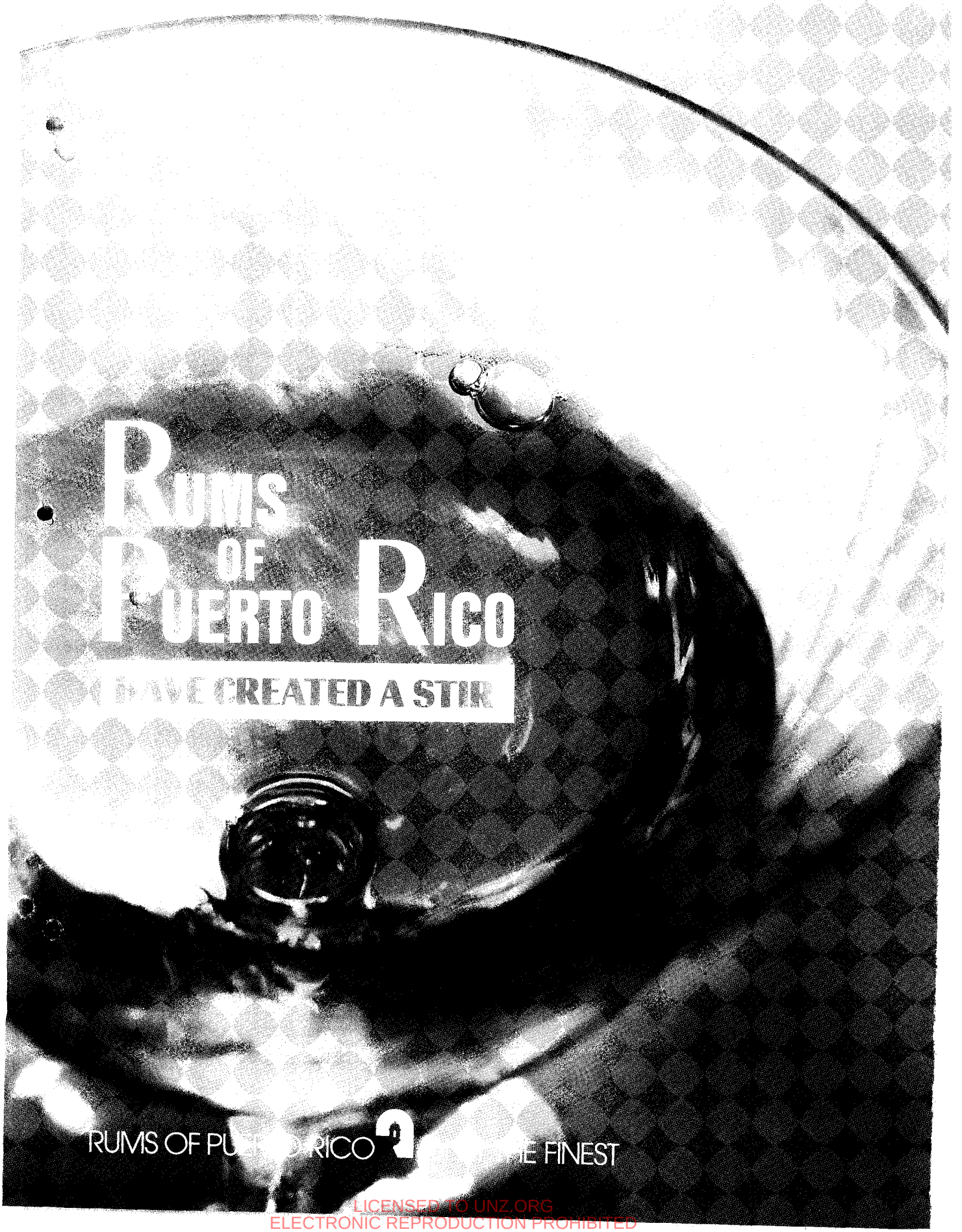

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JIM'S DANDY

CREAM SODA

1 ½ oz. Captain Morgan
Original Spiced Rum
Fill with Lemon-lime Soda

Stir in a collins glass and serve.

3RD PLACE
Jim Smith's deceptively simple Cream Soda, which he created with Shawn Moore, exceeds the sum of its parts. When its two constituents mix, the result is entirely unexpected – a smooth and bubbly cocktail with a creamy taste. At D.J.'s in Clovis, California, you can order one by name.

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Advertisement

JOANN'S JEWEL

RUM-DINGER

1 ½ oz. Bacardi Light Rum
2 oz. Cream
1 oz. Pineapple Juice
¼ oz. Grenadine
½ Fresh Banana

Mix ingredients in a blender and garnish with a cherry or fresh pineapple slice. Serve in a champagne flute.

2ND PLACE
At Shield's Bar in Shields, North Dakota, JoAnn Ozbun presides. Her frothy Rum-Dinger erupts with the robust flavor of bananas accented with a delicate hint of pineapple. Even on the coldest days, one sip will transport you to a beach warmed by the Caribbean sun.

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GARY'S GAMBIT

BLACK SUNSET

1 oz. Bacardi Black Rum
½ oz. Blackberry Brandy
2 oz. Orange Juice
⅓ oz. Grenadine

In a rock's glass, pour ingredients over ice and stir. Garnish with a cherry and a kiwi slice.

1ST PLACE
Gary L. Remley tends bar at Fortune's in Columbus, Ohio. This deep red concoction shares more with fine red wine than with kindred mixed drinks. Complex and with varied hues, the Black Sunset is as sweet and intense as a summer evening.

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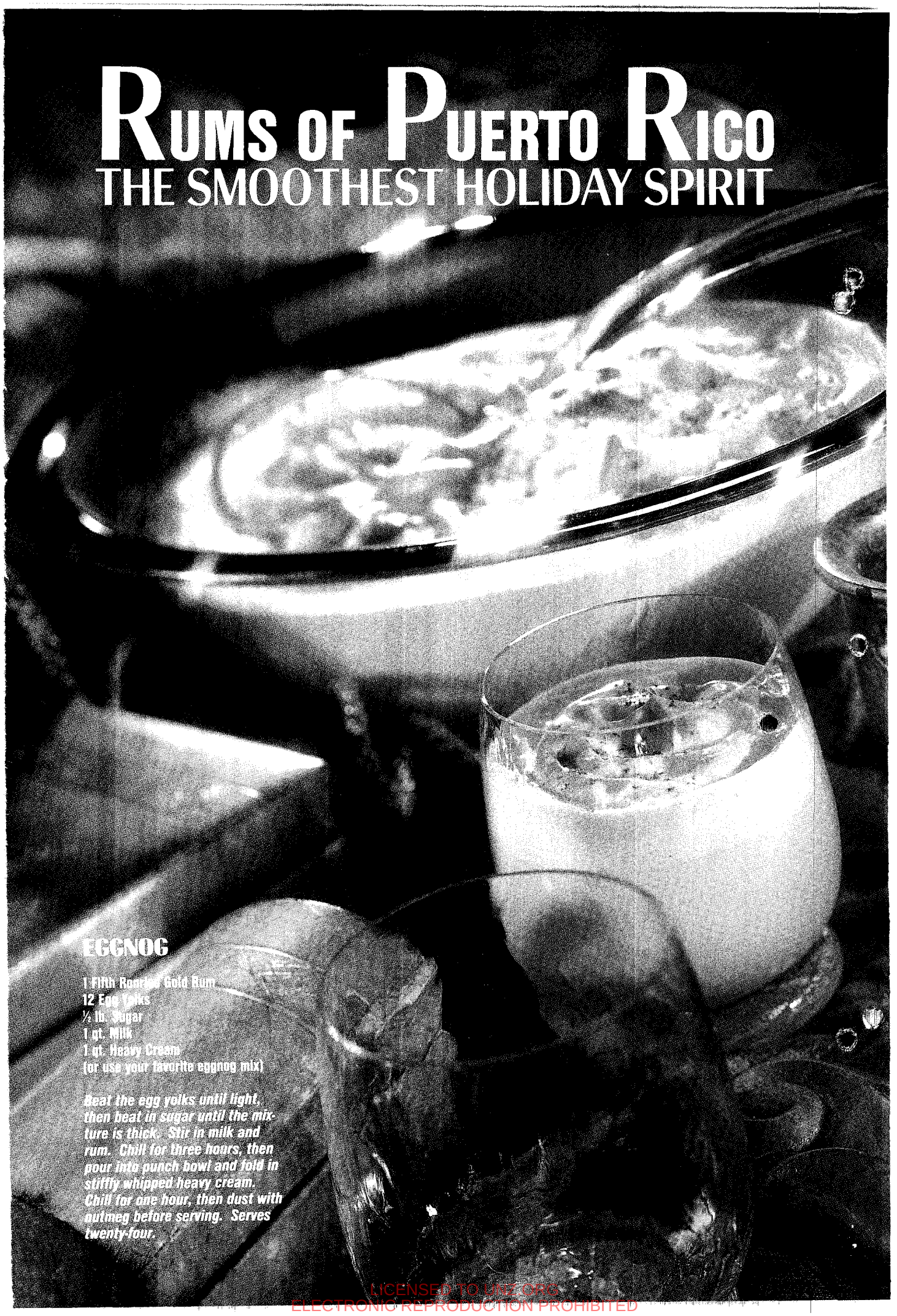
RUMS OF PUERTO RICO
THE SMOOTHEST HOLIDAY SPIRIT



EGGNOG

1 Fifth Ronrico Gold Rum
12 Egg Yolks
½ lb. Sugar
1 qt. Milk
1 qt. Heavy Cream
(or use your favorite eggnog mix)

Beat the egg yolks until light, then beat in sugar until the mixture is thick. Stir in milk and rum. Chill for three hours, then pour into punch bowl and fold in stiffly whipped heavy cream. Chill for one hour, then dust with nutmeg before serving. Serves twenty-four.

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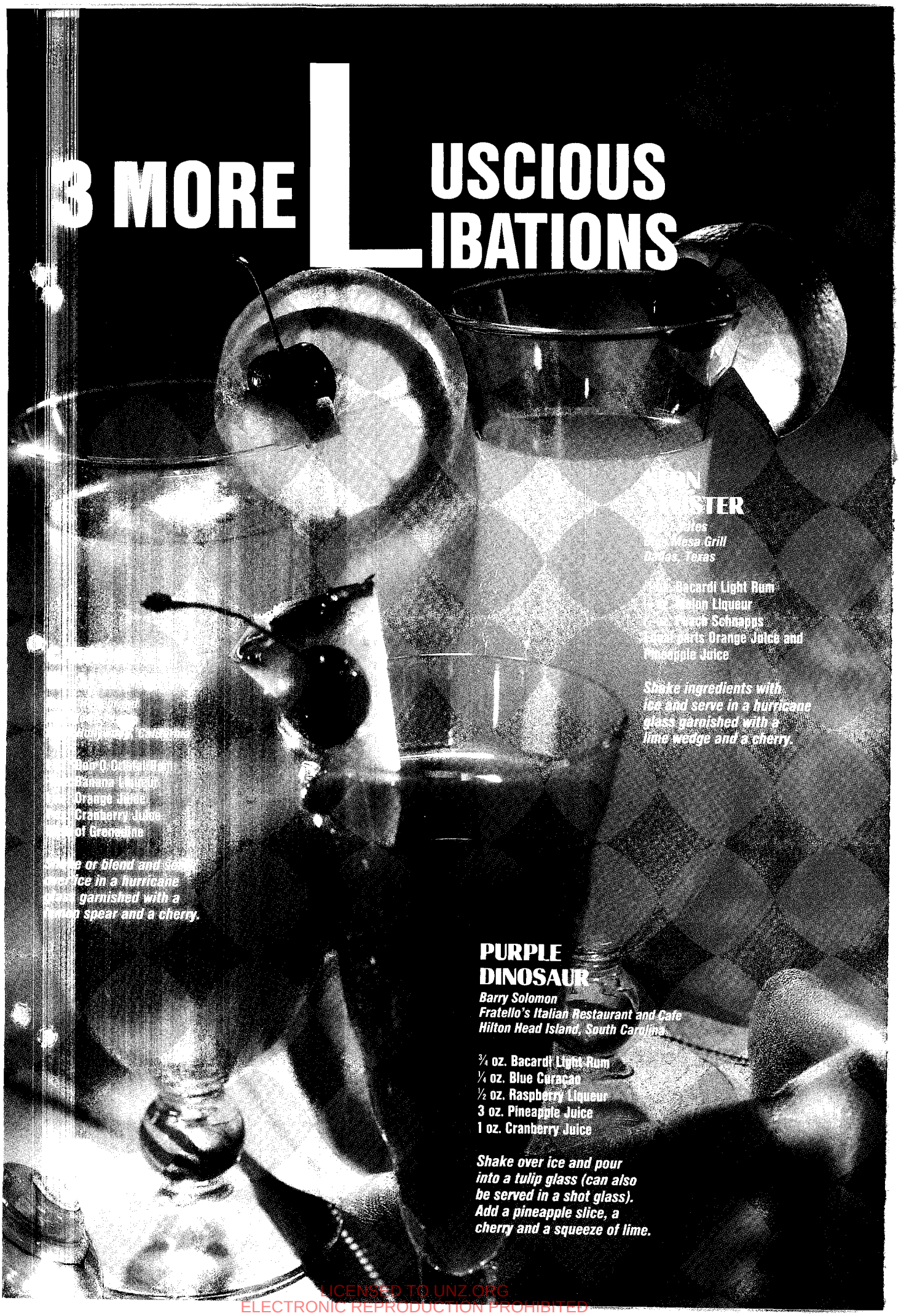
3 MORE LUSCIOUS LIBATIONS



[illegible]ON [illegible]STER

[illegible] Gates
[illegible] Mesa Grill
Dallas, Texas

[illegible] Bacardi Light Rum
[illegible] Liqueur
[illegible] Peach Schnapps
Equal parts Orange Juice and Pineapple Juice

Shake ingredients with ice and serve in a hurricane glass garnished with a lime wedge and a cherry.

[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Calcutta

[illegible] Don Q Cristal Rum
[illegible] Banana Liqueur
[illegible] Orange Juice
[illegible] Cranberry Juice
[illegible] of Grenadine

[illegible] or blend and [illegible] over ice in a hurricane glass garnished with a [illegible] spear and a cherry.

PURPLE DINOSAUR

Barry Solomon
Fratello's Italian Restaurant and Cafe
Hilton Head Island, South Carolina

¾ oz. Bacardi Light Rum
¼ oz. Blue Curaçao
½ oz. Raspberry Liqueur
3 oz. Pineapple Juice
1 oz. Cranberry Juice

Shake over ice and pour into a tulip glass (can also be served in a shot glass). Add a pineapple slice, a cherry and a squeeze of lime.

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NIGHT LIFE

Out of Control

BACK in the eighties, a barely post-adolescent Janet Jackson sang about needing "Control." On her latest multiplatinum album, titled, with assertive understatement, "janet," the singer lasciviously demands it: "If I was your girl," she coos, "I'd make you call out my name, I'd ask who it belongs to." Jackson's voice, always less substantial than that of the best R. & B. divas, hasn't matured as radiantly as her libido; one critic recently likened her thin soprano to the sound of an amplified gnat. Still, under the guidance of Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis, the same hip-hop savants responsible for the sparkling production and slamming beats on "Control" and on Jackson's 1989 album, "Rhythm Nation 1814," this royal baby can generate pop-funk worthy of her lineage. Jackson's stage show, too, is a triumph of sexy style over substance, with plenty of skin-tight costumes and elaborately choreographed dance sequences that rival the energy and flash, if not the raw genius, of her best-known brother's "Thriller"-era performances.

For the Oakland, California, band Tony Toni Toné, which will open for Jackson at Madison Square Garden (December 17-18, 22, and 31), the key to seducing audiences is more basic. As purveyors of new jack swing—a melodic but funky amalgam of contemporary R. & B. and hip-hop—the Tonys emphasize singing and songwriting, and they excel in both. On "Sons of Soul," their third and best album so far, the trio shifts effortlessly from irresistible dance tracks, like "If I Had No Loot," to lovely, sensuous ballads. Their current single, "Anniversary," is a romantic bolero that should kindle a nice little flame for the headliner to stoke. Not that Miss Jackson needs help from any nasty boys.

CONCERTS

George Clinton & the P-Funk All-Stars—At fifty-two, funk founding father Clinton is finally receiving the respect and adulation he deserves. The magnitude of the former New Jersey resident's musical achievements as the mastermind of two seventies groups, Parliament and Funkadelic, was never reflected in his record sales, and Clinton spent most of the eighties as a kind of guerrilla artist, recording and producing without attracting much attention. Things started looking up when Prince signed the flamboyant musician to Paisley Park Records in 1989. "Hey Man . . . Smell My Finger," his second album for the label, is a funny, psychedelic, intricate collection of grooves and insights. His show will definitely kick—it doesn't get any badder than this. (Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. 714-8001. Dec. 19 at 8.)

Jazz at Lincoln Center—Presenting films of Latin jazz musicians and dancers. The Cuban-born saxophonist Paquito D'Rivera is the program's host. (Walter Reade Theatre, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. 875-5050. Dec. 15 at 7 and 9.)

The Colors of Christmas—A concert with Peabo Bryson, Roberta Flack, Patti Austin, Jeffrey Osborne, the Boys Choir of Harlem, and others. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Dec. 15-18 at 8 and Dec. 19 at 2 and 7:30.)

Downtown Ensemble—Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Dec. 15 at 8.

Walter Thompson Orchestra—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Dec. 15 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Highlights in Jazz—The Louie Bellson big band. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. Dec. 16 at 8.)

Mulgrew Miller and James Williams—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Dec. 17 at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Sumi Tonooka—Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. 346-8510. Dec. 17 at 8.

Nana Vasconcelos—Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 18 at 8.

Janet Jackson—With Tony Toni Toné. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Dec. 17-18 and Dec. 22 at 8, and Dec. 31 at 9.)

Lavender Light—The Black and People of All Colors Lesbian and Gay Gospel Choir. (Tribeca Performing Arts Center. Dec. 18 at 8.)

Manhattan School of Music—David Berger conducts a student group in a concert of Duke Ellington's sacred music, with guest artists Wynton Marsalis, Priscilla Baskerville, Jon Hendricks, Milt Grayson, the Institutional Radio Choir, Van Porter, and William Warfield. (Borden Auditorium, Broadway at 122nd St. 749-2802. Dec. 19-20 at 8.)

JAZZ AND BLUES

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. Through Dec. 19, the double bill of the year, pairing two bop masters of the first order: **James Moody** (with a quartet) and **JJ Johnson** (with a quintet). Moody, with his sublime saxophone and flute work and his left-of-left-field humor, is always a trip. Johnson, fifty years after his initial impact, remains the finest bop-style trombonist alive. His fluidity and melodic ease continually reinvent the instrument. Beginning Dec. 21: the **Jon Hendricks All-Stars**. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—On any given night, and well into the morning, one or another of New York's many formidable pianists can be found here, shoehorned into a corner with the resplendent Baldwin that Paul Desmond bequeathed to the late Bradley Cunningham. Through Dec. 18: **Charles Thomas** and **Ray Drummond**, with **Alan Dawson** sitting in Thursday through Saturday. Thomas is a local legend in Memphis, where his piano playing is spoken of in reverential tones. He will duet with the redoubtable bassist Drummond through Dec. 15; Dawson, the Boston-based drummer, will join them from Dec. 16-18. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—The seating arrangement in this long, narrow, red-velvet-and-mirror-walled basement makes flying coach seem roomy; nevertheless, it's one of the city's top jazz spots—thanks largely to the club's talent bookers. But watch your head. The **Scott Hamilton** quintet plays through Dec. 19. When Hamilton hit New York nearly twenty years ago, he was like a fish out of water. While his fellow tenor saxophonists worshipped at the altar of Coltrane, this Rhode Island native was sifting the classic swing of players like Lester Young, Ben Webster, and Illinois Jacquet. These days, with the traditionalists at the gate, guess who's getting the last laugh. His own sound now firmly in place, Hamilton can elicit pure pleasure with his lyricism and rhythmic ease. Conservatism plays no part in his stance: this is swing as an active, vital force. Starting Dec. 21: the **Lou Donaldson** quartet. With one foot in virgin bop soil and the other in R. & B., Donaldson, an alto saxophonist, pledges allegiance to both virtuosity and entertainment. He's got the credentials (he was a first-edition

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member of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, playing alongside Clifford Brown), and his timing—as a bop soloist and as a joke teller—has never been better. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor LES PAUL leads a trio. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, bangers and mash, and a piano. While music often takes a back seat to conversation, some able piano-and-bass teams turn up regularly. Pianist RONNY WHYTE appears through Dec. 18, with WARREN CHIASSON on vibes.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians. Guitarist EUGENE CHADBOURNE will be here on Dec. 17. ELLIOTT SHARP'S CARBON is in for a night on Dec. 17. On Dec. 20, the J. D. PARRAN quintet steps on the jazz stage.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to such things as salsa, reggae, and bossa nova. EDDIE PALMIERI appears with his orchestra on Dec. 18. Closed Sundays. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This jazz outpost deserves credit for a judicious booking policy. The mainstream is always well represented, but so are near-fringe jazz musicians, including some from Europe and Japan. Any club that serves as home base for both Nat Adderley and Steve Lacy is not likely to be pigeonholed. RICHARD DAVIS will be there through Dec. 19, with JOHN HICKS, RICKY FORD, CECIL BRIDGEWATER, and RONNIE BURRAGE. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter MILES EVANS is in action on Mondays. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The downstairs, with its black walls, black pillars, and black pipes and ducts, resembles a live-in Nevelson sculpture. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the airy space known as the Terrace Bar, BRAD MEHLDAU'S trio plays through Dec. 19.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, feels, and smells like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. The ROY HARGROVE quintet continues through Dec. 19. The VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA holds sway on Mondays.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—One of those snazzy eateries you've seen nestled amid brownstones in the Village and wondered about. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Through Dec. 18: JAMES WILLIAMS and MILT HINTON. Eighty-five-year-old Hinton's tone is a feast in itself; in tandem with the earthy forty-two-year-old pianist Williams, the ever-modern bassist is sure to demonstrate some generation-jumping telepathy.

ROCK AND FOLK

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great black loft that's jammed with row after row of tables—it looks a little like the site of a standardized test. Guitarist STEVE HOWE, of Yes fame, arrives on Dec. 15.

CAFÉ SIN-É, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—Don't be misled by the sleepy, hole-in-the-wall atmosphere of this bohemian Irish café, or by the fact that the place has no stage. On Dec. 17, THE FAT LADY SINGS, a Dublin-born band now based in London, returns to New York, having done a series of gigs here in October. What better place for this delightful group to bring its buoyant, Celtic-flavored rock? On Dec. 19, singer PAULA COLE appears for the third time this month. Cole's delicately commanding voice is the perfect vehicle for her urgent, lyrical songs.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Here's a depressing thought: CB's turns twenty this month—about the same age, give or take a few years, most of its patrons were during its late-seventies heyday, when it was America's headquarters for punk and New Wave. Among the bands that started here are the Ramones, Blondie, and Talking Heads, who immortalized this Bowery dive in "Life During Wartime." Throughout December, CB's tiny stage is being revisited by veterans of this era in rock history, and by some of their successors. LIVING COLOUR arrives on Dec. 16, with guests SCREAMING HEADLESS TORSOS and MASCARA. In the late eighties, Living Colour's blistering funk-rock hybrid seduced album-oriented rock-radio programmers, who aren't famous for championing black artists. Their third album, released earlier this year, shows the band in typically fine, fierce form. JOAN JETT appears on Dec. 17. Among rock's post-sixties she-rebels, only Patti Smith and Chrissie Hynde have been more iconic than Jett. Though Jett's work has never matched Smith's luminous literateness or Hynde's smart, elegant ferocity, the ex-Runaway is treasured for the sheer punch of her singing and guitar playing on both original songs and covers. A new album called "Flashback" chronicles Jett's career with her longtime band, the Blackhearts. On Dec. 18: THE FAT LADY SINGS appears on a bill with LIVE, EVE'S PLUM, NOW, and THE SPELVINS. On Dec. 20, the LEMONHEADS take to the stage. Once a sonically alluring trio of unknowns, the Lemonheads have become Evan Dando's band; the lanky singer-songwriter's stoned beauty has become a greater marketing force than the group's music. While none of the songs on its fifth album, "Come On Feel the Lemonheads," possess the haunting perfection of the band's earlier work, Dando's more-than-pretty talent insures that there's still plenty to look forward to.

CORNELIA STREET CAFÉ, 29 Cornelia St. (989-9319)—In the basement of this tucked-away Village restaurant-bar is a narrow, white-brick-walled room, decorated with a few tables and steampipes, where you'll find music, poetry readings, and theatre of the cramped. The restaurant itself is a wine-and-candlelight neighborhood café. On Dec. 18, catch BOB NORMAN, a veteran of the downtown folk circuit. Like all good songwriters, Norman can distinguish the romantic from the sentimental; his bittersweet accounts of urban life are blissfully free of sappiness.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St. (924-0275)—Where swordfish leap on almost every wall. Where a cat with black and white spots sometimes walks the length of the bar. Where bar birds stare at sports on the tube. And where, between the Sinatra and Streisand tunes that emanate from the jukebox, one can often hear snatches of live folk and Irish music floating in from the back room. On Dec. 17, fiddlers OWEN and OLIVER THOMAS team up with pianist BRENDAN DOLAN, for an evening of traditional Celtic music.

GRAND, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—A cross between an old-fashioned split-level night club and a parking garage decorated for a senior prom. On Dec. 16, US 3 will appear during a temporarily transplanted evening of Groove Academy's Giant Step, the weekly Thursday-night collaboration between jazz musicians and hip-hop artists. (Giant Step will be back at its home base, the Supper Club, on Dec. 23.) US 3 samples vintage jazz from Blue Note Records and overlays it with keyboard, scratching, and rapping. On their album, "Hand on the Torch," the combination is a hit-or-miss affair, but some of it is very cool indeed.

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. On Dec. 15: CURVE, with Engines of Aggression. One of several mega-hyped modern-rock bands with monosyllabic names to emerge from the U.K. in recent years, Curve is on the road supporting "Cuckoo," its second album of edgy, atmospheric pop driven by psychedelic guitar distortion and Toni Halliday's moody vocals.

LIMELIGHT, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—A church turned eighties hot spot, this unholy venue currently plays host to a variety of techno and alternative acts. The BUZZCOCKS appear on Dec. 19, with FUDGE and the

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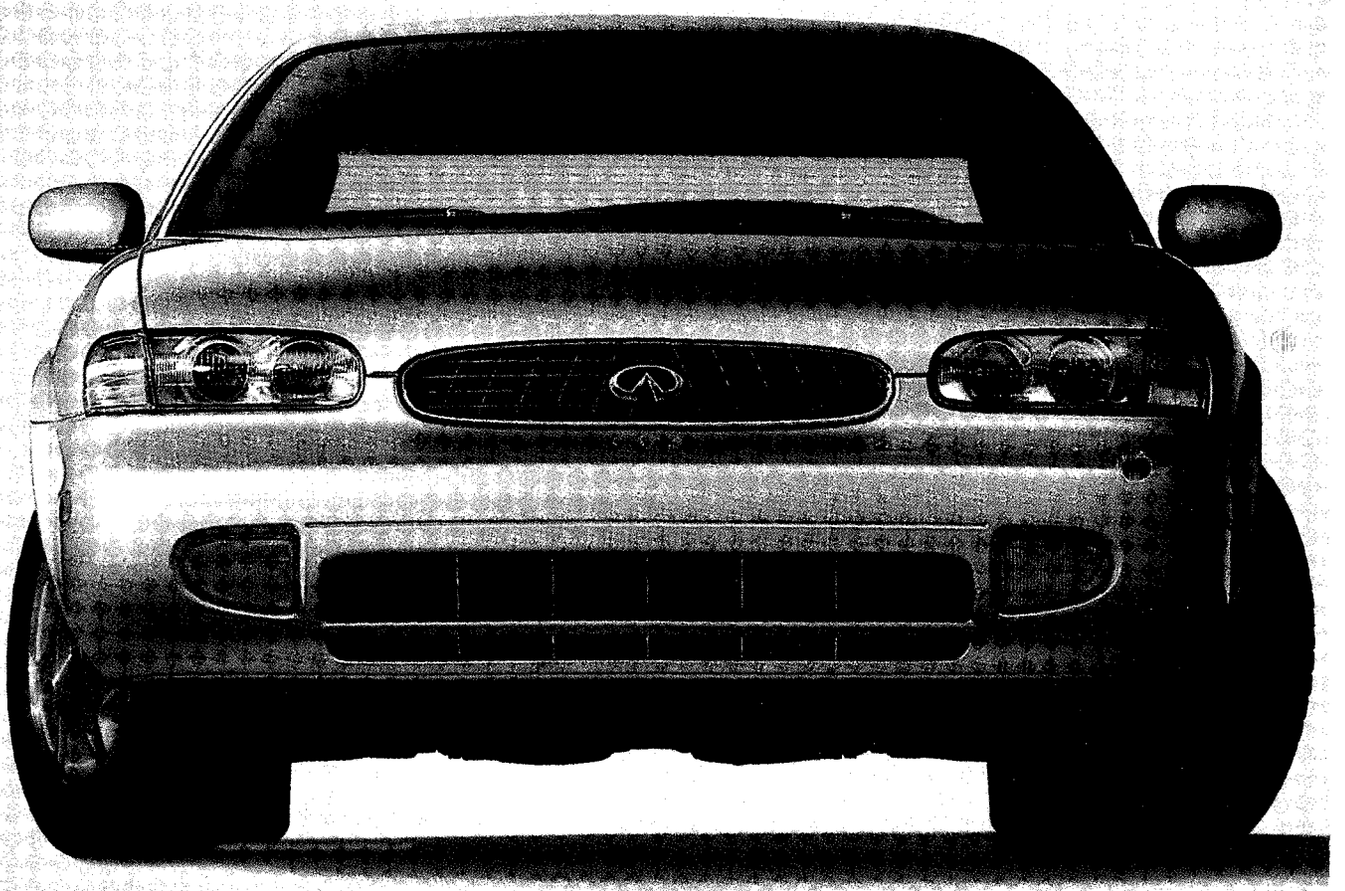

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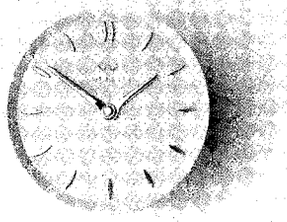

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Janet Jackson at Madison Square Garden.

DOUGHBOYS. The Buzzcocks, a quartet from Manchester, rode the English-punk wave from 1977 to 1980, but despite the aggressive name and affiliation, the band always stood apart. Led by vocalist Pete Shelley, they were into dementedly speeded-up tempos, ironic wordplay, and sweaty adolescent anxiety. At their fiercest, they could have made the Talking Heads sound like the Cowboy Junkies. After lying dormant for more than a decade, the band recently re-formed and recorded a new album called "Trade Test Transmissions." The Buzzcocks may have slowed down a little, but they still rock hard.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—It's named for its Texas décor, but lately a more apt name would be the Second Chance, since so many lost, forgotten, or faded rockers turn up here. The club's busy schedule includes a variety of newer acts, too. The **HOLMES BROTHERS** perform on Dec. 18, with **SATAN AND ADAM** and the **REV. BILLY C. WIRTZ.** The Holmes Brothers are masters of solid, soulful R. & B. They're a tight trio of singers from Virginia who have played together for more than thirty years, and it shows in their easy give-and-take. Their gospel gig last summer in Central Park was a mild disappointment, but there's little danger that their good-time energy will be dissipated in the confines of the Lone Star. Dining.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—Many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. **LLOYD COLE** appears on Dec. 15. This dark, glowering, frequently brilliant rock singer has just released a new record, "Bad Vibes," in his native England, but we'll have to wait a little longer to hear it. In the meantime, this solo acoustic set will give us a chance to check out some of his new songs.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Both neo-hippies and suits can be spotted taking in the various incarnations of rock, R. & B., and jazz featured on the small stage toward the back of the club. On Dec. 16: progressive pop from **TOO MUCH JOY,** with guests **ORAL GROOVE.**

STANDARDS AND CABARET

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**WESLIA WHITFIELD** is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Whitfield is probably the most assured and affecting jazz-cabaret voice to appear in New York in years. With Mike Greensill on piano. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, green-walled room with brass railings. Be sure to check out the adjoining restaurant/tapas bar, which looks like the indoor food market of your dreams. **MOORE BY FOUR,** a Minneapolis-based vocal jazz quartet, will be here Dec. 16-20. Closed Mondays.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and **BOBBY SHORT.** Time has not diminished the tasteful virtuosity of Short's ivory-tinkling; nor has it taken the edge off his gregarious wit as a singer and showman. Now in his twenty-sixth year at the Carlyle, Short can still spin an Ira Gershwin lyric with all the sophistication, humor, and pathos it deserves. Also well served are gems by Duke Ellington, Dorothy Fields, Irving Berlin, and, of course, Cole Porter. A de-lightful, de-lovely evening. With Beverly Peer on bass and Robbie Scott on drums. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. Martin Charnin's "The Next-to-the-Last Revue" continues its run. Woody Allen carries on in his night job as clarinet player with the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA,** a Dixieland-jazz ensemble now in its twentieth year. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Not to be confused with its richer cousin, the Rainbow Room, which is just down the hall. There you'll find expansive Art Deco glitter; here intimate nineties glitter. The performers, with their backs to the window, have to compete with a view of the Hudson, the George Washington Bridge, and beyond. All this week: **"THE LEONARD BERNSTEIN REVUE: A HELLUVA TOWN!"** features a cast of Broadway alumni—Marilyn Caskey, Lauren Mitchell, J. Mark McVey, Patrick Quinn, and Ruth Williamson. Closed Mondays.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Upstairs, there's a small red, gold, and green cabaret. On Dec. 19, **CRAIG CARNELIA** will perform "The Songbook." A veteran of the cabaret circuit, Carnelia has also written songs for Broadway ("Is There Life After High School?"; a few songs from "Working") and Off Broadway ("Three Postcards"). Dining.

ART

The Buried Strand

WHEN Baudelaire noted of Wagner's music that "there is always a lacuna which is filled *in by the listener's imagination,*" he anticipated the course of symbolist aesthetics in music, literature, and painting. While many French symbolists sidestepped the pictorial revolution of the Impressionists, their work still provides a vital, albeit suppressed, link in the development of one strand of the modernist movement. The thread was taken up again by no less a figure than Marcel Duchamp, who proposed that the completion of the art work depends not upon the artist but upon the viewer.

In "Symbolism and the Austrian Avant-Garde: Klimt, Schiele and Their Contemporaries," the venerable Galerie St. Etienne (24 West 57th Street; through January 8) has assembled a remarkable show of paintings, sculpture, and works on paper, exploring the full range of symbolist art within an expanded understanding of visual modernism. The show traces the crosscurrents between Franco-Belgian symbolist art and the burgeoning avant-garde of the Vienna Secession. Major French and Belgian symbolists, like Odilon Redon and Felicien Rops, provided the basic themes and moods that would be obsessively reworked by their German and Austrian peers. St. Etienne has hung the show with an eye for telling comparisons and thematic groupings: the nude; mother and child; Adam, Eve, and the Serpent; the forest, the sea, the city; birth, love, plague, and death. Max Klinger's "Dead Mother" (1885) is a macabre synthesis of several of these iconographic strands. A naked infant sits at the breast of his shrouded, dematerialized mother, gazing directly at us with an expression of unsettling tranquillity, which could be either innocent or prematurely wise. Beyond them, a Dantesque grove leads us to the edge of an eerie sea.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than fifty paintings, drawings, and etchings by Lucian Freud. . . . ¶ The Met's New Costume Institute presents an exhibition devoted to five decades of Diana Vreeland's work, including costumes, photographs, and other memorabilia from her years as fashion editor at *Harper's Bazaar* (1936-62) and *Vogue* (1962-71) through her position as special consultant to the museum's original Costume Institute (1972-89). . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century European decorative arts are on display in the Met's newly unveiled Florence Gould galleries: four new permanent exhibition rooms packed with more than two hundred paintings, tapestries, textiles, sculptures, and porcelain and glass pieces. . . . ¶ "The Gold of Meroe" features the jewelry of Queen Amanishakheto of Meroe, an ancient Nubian ruler. The Queen's cache includes more than two hundred pieces of colored glass, semiprecious stones, silver, and, of course, loads of gold. . . . ¶ "Elephant:

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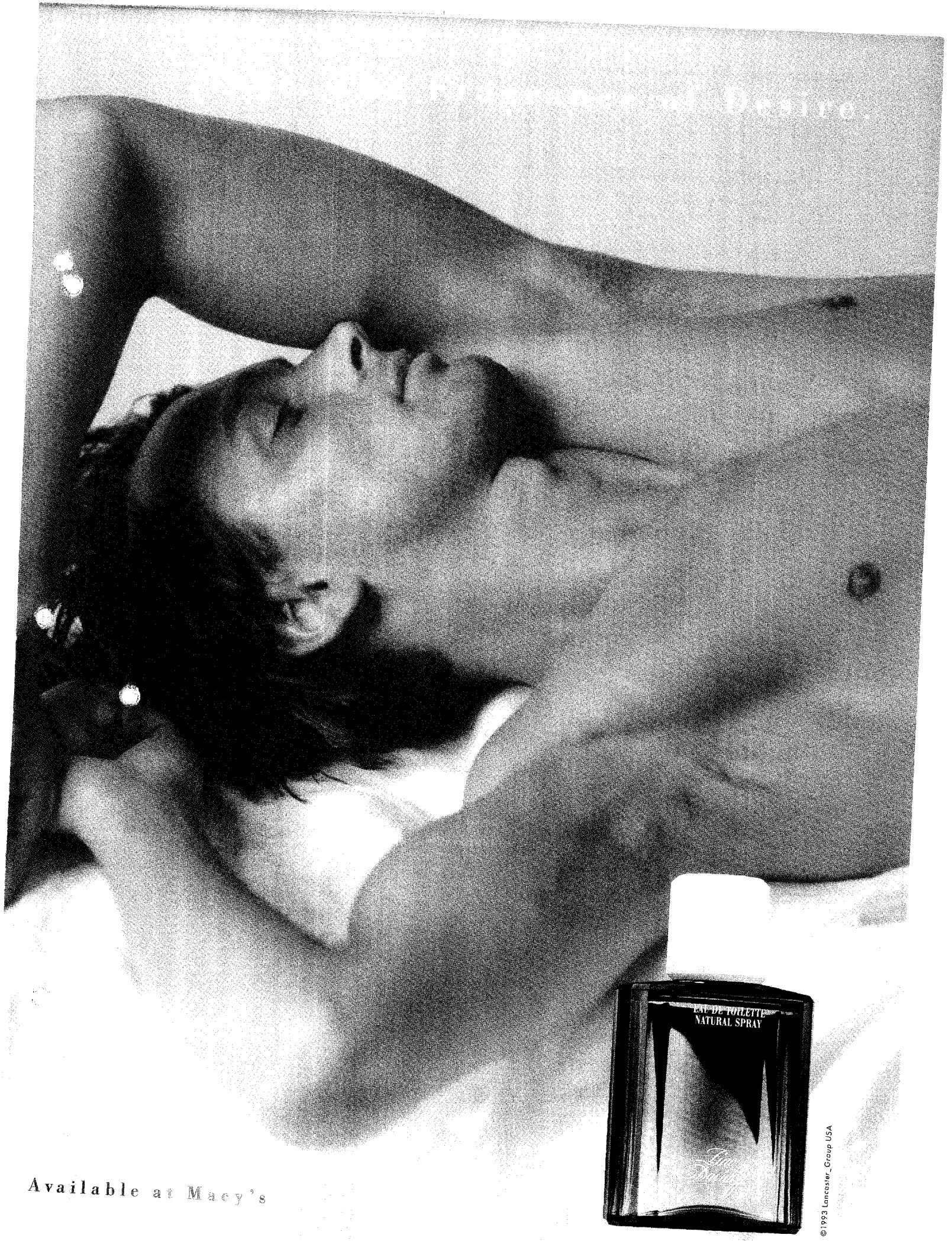

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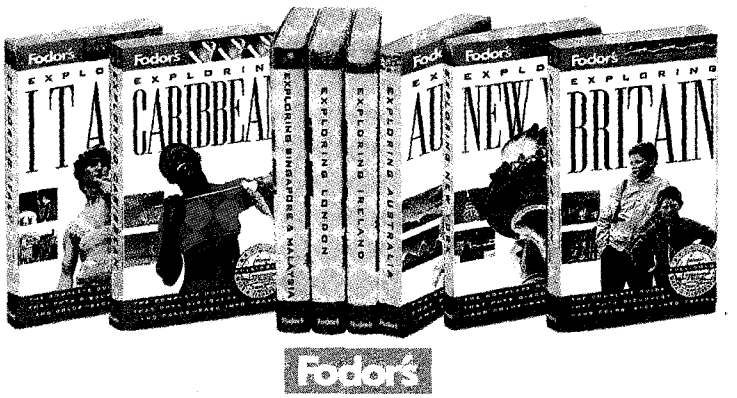

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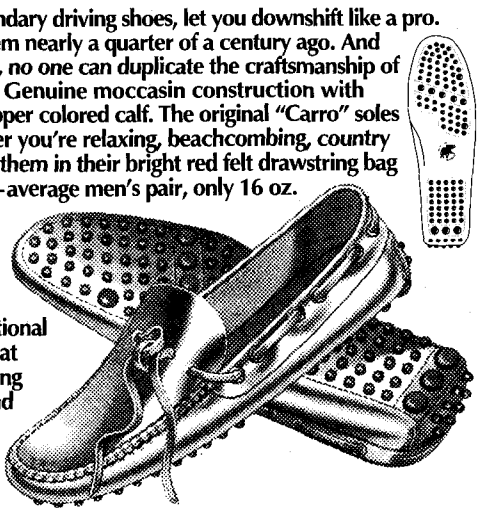

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The Animal and Its Ivory in African Art" includes seventy objects, from elephant masks to intricately carved tusks, representing more than twenty different indigenous cultures. . . . ¶ "Immortals and Sages: Fusuma Paintings from Ryoan-ji and the Lore of China in Japanese Art." . . . ¶ Twenty years of Hudson River School works on paper. Through Dec. 26. . . . ¶ "Nineteenth-Century Portraits, Landscapes, and Nudes." Through Jan. 1. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The current Miró retrospective celebrates the centennial of the Catalan master with some four hundred paintings, drawings, prints, sculptures, and ceramics. Through Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings by Robert Ryman, who for the past thirty years has specialized in white-on-white canvases. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ "Designed for Speed: Three Automobiles by Ferrari," MOMA's first automobile exhibition in more than fifteen years. . . . ¶ "New Photography" showcases four photographers whose work ranges from portraits of children in Knoxville, Tennessee, to images of squalor in Ukraine. Through Jan. 4. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday and Friday evenings until 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings by Pop master Roy Lichtenstein. Through Jan. 16. . . . ¶ Self-portraits by the photographer Robert Mapplethorpe (1946-89). Through Jan. 23. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—Eighty watercolors, made between 1911 and 1941, by Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944). . . . ¶ "Industrial Elegance," a lobby exhibition, salutes design excellence in everyday objects, from ice-cube makers to Frisbees. Through Jan. 23. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday through Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—More than a hundred and sixty paintings, sculptures, drawings, and site-specific installations by Mike Kelley, a Los Angeles-based artist who first made his name on the performance-art circuit in the late nineteen-seventies and who has become one of the most widely imitated artists of the past decade. The recent proliferation of militantly grungy and scatological shows with titles like "Abject Art" and "Just Pathetic" can be directly attributed to Kelly's radical infantilism, as can the incorporation of materials such as rag dolls and stuffed animals. . . . ¶ Photographs by Walker Evans and Dan Graham. . . . ¶ "Betrothals," three important late canvases and related studies by Arshile Gorky (1904-48). Through Jan. 9. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Two exhibitions that focus on lesser-known locales and conditions in Cuba and Antarctica via photographs, drawings, biological specimens, and dioramas. Through Jan. 2. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The handsomely renovated West Wing has been given a stunning inaugural installation of more than five hundred Egyptian objects from the museum's large collection, spanning thirteen hundred years of Pharaonic history. It is the most serene of blockbuster shows. There are wonderful tiny pieces, like a bright-blue faience monkey with pierced ears, and monumental thanatological displays, like the sarcophagus and mummy of Thothirdes, circa 664-525 B.C. (The legend on the mummy reads "organic material.") Animals, one discovers, were also mummified: a wooden sarcophagus for an ibis (circa 305-30 B.C.) is carved in the shape of the bird, gilded, and encrusted with silver and rock crystal (the eyes). There are also tomb reliefs, jewelry, and statuary, including the noble head of a curly-haired priest, known as the Brooklyn Black Head. . . . ¶ A thirty-year retrospective of Arata Isozaki, the architect

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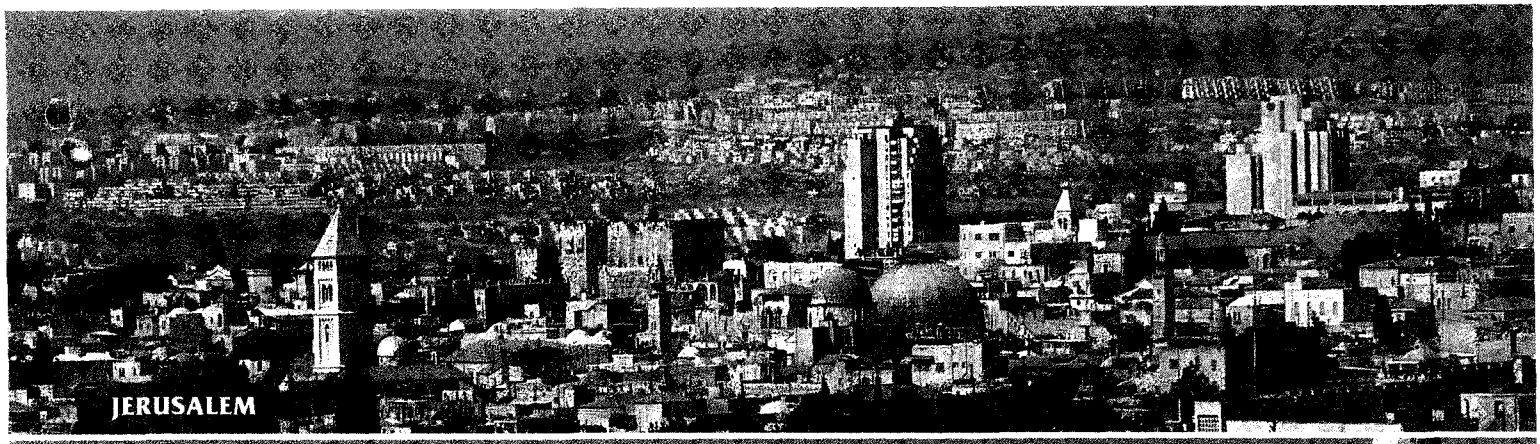

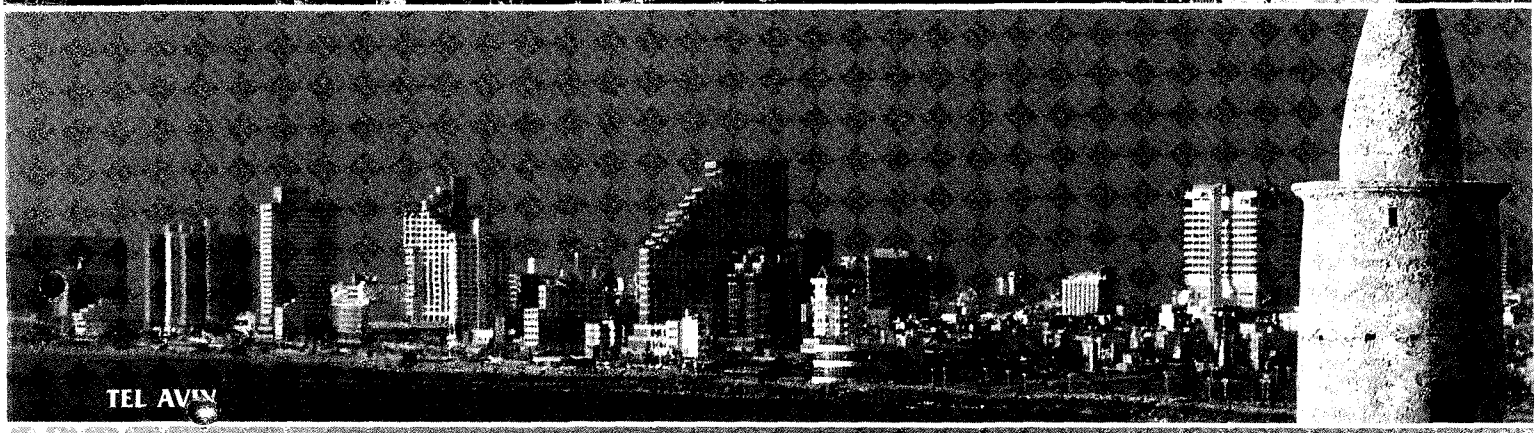

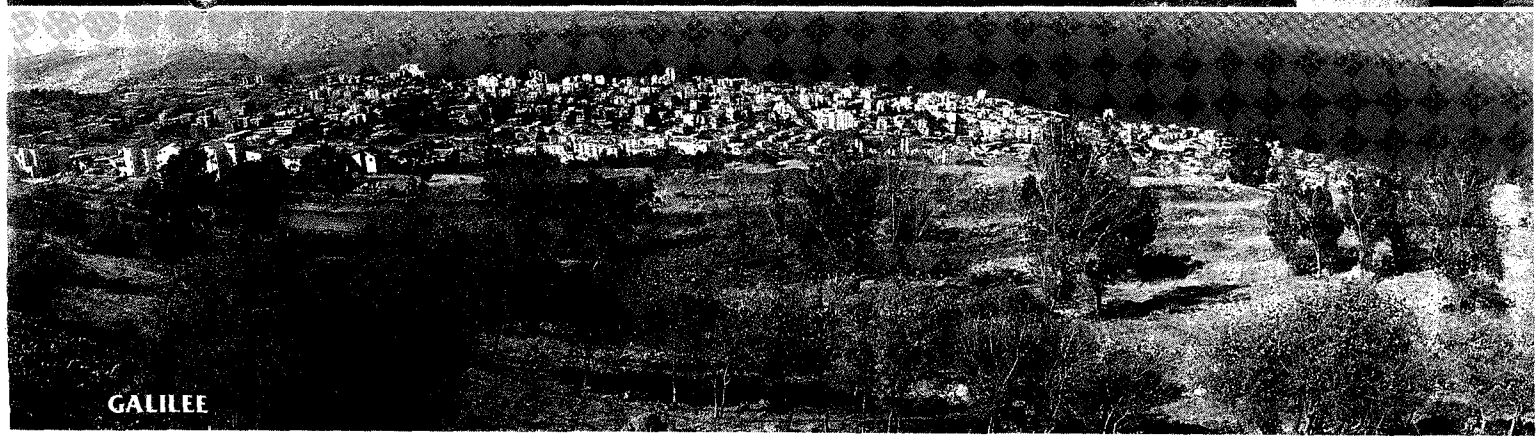

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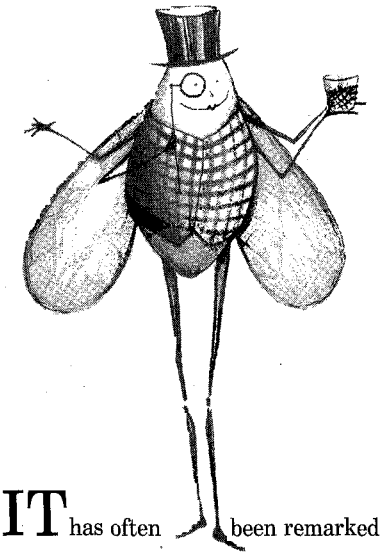

IT has often been remarked that devotees of The Macallan Malt Whisky nurture an almost mystical belief in the 'water of life' qualities of their favourite dram. But seldom has it found such expression as in the following true anecdote kindly related to us by Mr C. Wemyss of Ravenhead, Notts.

'My friend Hamish, at a pre-Christmas party in my garden, found a fly had landed in his glass, and drowned. "Don't worry, Hamish," said I. "Have another Macallan in a clean glass." "I shall do nothing of the sort," he replied, removing the tiny creature from his glass and sipping the sherry-gold elixir.

"The Macallan never hurt a fly, and nor does a fly hurt The Macallan!" Ten minutes later indeed the insect stirred and flew off.

"There you are," said Hamish triumphantly. "And now you can give me a *gnat's more*." '

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responsible, along with James Stewart Polshek and Partners, for the West Wing renovation. The documentation of his projects features drawings, sketches, prints, and sleek wood scale models. The show starts with his City in the Air proposal of the sixties and ends with his master plan to modernize the McKim, Mead & White design of the Brooklyn Museum. . . . ¶ Photographs by Consuelo Kanaga (1894-1978). (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Mechanical Brides: Women and Machines from Home to Office" examines the traditional link between "women's work" and home and office appliances. Through Jan. 2. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"French Master Drawings" assembles a hundred and twenty-five works from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Jan. 2. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway—"Face of the Gods: Art and Altars of Africa and the African Americas." An intelligent and visually rich exhibition that focusses on the Yoruba and Kongo civilizations of West and Central Africa, respectively, tracing the dissemination and transformation of ritual forms in the Creole cultures of Haiti, Cuba, Brazil, and North America. Through Jan. 7. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Beyond Category: The Musical Genius of Duke Ellington" includes rare photographs, manuscripts, memorabilia, instruments, and posters. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Dead Sea Scrolls: Ancient Civilization / Modern Scholarship." Twelve Scrolls are on display, along with related artifacts, models, and maps, on loan from the Israel Antiquities Authority. Through Jan. 8 (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Mondays, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following listings lead off with shows opening this week.)

Matthias Mansen—Large paintings and woodcuts of abstract figures sitting, standing, or reclining, by this German artist. Opens Dec. 21. Through Jan. 22. (Prats, 568 Broadway.)

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Anish Kapoor—Five new sculptures by a prominent British artist of Indian descent. Upstairs, Kapoor has installed four freestanding sandstone blocks in which vortical pits have been etched by a process of abrasion. The raw, worn-away quality of the sandstone suggests that these objects have been altered by an inexorable force of nature, like the desert winds lashing the visage of the Great Sphinx at Giza. Kapoor wants to evoke timelessness; his dark whorls draw the viewer into an imagined spiral of time itself. In the downstairs gallery there is a more prosaic fibreboard sculpture, "Bright Mountain" (1993), the staggered white peaks of which are more reminiscent of a mathematical topographical model than of a Himalayan wonderland. Through Jan. 29. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Konrad Klapheck—Paintings from 1978 to 1993 by a lesser-known contemporary of "capitalist realists" Gerhard Richter and Sigmar Polke. Like his more famous countrymen and confrères, Klapheck worked out his own prosaic species of Teutonic "hand-painted Pop." He made his first characteristically dry, deadpan painting of a typewriter in 1955, and discreetly sardonic images of mundane objects have remained his stock-in-trade ever since. Through Dec. 22. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Gotscho—The ghosts of Dali, Cocteau, and Schiaparelli hover over "Wedding" (1993), a sculptural installation that this French artist/bodybuilder has made using tuxedos, wedding gowns, furniture, and objets de vertu. Gotscho trades freely on the crossover between fashion and Surrealism. His tuxedos and wedding gowns form diaphanous, billowing assemblages that contradict the rigidity associated with sculpture (and with brides and grooms). Nuptials are outclassed by requiems, however, for while the wedding garments are made from polyester, acetate, and rayon, "Widower 1" includes a Baccarat vase and a Christian Lacroix gown. The best piece in the show is "Pregnant," a Louis XVI medallion chair upholstered in pink velvet and swelling with some unholy seed. Through Jan. 8. (Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St.)

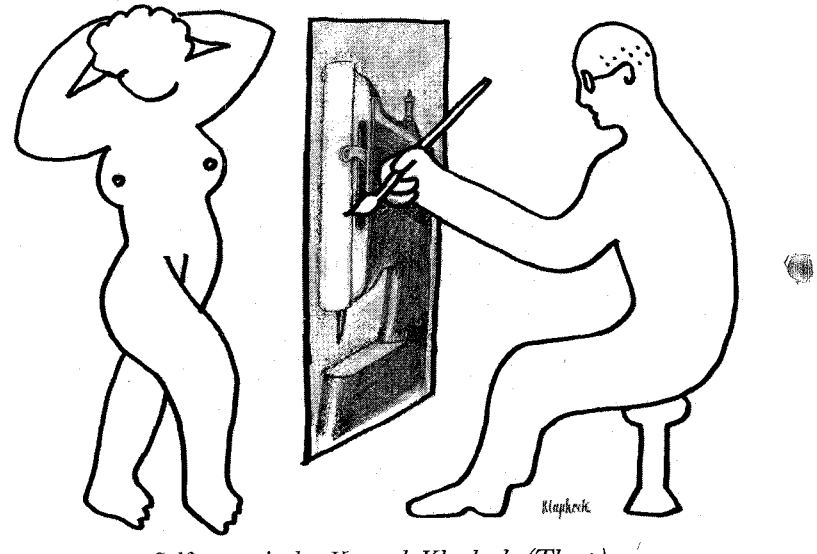
Vito Acconci and Steven Holl—A site-specific installation. Through Dec. 30. (StoreFront, 97 Kenmare St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Massimo Antonaci—A show of three-dimensional objects with a spiritual theme. Through Dec. 23. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Donald Baechler—Seven new paintings—a thumb, a hand, and five flowers—on distressed tarps, as well as an engaging totem sculpture and a suite of fourteen large floral drawings on paper. Through Dec. 23. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Jean-Michel Basquiat (1960-88)—Paintings from the mid-eighties. Through Jan. 8. (Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St.)

Mel Bochner—Recent paintings and sculptures that build on themes initially explored by the artist in the late sixties and early seventies. Through Dec. 18. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)



Self-portrait by Konrad Klapheck (Thorp).

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Sylvia Wald at Hirschl & Adler.

EILEEN TRAVELL

Ted Byfield and Lincoln Tobier—"Cop Sculpture," two installations that incorporate newspaper photographs of contraband seized by law-enforcement agencies. Through Dec. 31. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St., and American Fine Arts, 22 Wooster St.)

Carlo (1916-74)—This Italian artist spent almost half his life in a psychiatric hospital in Verona; these paintings were done while he was insitutionalized there. Through Jan. 15. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Michael Gregory—Abstractions of rosebushes and a series of octopus paintings resembling Byzantine architectural tracery. Through Jan. 19. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Clinton Hill—Multicolored geometric wood constructions. Through Jan. 29. (Zarre, 48 Greene St. . . . **note:** A group show, "Thru Thick & Thin," features Doug Ohlson, Marjorie Strider, and Dan Wof[illegible].)

Bill Jensen—Abstract paintings with dense arrangements of interacting shapes suggestive of landscapes or still-lifes. Through Dec. 23. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Leslie Lerner—Narrative works, with glazed surfaces reminiscent of Renaissance paintings, from the artist's "My Life in France" series. Through Dec. 30. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St.)

Norman Lewis (1909-79)—Thirty abstract works on paper, from the forties, fifties, and sixties. Through Jan. 15. (Berman-Daferner, 568 Broadway.)

Robert Longo—"Killing Time," a striking show of twenty abstract collages. Through Dec. 18. (Prats, 568 Broadway.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Seven bulky, hulking pieces, including "Personnage," which resembles a swollen, abstract bronze Snoopy, in a knockout show called "Monumental Sculpture." Through Jan. 8. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

Ellen Phelan—Phelan is, on the surface, a traditional artist whose most obvious concerns are for verisimilitude, nuance, and technique, but her portraits of dolls are poetic ruminations, elegiac in tone. Her toy subjects—whether Disneyesque, Victorian, or Betty Boopish—seem to float against murky backgrounds, as if in amber. Through Jan. 8. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Ellen Rothenberg—"Partial Index," a sculptural installation relating to the Anne Frank diaries. Through Feb. 19. (Kent, 67 Prince St. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.)

Cary Smith—Geometric abstractions. Through Jan. 15. (Ala, 560 Broadway.)

Kiki Smith—Smith traffics in macabre whimsy, bedizening one gallery wall with fairies and dressing up the entrance with a gothic chandelier. The artist reserves her most inspired effects for statues of women. In "Daphne" she renders a woman's body in plaster, with branches of blue glass exploding from the head and limbs—a treatment of a classical theme owing more to David Cronenberg than to Ovid. Through Dec. 23. (Fawbush, 76 Grand St.)

Norman Toynton—Abstract oils on pegboard, in a triptych form. Through Dec. 30. (Stux, 163 Mercer St.)

Robert Wilson—A video adaptation of the murder scene from his 1970 theatre piece, "Deafman Glance." Through Dec. 23. (Cooper, 149 Wooster St.)

Richard Yarde—Watercolors with sparse imagery. Through Jan. 4. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

"Poverty Pop"—Work by artists who use found materials. Through Jan. 8. (Exit Art, 548 Broadway.)

"Twenty-five Years"—Works from the seventies and eighties by Jennifer Bartlett, Peter Campus, and Alan Shields, among others. Through Dec. 18. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

UPTOWN

"Sardinia: Sacred Art of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries"—Influences that shaped the culture of the Mediterranean island will be examined through elaborate multipart altarpieces, called retables, the principal artistic product of the period. Opens Dec. 21. Through Jan. 29. (IBM, 590 Madison Ave., at 56th St.)

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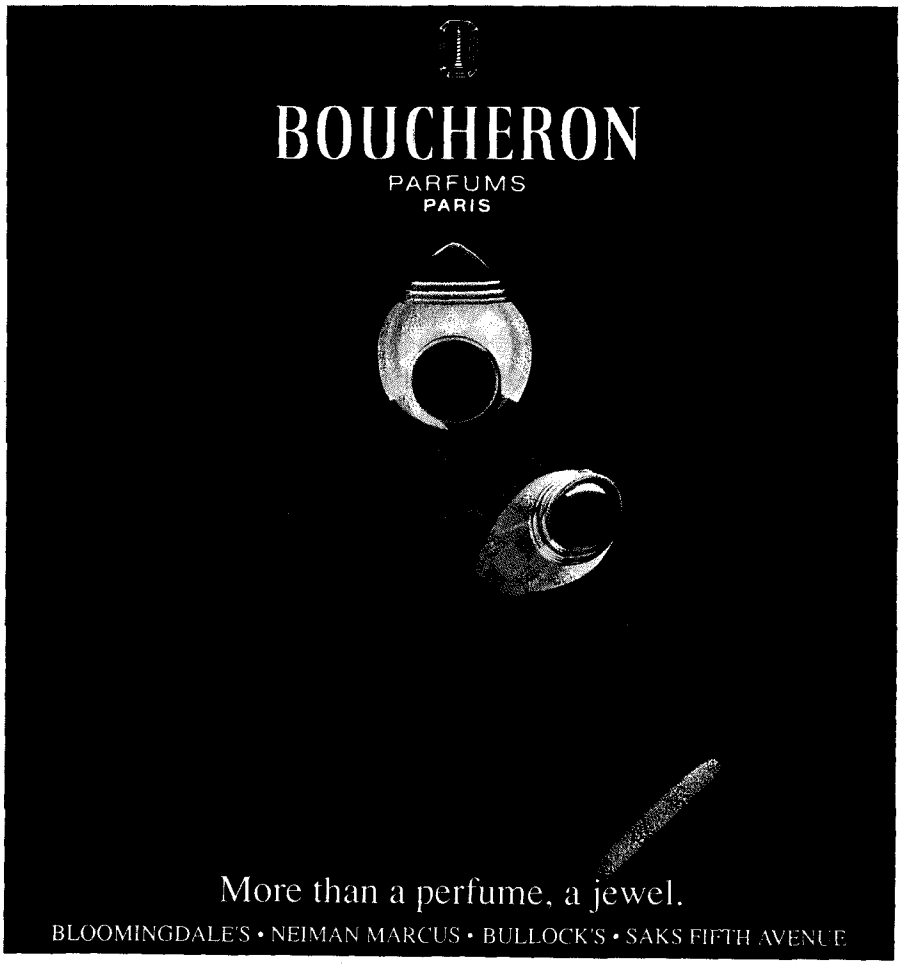
Jacob Lawrence—An excellent show of paintings and works on paper by one of the foremost African-American artists of this century. Lawrence was the first black artist whose work Alfred Barr acquired for the Museum of Modern Art, back when that institution was still young. Often linked with the central figures of the Harlem Renaissance, Lawrence is, in fact, from the next generation; the temper of his work is more conflicted. He occasionally indulges in idealizations of the African-American experience and character—which show up in weak lithographs like "Aspiration" (1988) and "Memorabilia" (1990)—but on the whole his vision is shot through with anxiety and aggression. Lawrence forces you to see the skull beneath the skin. This is obvious enough in the "Hiroshima Series" (1983), in which people going about their business are depicted in a moment of violent transformation, but it's also true in a series like "Builders," in which the workers' faces are frozen in mocking grimaces. Through Jan. 15. (Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Josef Albers (1888-1976)—Large "Homage to the Square" paintings from the years 1962 to 1967. Through Dec. 23. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)



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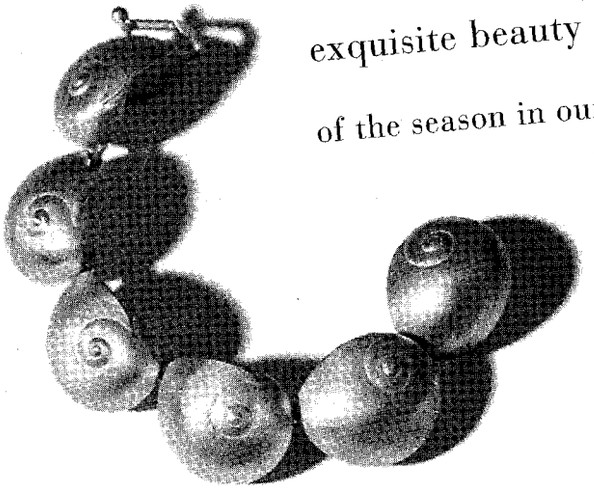
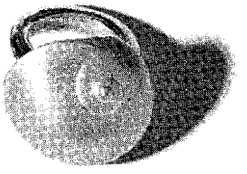


Pablo Valencia's sterling silver bracelet, $405



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ART—Cont'd

Carol Anthony—Small-scale interiors reflecting the atmosphere of Santa Fe, where the artist has been living for the past two years. Through Dec. 23. (Davidson, 41 E. 57th St.)

George Bellows (1882-1925)—Thirty paintings, from the early "Excavation at Night" (1908) to "Two Women," which was done near the end of the artist's life; also, a set of his prints of boxers. Through Jan. 15. (Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. Open Mondays.)

James Lee Byars—Small white-marble sculptures of circles, soft-edged cubes, spheres, and the like. Through Jan. 7. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

Francesco Clemente—Large panel paintings with dark, mysterious imagery. Through Jan. 8. (Lagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Willem de Kooning—Drawings that span the artist's entire career, from delicate pencil works of the late nineteen-twenties through works from the nineteen-fifties that bear unusual resemblances to the styles of other artists. Through Dec. 31. (Mathes, 41 E. 57th St.)

Lucian Freud—Early paintings, drawings, and etchings, among them "The Painter's Room" (1943), "Girl with a Kitten" (1947), and "Hotel Bedroom" (1954). Through Jan. 8. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Gregory Gillespie—A hyperrealist artist whose paintings sometimes verge on trompe-l'oeil. Through Jan. 22. (Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Howard Hodgkin—Brilliantly colored, unusually large (for this artist) paintings, executed in oil on wood. Through Jan. 15. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Jannis Kounellis—Steel panels with burlap, by a Greek-born artist who lives in Rome. Through Dec. 31. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Kulicke—Paintings of pears, white roses, tomatoes, and wildflowers, in frames designed and built by the artist. Through Dec. 21. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Paul Manes—A dozen paintings revealing an evolution from circular abstractions to figuration, using the repeated image of a bowl. Through Jan. 1. (Marisa Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

John McLaughlin (1898-1976)—Geometric abstractions from 1946 to 1976 by an influential West Coast artist. Through Jan. 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Lucio Muñoz / Red Grooms—Landscape-based abstractions, in mixed mediums on wood. / Watercolors based on the artist's travels. Through Jan. 8. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Sylvia Wald / John Storrs (1885-1956)—One painting and several works on paper characterized by thin washes of color and scribbled marks that suggest both Far Eastern painting and Cy Twombly. Some of the best prints here—for example, "Tundra Clouds" (1950)—look like early color-field paintings. / Sculpture and works on paper by an American student of Rodin who later fell under the spell of the Cubist, Futurist, and Russian Constructivist avant-gardes. Through Jan. 8. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

"A Tribute to Pablo Picasso"—An exhibit marking the twentieth anniversary of the artist's death includes large-scale paintings, watercolors, drawings, bronzes, and found-object sculptures, ranging from "Sister of the Artist" (1899) to "Couple et Enfant" (1969). Through Dec. [illegible]. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

"African-American Art: Twentieth-Century Masterworks"—Paintings and sculptures from 1910 to 1965, ranging in style from realism to abstraction. Among the artists are Benny Andrews, Elizabeth Catlett, and Norman Lewis. Through Feb. 12. (Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St.)

"Mostly Maine"—Works by part-time-resident artists (Rudy Burckhardt, Henry Finkelstein, Jeremy Foss, and Kathryn Wall) and a one-time resident (Fairfield Porter). Through Jan. 4. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

"New Works"—William Garbe, Jane Kaplowitz, Robert Zakanitch, and others. Through Jan. 29. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

AUCTIONS

Sotheby's (York Ave. at 72nd St., 606-7176)—The Collectors' Carrousel auction, on Dec. 15 at 10:15 and 2, will offer up Vivien Leigh's 1940 Oscar for "Gone with the Wind." (No estimate, but the house anticipates a winning bid of $100,000-$150,000.) There is also a family photo showing Leigh as a child in India, as well as later portraits by Cecil Beaton and Angus McBeam. In the same sale is Orson Welles' working script for "Citizen Kane," which includes extensive handwritten additions, corrections, and deletions (estimate: $100,000-$150,000). . . . ¶ On Dec. 16 at 10:15 and 2, the Animation Art sale will be devoted to objects from "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas." The lots are a mixture of seven original sets and sixty puppets and props from the stop-motion animated film. The set with Jack Skellington, Halloweentown's Pumpkin King, and his devoted canine Zero is estimated at $2,000-$3,000. (For further information, call 606-7176.)

Christie's East (219 E. 67th St., 606-0400)—On Dec. 18 at 2:30, the Hollywood Entertainment Memorabilia auction will feature loads of Judy Garland memorabilia, including her 1940 Best Juvenile Oscar for "The Wizard of Oz" (estimate: $70,000-$90,000).

PHOTOGRAPHY

Robert Adams / Désiré Charnay (1828-1915)—A photographic essay called "Los Angeles Spring," which includes work from 1978 through 1990. / Rare vintage prints taken during an 1863 exploration of Madagascar. Through Jan. 29. (Lowinsky, 578 Broadway.)

Macduff Everton—Panoramic landscape photographs. Through Jan. 8. (Borden, 560 Broadway.)

Nan Goldin and David Armstrong—A twenty-year friendship, as seen through fifty images, from Goldin's familiar drag queens and débutantes to Armstrong's lesser-known black-and-white portraits. Through Jan. 29. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Lois Guarino—Photo collages that incorporate hand-coloring and other treatments. Through Jan. 15. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

Barbara Morgan / Ruth Thorne-Thomsen—Vintage black-and-white photographs of New York. / Three decades of work ranging from pinhole images to large-scale murals. Through Dec. 30. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Sylvia Plachy—Recent photographs of New York street life. Through Dec. 30. (Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris, 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St.)

Joseph Sudek (1896-1976)—Pigment prints and advertising images from the twenties through the fifties, by this Czech-born photographer. Through Jan. 8. (Sander, 19 E. 76th St.)

Jeff Weiss—Seascape photography. Through Jan. 8. (Baum, 588 Broadway.)

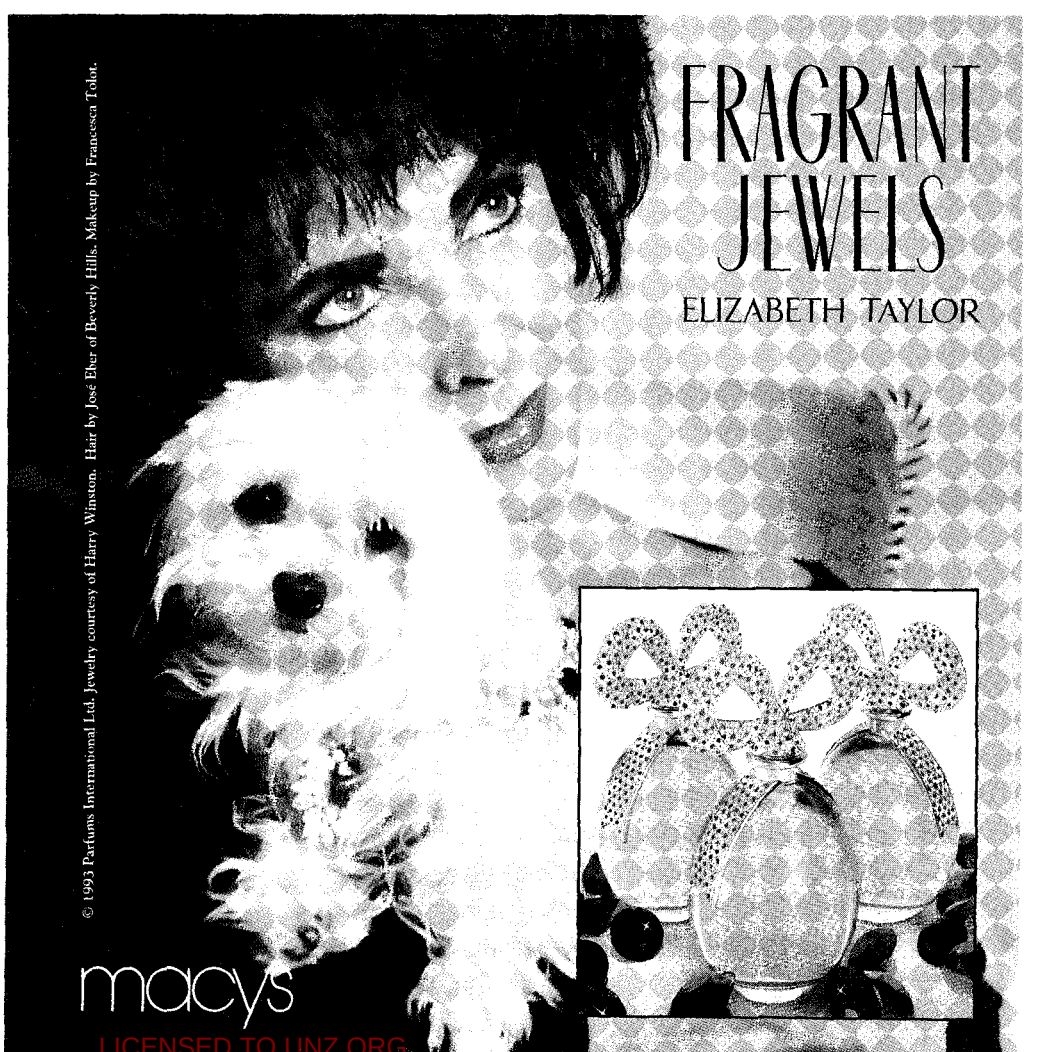
Francesca Woodman—Nudes posed beside decaying materials, such as flaking paint or peeling wallpaper. Through Jan. 15. (Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

"Foreign Ferns"—A group show of botanical studies from 1840 to the present. Through Jan 22. (Saul, 560 Broadway.)

"Phil Stern's Hollywood"—Candid shots from the forties through the late seventies, by a photographer whose long career included staff positions with *Life*, *Esquire*, and the *Saturday Evening Post*. Through Jan. 15. (Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—More than a hundred images by Robert Smithson (1938-73). Opens Dec. 17. . . . ¶ "Mexico Through Foreign Eyes" features more than two hundred photographs by Henri Cartier-Bresson, Paul Strand, and others. Through Dec. 12. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the Guggenheim Museum, the Whitney Museum of American Art, the American Museum of Natural History, and the Brooklyn Museum.)



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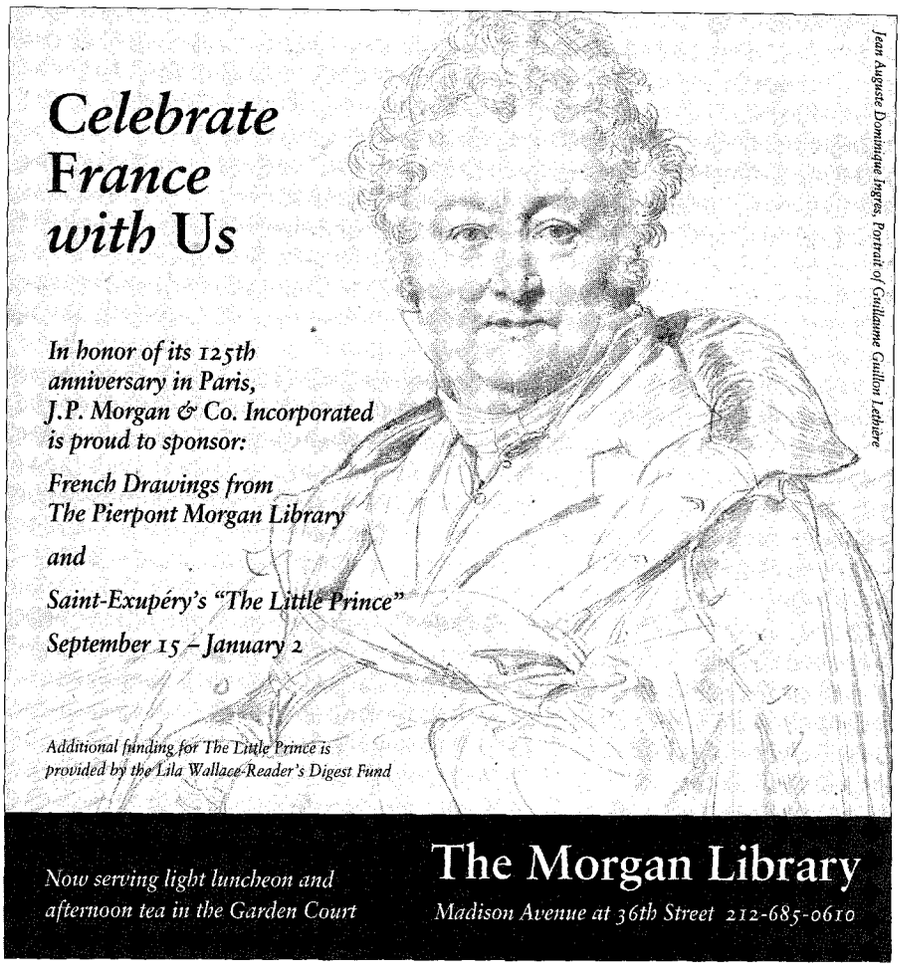

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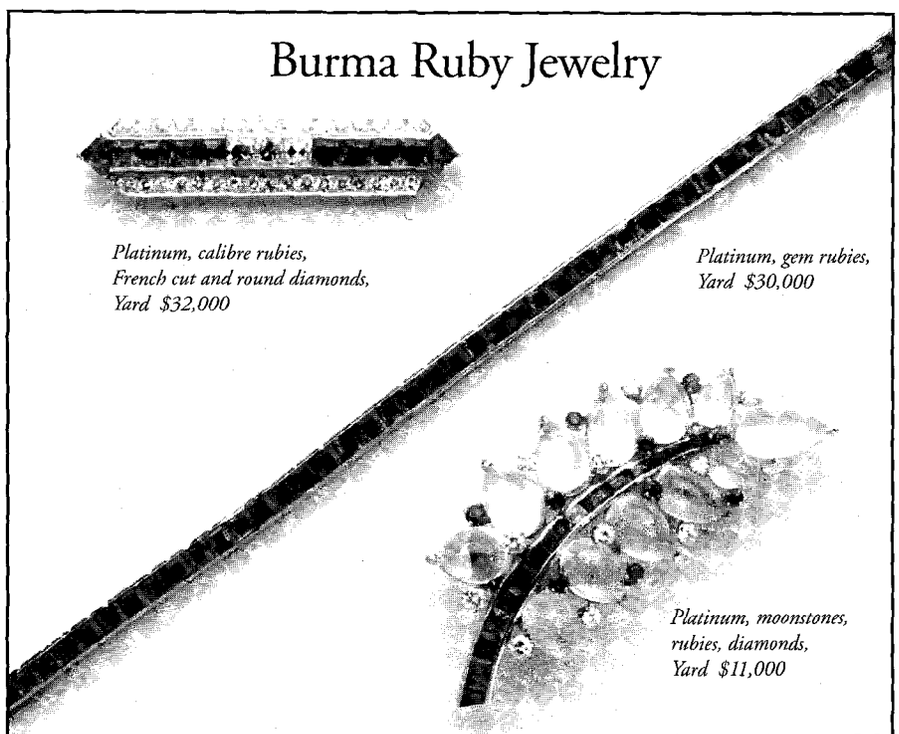

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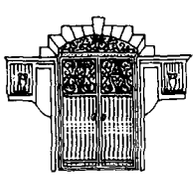

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Deadly Duo

THOUGH their names are linked in the public psyche, Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht worked together scarcely three years (1927-30) before their alliance deteriorated into petty recriminations. Notwithstanding triumphs that included "Die Dreigroschenoper" and "Mahagonny," the two effectively ended their collaboration before finishing "Happy End," with Weill questioning Brecht's fiscal propriety and Brecht grumbling that Weill was insufficiently Marxist in his politics. When the Nazis seized power early in 1933, Brecht fled east to Prague and Weill headed west to Paris.

Later that year, Weill was invited to compose a sung ballet called "Die Sieben Todsünden" ("The Seven Deadly Sins"), and when Cocteau declined to write the libretto, the composer invited Brecht to join him in Paris for one last try. As cynical and abrasive as anything the pair created, "The Seven Deadly Sins" charts the journey of Anna I and Anna II (two faces of the same tarnished Eve—the first exploitative, the second victimized) through scenes dominated by each of the Seven Deadly Sins in succession. The score demands a rare soloist—an interpreter who can dramatize subtle ironies without being obvious and put them across in a good-sized hall. In displaying its "Sins" (in a concert version at Avery Fisher Hall, December 15-18), the New York Philharmonic has wisely enlisted the soprano Angelina Réaux to portray both Annas (dispensing with the balletic characterization of Anna II). Réaux is a true singing actress; her voice is operatic enough to please a symphony audience, but her style suits Weill so perfectly that, had she lived a half century earlier, her name would doubtless have been up in lights on many a Berlin and Broadway marquee.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800; and for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949.)

HOLIDAY MUSIC

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"—Richard Westenburg directs the Musica Sacra chorus and orchestra, with various soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 15 at 8.) . . . ¶ Gerre Hancock directs the St. Thomas Choir and the Concert Royal period-instrument orchestra, with soprano Christine Brandes, countertenor Drew Minter, tenor Gregory Carder, and baritone Peter Cutlip. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. 757-7013, ext. 3003. Dec. 16 at 7:30.) . . . ¶ David Briskin directs the Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, with various soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 17 at 8; Dec. 18 at 2:30 and 8; and Dec. 19 at 2:30.) . . . ¶ Gwendolyn Toth directs the period-instrument ARTEK Ensemble, the Choir of St. Francis, and soloists in all of the Christmas section and much of the rest. (Church of St. Francis of Assisi, 135 W. 31st St. Dec. 19 at 2. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ Owen Burdick directs the Choir of Trinity Church

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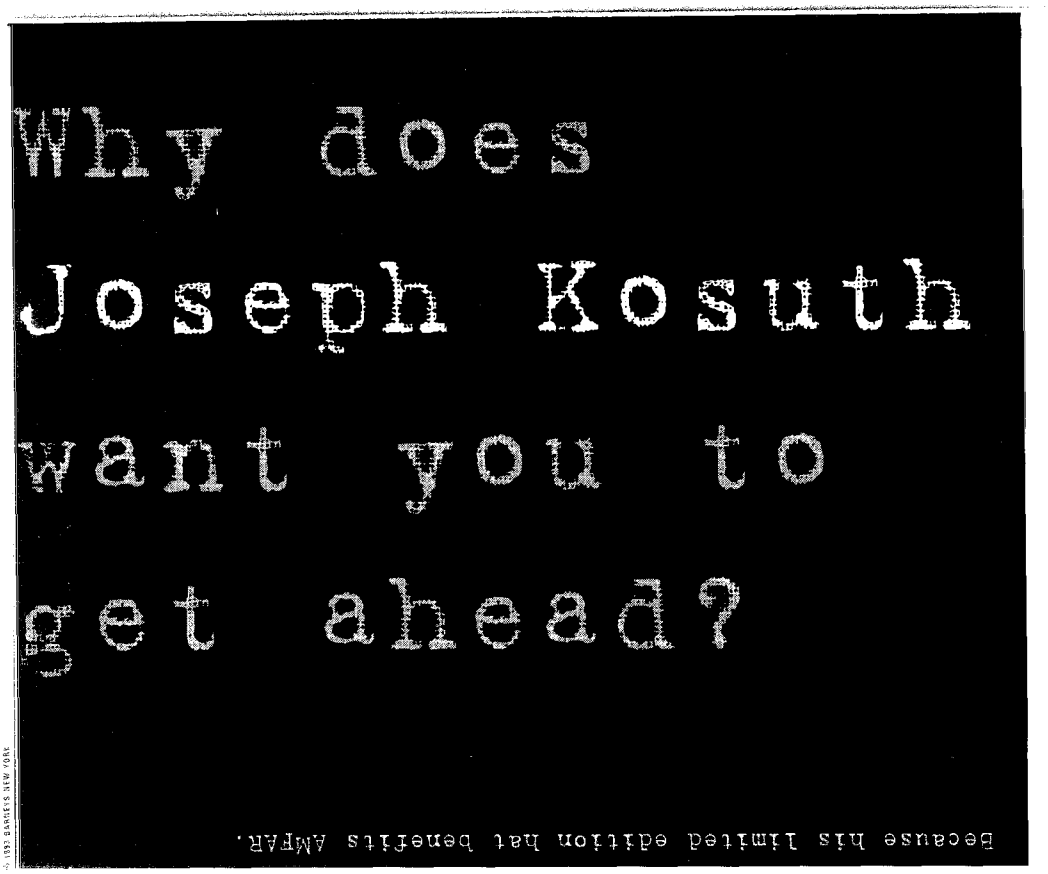

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and a period-instrument orchestra. (St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway at Fulton St. 602-0873. Dec. 19 at 4. . . . NOTE: They'll reprise the Christmas section on Dec. 20 at noon and 1:15.) . . . ¶ Gwen Gould leads a sing-along, with the West Village Chorale. (Church of St. Luke in the Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. 570-7301. Dec. 20 at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Lyndon Woodside directs the two hundred voices of the Oratorio Society of New York, with an orchestra and soloists Brenda Harris (soprano), Judith Christin (mezzo-soprano), Carl Halvorson (tenor), and Jan Opalach (bass-baritone). (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 20 at 8.) . . . ¶ Bruce Fifer directs the combined choirs, soloists, and orchestra of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. (Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Dec. 21 at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Twenty-three conductors take turns leading soloists and the audience in the National Choral Council's annual sing-along. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 21 at 8.)

"Too Hot to Handel"—A "Messiah" like no other: a jazz-gospel-pop-rhythm-and-blues version of the Handel oratorio, as arranged by Bob Christianson and Gary Anderson; with Marin Alsop directing the Concordia chamber orchestra, the Morgan State University Choir, several jazz instrumentalists, and soloists Lillias White (soprano), Vivian Cherry (mezzo-soprano), and Thomas Young (tenor). (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Dec. 16 at 8.)

Boston Camerata—Joel Cohen leads the group in French medieval and Renaissance Christmas music. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Dec. 16 at 8.)

Anonymous 4—The women's vocal quartet performs medieval English songs, motets, and carols on Christmas themes—repertoire that appears on their best-selling CD "On Yoolis Night." (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Dec. 17 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Salvatore Moltisanti—His début recital occurring when it does, the pianist will perform not only a handful of Cimarosa sonatas but also three works on Christmas (or at least spiritual) themes: Scriabin's Sonata No. 7 (the "White Mass"), four movements from Messiaen's "Vingt Regards sur l'Enfant Jésus," and George Crumb's "A Little Suite for Christmas A.D. 1979." Crumb's mystically beautiful seven-movement suite employs the extended tonal resources of the total piano—inside and out—to summon up the flavor of the Christmas narrative as depicted in a series of Giotto frescoes in the Arena Chapel of Padua. The result is a contemporary masterpiece likely to intrigue even the most intransigent traditionalist. (Weill Recital Hall. Dec. 17 at 8.)

Riverside Choral Society—Patrick Gardner directs Vivaldi's Gloria, excerpts from Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus," and works by Vaughan Williams and Finzi. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. 924-0442. Dec. 17 at 8.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directs a seasonal program that will include excerpts from Schütz's "Christmas Story." (St. Ignatius Episcopal Church, West End Ave. at 87th St. Dec. 18 at 8 and Dec. 19 at 3. For information about tickets, call 1-914 763-3453.)

Grace Church Choral Society—Bruce McInnes directs Vivaldi's Gloria and the Gloria from Bach's Mass in G, plus a Bach sinfonia. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Dec. 19 at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Central City Chorus—Charles Pilling directs Parts One through Three of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," with soloists and a period-instrument orchestra. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. 838-0808. Dec. 19 at 7:30.)

Canadian Brass—The brass quintet plays Renaissance and Baroque works, as well as seasonal favorites. (Medieval Sculpture Hall, Metropolitan Museum. Dec. 20 at 6:30 and 8:30.)

Julianne Baird and the Aulos Ensemble—The soprano assists the period-instrument chamber group in cantatas (and movements thereof) by Bach and Alessandro Scarlatti, as well as in carols. (Medieval Sculpture Hall, Metropolitan Museum. Dec. 21 at 6:30 and 8:30.)

New York City Gay Men's Chorus—Dean X Johnson directs an ethnically and culturally diverse holiday program. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 21-22 at 8.)

Carolling—Dec. 17 at 7: A ninety-minute carolling walk, with the West Village Chorale. (Leaves from the Church of St. Luke in the Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 4 and 6:30: Candlelight carol festivals, with choirs and handbells. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. Admission by contribution. Carillon recitals precede both.) . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 7: Phil Kline's "mobile open-air sound installation," aptly titled "Carolling." Members of the general public may participate by showing up with a boom box, for which the "composer" will supply a cassette tape of seasonal music, to be played simultaneously with the tapes of all other participants as the assembled throng strolls about the Village. (Begins at First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 12th St. The rain date is Dec. 20 at 7. For information, call 227-6255.)

Angelina Réaux, with the New York Philharmonic.

ALAIN PILON

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**Fidelio,** with Anne Evans, Helen Donath, Ben Heppner, Michael Schade, Robert Hale, and Jan-Hendrik Rootering; conducted by Hermann Michael. (Dec. 15 at 8 and Dec. 18 at 1:30.) . . . **Les Troyens,** by Berlioz, with Françoise Pollet, Maria Ewing, Gary Lakes, Donald Kaasch, Thomas Hampson, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. (Dec. 16 and Dec. 20 at 6:30.) . . . **I Lombardi,** by Verdi, with Aprile Millo, Luciano Pavarotti, Bruno Beccaria, and Samuel Ramey; James Levine. (Dec. 17 and Dec. 21 at 8.) . . . **La Bohème,** with Lucia Mazzaria, Gwynne Geyer, Richard Leech, and Dwayne Croft; Carlo Rizzi. (Dec. 18 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

"Der Rosenkavalier"—In 1926, Strauss's shimmering opera—then only fifteen years old—hit the silver screen as a silent film. The composer revised his score to reflect adaptations in Hoffmansthal's scenario (including an appearance by the Marschallin's husband), and the film was first shown (without much success) at Dresden's Semper Oper, with Strauss himself conducting the instrumentalists. The American Symphony Orchestra will spend the afternoon as a sort of extended pit orchestra for this rare screening of the "Rosenkavalier" movie, with Leon Botstein conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 19 at 3.)

LISTENING BOOTH

A Collector's Messiah: Historic Handel Oratorio Recordings, 1899-1930 (Koch Historic). Though it was premièred in 1742 as a Lenten entertainment, Handel's "Messiah" soon became an essential component of Christmastide in English-speaking lands. The first three decades of the oratorio's history on recordings—beginning with a sonically distant "Every Valley" put on shellac by an obscure tenor in 1899—speak volumes about how drastically performance styles have changed within our own century. This collection of archival rarities reminds today's authentic-minded listeners just what Thomas Beecham meant when he described "Messiah" as "a work in the grand manner." Grand, indeed, is Beecham's contribution, and grander still that of Henry Wood, synchronizing three thousand singers and five hundred instrumentalists at London's Crystal Palace in 1926. There's many a nugget here for connoisseurs of great singing as well as of vocal disaster. And for those who think they've heard it all before, there's the "Hallelujah" Chorus as played in 1911, ever so jauntily, by Giuseppe Creatore's concert band.

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directs a concert performance of Donizetti's "Linda di Chamounix"; with soprano Valeria Esposito, contralto Susanna Poretsky, tenor Giuseppe Sabbatini, and bass Paul Plishka among the soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 19 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—A week devoted to Kurt Weill and the musical culture that surrounded him between 1929 and 1935. Dec. 15-18 at 8: Kurt Masur conducts Weill's "The Seven Deadly Sins" (featuring soprano Angelina Réaux, backed up by four members of Hudson Shad, a men's vocal ensemble) and Berg's "Lulu" Suite. (Avery Fisher Hall. . . . NOTE: Lectures, open to ticket holders, will precede the performances on Dec. 15-16 and Dec. 18, beginning at 7. The Dec. 17 concert will be preceded by a recital, open to ticket holders, of Weill's String Quartet, played by members of the orchestra, also beginning at 7.) . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 7: Ms. Réaux offers cabaret music by Weill and his contemporaries in Berlin; assisted by pianist Robert Kapilow and members of the orchestra. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719.)

Horizon Chorale and Orchestra—Gail Archer directs Monteverdi's "Vespers of 1610." (Church of the Epiphany, Second Ave. at 22nd St. Dec. 19 at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

RECITALS

Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio—Performing piano trios by Dvořák (the "Dumky"), Mendelssohn (in D Minor), and Leon Kirchner (a première). (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Dec. 15 at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Playing Haydn's G-Major Quartet (Op. 76, No. 1), Bartók's Quartet No. 4, and Brahms' Piano Quintet (with the assistance of Jon Kimura Parker). (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Dec. 15 at 8.)

Cosmopolitan Chamber Players—Performing Beethoven's Clarinet Trio, Kodály's Duo for Violin and Cello, and Ravel's Piano Trio. (Weill Recital Hall. Dec. 15 at 8.)

Bargemusic—Pianist Steven Mayer performs Mozart's A-Minor Rondo (K. 511); Nai-Yuan Hu joins him for Schumann's A-Minor Violin Sonata; and cellist Fred Sherry completes the ensemble for Schumann's D-Minor Piano Trio. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Dec. 16 at 7:30 and Dec. 19 at 4.)

Edward Aldwell and Richard Goode—The two pianists share a program. Mr. Aldwell will perform Bach's Sixth French Suite and Chopin's Fantasy (Op. 49); Mr. Goode will present Beethoven's Sonatas in E Minor (Op. 90) and in E-Flat Major (Op. 81a); and the two will

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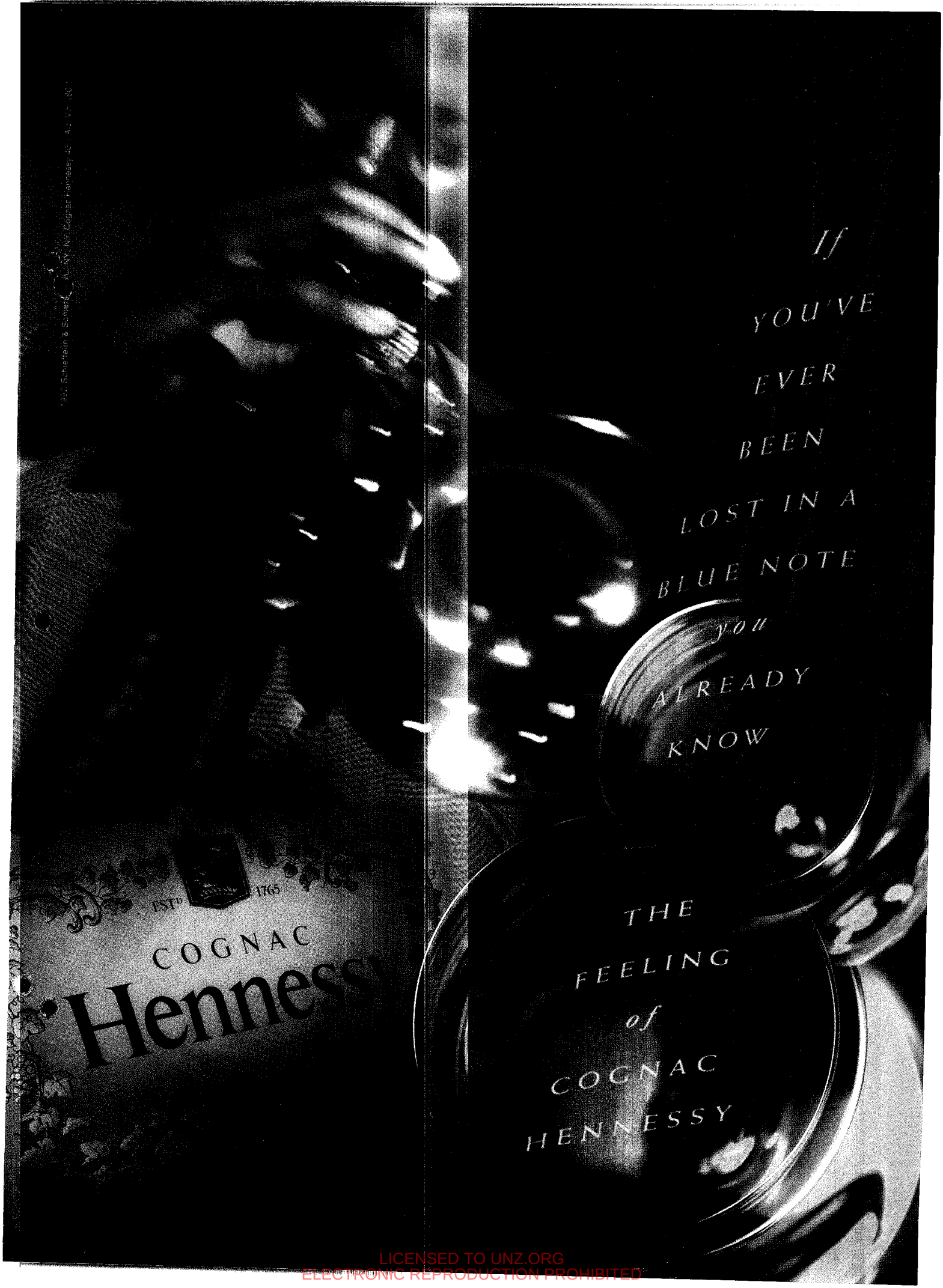

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CLASSICAL MUSIC–Cont'd

collaborate in the four-hand version of Ravel's "Mother Goose" Suite. A benefit concert. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Dec. 16 at 8. For information about tickets, call 496-8524.)

Ned Rorem—A seventieth-birthday tribute to the composer includes a performance of his song cycle "Ariel," performed (twice, per Rorem's request) by soprano Ruth Golden, clarinettist Todd Palmer, and pianist Charles Wadsworth (with Marian Seldes separating the two performances by reading the five Sylvia Plath poems on which the cycle is based); also, an appearance by Donald Byrd/The Group, performing Byrd's new choreography to Rorem's "Night Music" and "String Symphony." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Dec. 16 at 8.)

Penderecki String Quartet—Performing three works for string quartet by Penderecki (his Quartets No. 1 and No. 2, as well as his "Der Unterbrochene Gedanke"), Alexander Lason's Quartet No. 2, and Beethoven's Quartet in A Minor (Op. 132). (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Dec. 16 at 8.)

Ralph Kirshbaum—The cellist plays Bach's six Unaccompanied Cello Suites. Dec. 17 at 8: Odd numbers. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 8: Even numbers. (Metropolitan Museum.)

Cosmopolitan Chamber Ensemble—Playing Bach's "Brandenburg" Concertos No. 3 and No. 6. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. Dec. 19 at 11:30 A.M. Admission is free, but call 1-718 885-2478 to reserve a seat. . . . ¶ Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Dec. 19 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

Vladimir Feltsman—The pianist begins a three-concert plunge into the works of Bach by performing the "Goldberg" Variations. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Dec. 19 at 3.)

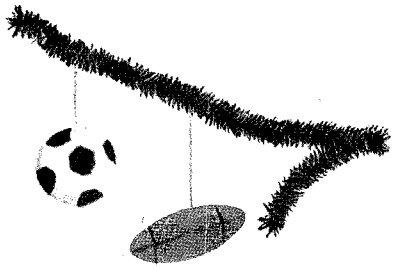
Two Times Four—The Mendelssohn String Quartet plays Wolf's "Italian Serenade" and teams up with the St. Lawrence String Quartet to perform Mendelssohn's Octet. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Dec. 20 at 6:30.)

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

Sesame Street Live—"When I Grow Up," a new musical stage show with many familiar faces from the 'hood: Big Bird, Cookie Monster, Bert, Ernie, et al. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Dec. 15-17 at 10:30 A.M.; Dec. 18 at 10:30 A.M., 2, and 5:30; and Dec. 19 at 1 and 4:30. Through Jan. 9.)

Nordic Holiday—On Dec. 18-19, the Children's Museum of Manhattan hosts a Scandinavian Christmas weekend, with candymaking workshops, storytelling by Pippi Longstocking, and folk dancing. It culminates in the American Scandinavian Foundation Christmas party, featuring a Santa Lucia processional, on Dec. 19 at 4; tickets for this event must be purchased in advance. (212 W. 83rd St. 721-1234.)



Holiday Dramatics—The Little People's Theatre Company gets into the spirit of the season, with "Wilbur the Christmas Mouse" (at 1:30) and "Santa Claus & the Christmas Bell" (at 3) on Saturdays and Sundays. (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 765-9540.)

"A Colonial Nutcracker"—The Dance Theatre in Westchester transplants the Tchaikovsky classic into a Revolutionary War setting. Recommended ages: four and older. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, Brooklyn College. 1-718 951-4500. Dec. 19 at 2.)

Locomotive Convocation—As part of the Holiday Garden Railways exhibition at the New York Botanical Garden, Thomas the Tank Engine (of the PBS show "Shining Time Station") will be visiting the Bronx, from Dec. 21 (from 1 to 4) through Dec. 26. The exhibition also includes seven large-scale model trains. (Bronx Park. 1-718 817-8700.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Jets—Vs. the Dallas Cowboys, Dec. 18 at 4.

Giants—Away until Jan. 2, when they'll face the Dallas Cowboys.

Knicks—Vs. the Los Angeles Lakers, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Vs. the Dallas Mavericks, Dec. 20. (Game time, 7:30.)

Nets—Vs. the Charlotte Hornets, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Vs. the Knicks, Dec. 21. (Game time, 7:30.)

Rangers—Vs. the Hartford Whalers, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Vs. the Ottawa Senators, Dec. 19. (Game time, 7:30.)

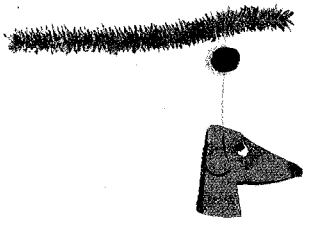
Islanders—Vs. the Toronto Maple Leafs, Dec. 17 at 7:40.

Devils—Vs. the Boston Bruins, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, Dec. 19. (Game time, 7:35.)

(The Jets and the Giants play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111; the Knicks and the Rangers at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Nets and the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

The Long Dark—Winter officially begins on Dec. 21 at 3:26 P.M. Here are a couple of events to welcome the chilly months and remind us that the days will be getting longer: The Cathedral of St. John the Divine is home, for the fourteenth year, to Paul Winter's Solstice. The celebration, which is a symbolic journey through the longest night of the year, includes performances by Noirín Ní Riain, the Dimitri Pokrovsky Singers, and Gordon Bok. (Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Dec. 16 at 8, Dec. 17 at 8:30, and Dec. 18 at 2 and 8.) . . . ¶ The Urban Park Rangers will talk about the shortest day of the year and about what Druids



did to rekindle the sun. (Loeb Boathouse, Central Park, near Fifth Ave. at 74th St. Dec. 19 at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Fir Pieces—The New York Botanical Garden will display eighteen miniature trees decorated by landscape and floral designers. (Main Building Rotunda, Bronx Park. Through Jan. 2. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ Three trees have been decorated with the *Forbes* ornament collection, which includes blown-glass Keystone Cops, zeppelins, and Dresden figures. (62 Fifth Ave. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, from 10 to 4. Through Jan. 1. No tickets necessary.)

Sippin' and Swingin'—Panama Francis and the Savoy Sultans will play swing music at a holiday tea dance. (Chartwell Booksellers, Park Ave. Plaza Arcade, 55 E. 52nd St. Dec. 18, from 3 to 6. No tickets necessary.)

Star Struck—The Hayden Planetarium presents its annual show, "The Star of Christmas," which explores the question "What led the Three Wise Men to Bethlehem?" (Central Park W. at 79th St. Mondays through Fridays at 1:30 and 3:30; Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 3, and 5. Tickets at the door on the days of the show.) . . . The New York Philomusica will present two holiday concerts under the starry planetarium sky. (769-5900. Dec. 15-16 at 7:30.)

Simic & Cornell—Charles Simic has written a series of prose poems about Joseph Cornell's sublime boxes, and has collected them in

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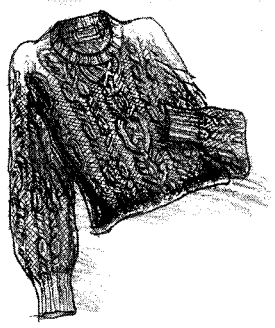

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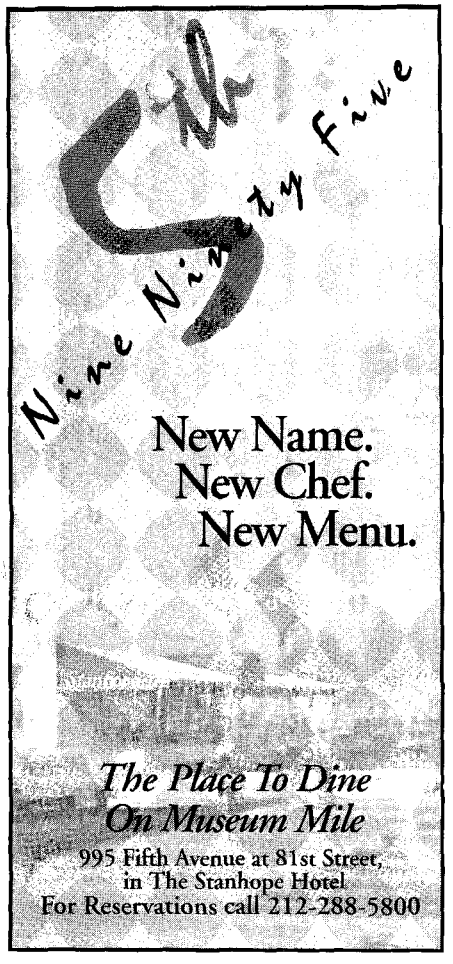

"Dime-Store Alchemy: The Art of Joseph Cornell," in which he writes, "The commonplace is miraculous if rightly seen, if recognized." Simic will read from his book, and following the reading, four of Cornell's short films will be screened, including "Bookstalls" and "Vaudeville De-Luxe." (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Dec. 15 at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the event.)

HOLIDAY CRAFT FAIRS—WBAI Holiday Crafts Fair. (Ferris Booth Hall, Columbia University, Broadway at 115th St. Dec. 17, from 5 to 9, and Dec. 18-19, from 11 to 6. Tickets at the door on the days of the fair.) . . . ¶ Lincoln Square Holiday Crafts Fair. (Martin Luther King, Jr., High School, 122 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Dec. 18-19, from 11 to 6. Tickets at the door on the days of the fair.)

SQUARESVILLE—Brooklyn artists have created fourteen quilts, including a holiday model whose patchwork squares were made by more than a hundred local children. (Brooklyn Botanic Garden, Steinhardt Conservatory, 1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. Tuesdays through Sundays, from 10 to 4. Through Jan. 2. No tickets necessary.)

COMPANION PIECES—"Christmas with Uncle New York" (the uncle is Garrison Keillor) offers a prairie dog's view of the Big Apple's seasonal hoopla. With the Turtle Island String Quartet. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Dec. 15-16 at 8 and Dec. 19 at 3. For tickets, call 307-7171.) . . . ¶ Keillor's penultimate live Saturday Town Hall radio broadcast of "A Prairie Home Companion." Musical guests will be Anonymous 4, the Turtle Island String Quartet, and the Boys of the Lough. (Dec. 18 at 5:45.)

FA-LA-ALL-ABOARD!—If you've been harboring a desire to sing with your fellow-commuters, you can join them in the main room of Grand Central Terminal for a sing-along of seasonal tunes. Songbooks will be provided. (Dec. 16 at 7:30.) . . . ¶ While you're there, look for the sixteen-foot "Golden Lamp, Golden Land," a menorah assemblage by artist Jeffrey Schrier, in the Incoming Train Room, near Track 42.

READINGS—Dec. 15, from 6:30 to 10:30: A reading of "Painting a Wall," by David Lan, will be featured at the Poetry Jam of the International Rhythm Vanguard. The evening begins and ends with an open mike. (Metropolis Café, 31 Union Sq. W., at 16th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 8: Gregory Frost and Michael Swanwick will read from their own work. (Dixon Place, 258 Bowery, near Houston St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 10:30 P.M.: Dick Scanlan will read from his short-story collection, "Does Freddy Dance," in a benefit evening. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)

TALKS—Dec. 15 at 6: Mickey Kaus, who writes about public policy for *The New Republic*, poses the question "What Do Liberals Want?" (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571.) . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 7: Grace Schulman will talk about May Swenson. (Poets House, 72 Spring St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 8: Robert Farris Thompson and Felipe Garcia Villamil will discuss the current exhibit at the Museum for African Art, "Face of the Gods: Art and Altars of Africa and the African Americas." (Fulcrum Gallery, 144 Mercer St. Tickets at the door on the night of the discussion.)

WALKS & TOURS—Dec. 18 at 11: Tribeca through the eyes of Eye on Art Tours. For more information, call 877-5117. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at noon: A bus tour along the Hudson River. Stops include Boscobel and Bear Mountain Inn, both gussied up for the holidays. For more information, call 397-3809. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 2: A walk through Riverside Park, ending at the 74th Street Playground for cider, marshmallows, and singing. For more information, call 870-3070.

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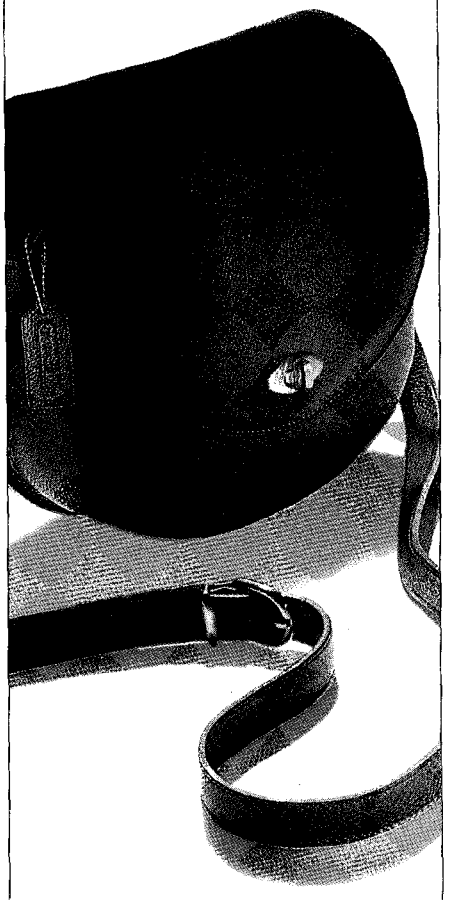

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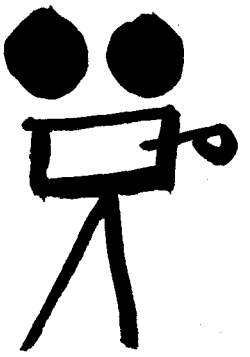

THE MOVIES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 48.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "The Trial" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Piano" (†).
Theatre 3: "Farewell My Concubine" (directed by Chen Kaige, in Mandarin).
Theatre 4: "The Piano" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Snapper" (†).
Theatre 6: "Naked" (Mike Leigh).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"Aclà" (Aurelio Grimaldi; in Italian).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Perfect World" (†).
Theatre 3: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "The Remains of the Day" (†).
Theatre 2: "Geronimo: An American Legend" (Walter Hill).
Theatre 3: "Addams Family Values" (†).
Theatre 4: "My Life" (†).
Theatre 5: "Geronimo: An American Legend."
Theatre 6: "Short Cuts" (Robert Altman).
Theatre 7: Through Dec. 16: "We're Back! A Dinosaur's Story" (†); and "Remains of the Day" (†). From Dec. 17: "The Pelican Brief" (Alan J. Pakula).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 16: Spike and Mike's Festival of Animation '93.
From Dec. 17: "Peking Opera Blues" (†).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (Bill Duke), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 2: "The Joy Luck Club" (Wayne Wang).
Theatre 3: "Mazeppa" (Bartabas; in French).
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 20: "Bank Robber" (Nick Mead). From Dec. 21: "The Summer House" (Waris Hussein).
Theatre 5: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit."
Theatre 6: "The Three Musketeers" (†).
Theatre 7: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (Henry Selick).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "The Piano" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Perfect World" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Dangerous Woman" (†).
Theatre 4: "Wayne's World 2" (Stephen Surjik).
Theatre 5: Through Dec. 16: "A Perfect World" (†). From Dec. 17: "What's Eating Gilbert Grape" (Lasse Hallström).
Theatre 6: "George Balanchine's The Nutcracker" (Emile Ardolino); and "The Piano" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Dec. 16: "We're Back! A Dinosaur's Story" (†); and "A Bronx Tale" (Robert De Niro).
From Dec. 17: "Beethoven's 2nd" (Rod Daniel).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "The Three Musketeers" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Age of Innocence" (Martin Scorsese).
Theatre 3: "Wayne's World 2" (Stephen Surjik).
Theatre 4: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (Bill Duke).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Fearless" (Peter Weir).
Theatre 2: "Geronimo: An American Legend" (Walter Hill).
Theatre 3: "Addams Family Values" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Carlito's Way" (†).

Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Farewell My Concubine" (Chen Kaige, in Mandarin).

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (Bill Duke).
Theatre 2: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit."

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Deception" (Graeme Clifford).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 16: "Wayne's World 2." From Dec. 17: "Beethoven's 2nd" (Rod Daniel).
Theatre 2: "Wayne's World 2."

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Age of Innocence" (Martin Scorsese).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "My Life" (†).
Theatre 2: "Six Degrees of Separation" (Fred Schepisi).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "The Three Musketeers" (†).
Theatre 2: "Short Cuts" (Robert Altman).
Theatre 3: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (Henry Selick).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Carlito's Way" (†).
Theatre 2: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 3: "Geronimo: An American Legend" (Walter Hill).
Theatre 4: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 5: "Geronimo: An American Legend."
Theatre 6: Through Dec. 16: "We're Back! A Dinosaur's Story" (†); and "Carlito's Way" (†). From Dec. 17: "Wrestling Ernest Hemingway" (Randa Haines).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "A Perfect World" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Perfect World" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Piano" (†).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Addams Family Values" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 16: "The Saint of Fort Washington" (Tim Hunter). From Dec. 17: "The Pelican Brief" (Alan J. Pakula).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Joy Luck Club" (Wayne Wang).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Dec. 16: "A Dangerous Woman" (†).
From Dec. 17: "What's Eating Gilbert Grape" (Lasse Hallström).

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"We're Back! A Dinosaur's Story" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Carlito's Way" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Geronimo: An American Legend" (Walter Hill).
Theatre 2: "Addams Family Values" (†).
Theatre 3: "Wayne's World 2" (Stephen Surjik).
Theatre 4: "The Three Musketeers" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Dec. 16: "Wayne's World 2." From Dec. 17: "The Pelican Brief" (Alan J. Pakula).
Theatre 6: Through Dec. 16: "George Balanchine's The Nutcracker" (Emile Ardolino); and "A Perfect World" (†). From Dec. 17: "Beethoven's 2nd" (Rod Daniel).
Theatre 7: "A Perfect World" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (Bill Duke).
Theatre 2: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit."

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "Famine-33" (directed by Oles Yanchuk; in Ukrainian).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "The War Room" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Carlito's Way" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wayne's World 2" (Stephen Surjik).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 16: "Dazed and Confused" (Richard Linklater). From Dec. 17: "Beethoven's 2nd" (Rod Daniel).
Theatre 2: "Dangerous Game" (Abel Ferrara).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Baraka" (Mark Magidson and Ron Fricke).
Theatre 2: "Jamón Jamón" (Bigas Luna; in Spanish).
Theatre 3: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau, in Spanish).
Theatre 4: "The Hawk" (David Hayman).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Carlito's Way" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (Bill Duke).
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 16: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit." From Dec. 17: "Beethoven's 2nd" (Rod Daniel).

Gene Hackman in "Geronimo: An American Legend."

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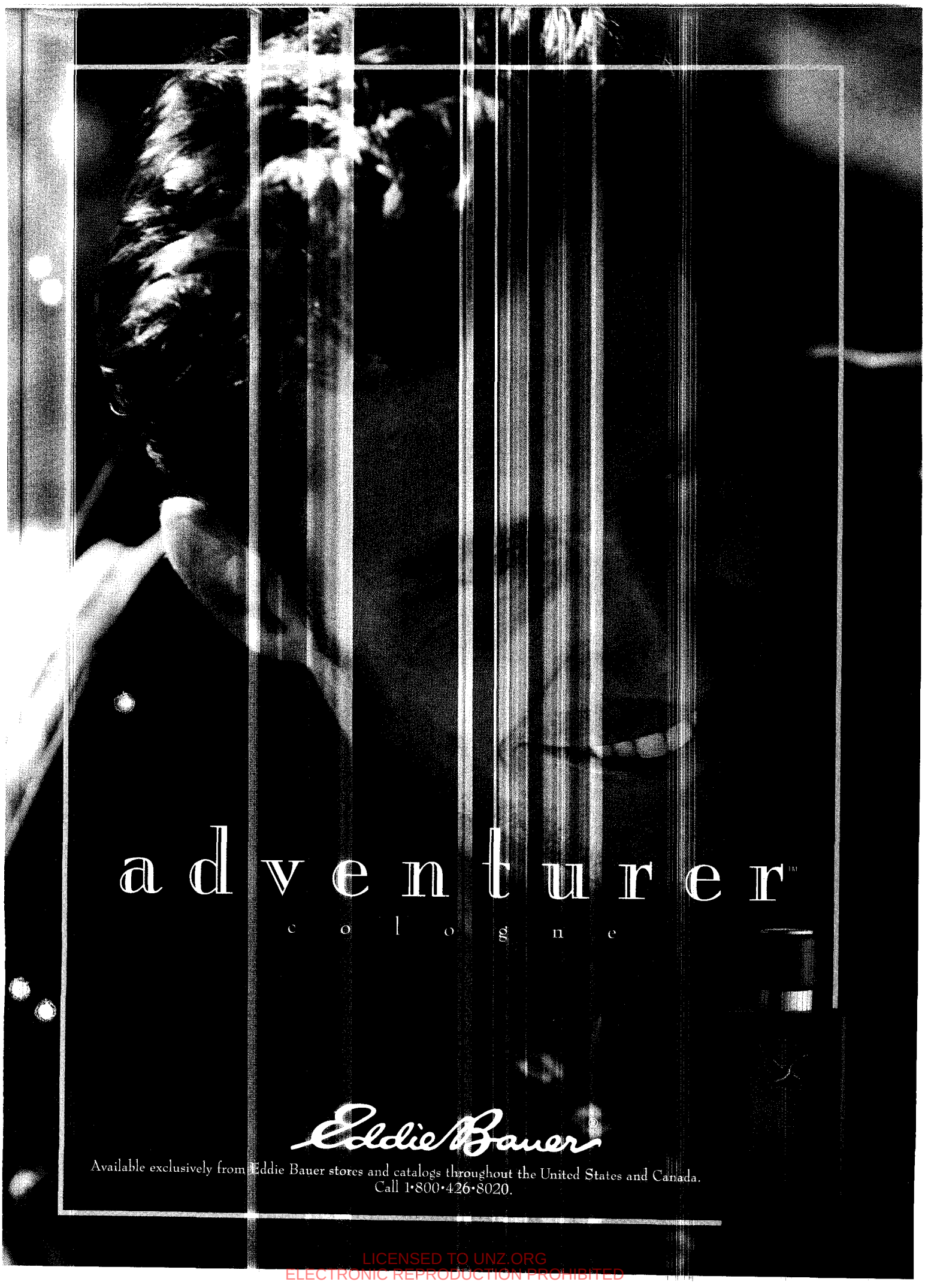

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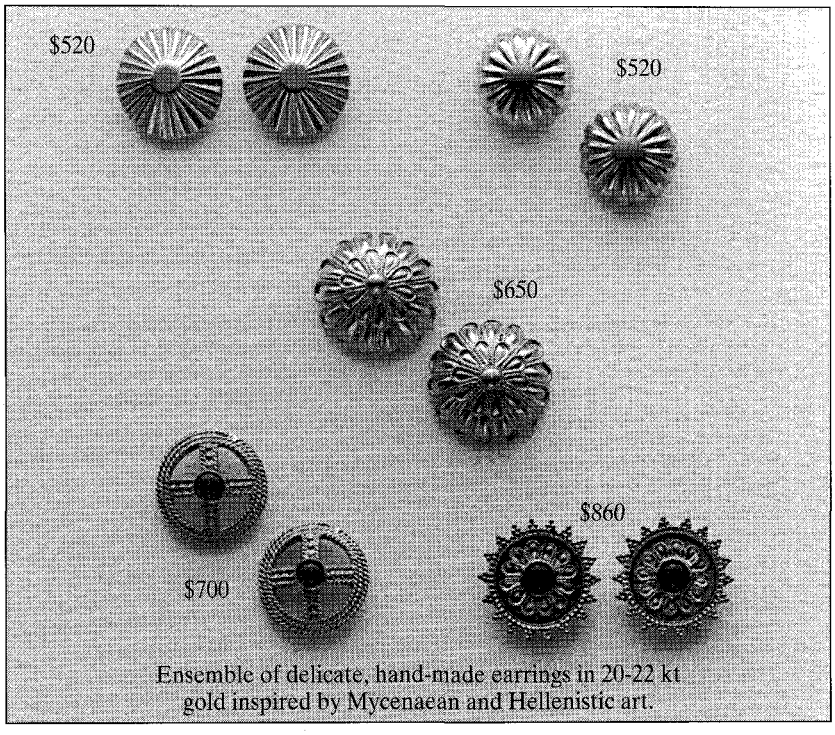

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MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Theatre 4: "My Life" (†).
Theatre 5: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 6: "Addams Family Values" (†).
Theatre 7: Through Dec. 16: "The Remains of the Day" (†). From Dec. 17: "The Pelican Brief" (Alan J. Pakula).
Theatre 8: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).
Theatre 9: "Geronimo: An American Legend" (Walter Hill).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "We're Back! A Dinosaur's Story" (†); and "Malice" (Harold Becker).
Theatre 2: "A Bronx Tale" (Robert De Niro).
Theatre 3: "Fearless" (Peter Weir).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (Henry Selick).

WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Malice" (Harold Becker).
Theatre 2: "Deception" (Graeme Clifford).
Theatre 3: "Fearless" (Peter Weir).
Theatre 4: "Gettysburg" (Ronald F. Maxwell).
Theatre 5: "The Age of Innocence" (Martin Scorsese).
Theatre 6: "Into the West" (Mike Newell).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Carlito's Way" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"A Dangerous Woman" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
To be announced.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMAS, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 20: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau, in Spanish). From Dec. 21: "The Summer House" (Waris Hussein).
Theatre 2: "The War Room" (†).

ANGELIKA 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"The Trial" (†).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Remains of the Day" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Wedding Banquet" (Ang Lee).

COLUMBUS CIRCLE, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"My Life" (†).

62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA CINEMAS, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Farewell My Concubine" (Chen Kaige, in Mandarin).
Theatre 2: "Short Cuts" (Robert Altman).
Theatre 3: "Blue" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Piano" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Snapper" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Piano" (†).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Schindler's List" (†).

84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Wayne's World 2" (Stephen Surjik).
Theatre 2: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (Bill Duke).
Theatre 3: "Addams Family Values" (†).
Theatre 4: "A Perfect World" (†).
Theatre 5: "Geronimo: An American Legend" (Walter Hill).
Theatre 6: Through Dec. 16: "The Three Musketeers" (†). From Dec. 17: "The Pelican Brief" (Alan J. Pakula).

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)
"Naked" (Mike Leigh), with David Thewlis.

METRO CINEMA I AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 16: "We're Back! A Dinosaur's Story" (†). From Dec. 17: "Beethoven's 2nd" (Rod Daniel).
Theatre 2: "The Age of Innocence" (Martin Scorsese).

OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Carlito's Way" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (Henry Selick).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Demolition Man" (directed by Marco Brambilla).
Theatre 2: "Man's Best Friend" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Perfect World" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 16: "Look Who's Talking Now!" (Tom Ropelewski). From Dec. 17: "Beethoven's 2nd" (Rod Daniel).

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Theatre 5: Through Dec. 16: "The Fugitive" (Andrew Davis). From Dec. 17: "The Pelican Brief" (Alan J. Pakula).
Theatre 6: "We're Back! A Dinosaur's Story" (†).
Theatre 7: "A Bronx Tale" (Robert De Niro).

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (Bill Duke).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Wayne's World 2" (Stephen Surjik).
Theatre 2: "Wayne's World 2."
Theatre 3: "The Three Musketeers" (†).

[illegible]TOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Addams Family Values" (†).

NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Geronimo: An American Legend" (Walter Hill).
Theatre 2: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

FILM FORUM 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through Dec. 16: "Intervista" (1992, directed by Federico Fellini, in Italian).
Dec. 17-18: "Amarcord" (1974, Federico Fellini; in Italian).
Dec. 19-20: "Voices of the Moon" (1990, Federico Fellini; in Italian).
Dec. 21: "Ciao, Federico" (1970, Gideon Bachmann), a documentary.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Dec. 15: "How to Steal a Million" (1966, William Wyler) and "Two for the Road" (1967, Stanley Donen).
Dec. 16: "The Spy Who Came In from the Cold" (1965, Martin Ritt) and "The Man Who Never Was" (1956, Ronald Neame).
Dec. 17-18: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941, John Huston) and "Casablanca" (1942, Michael Curtiz).
Dec. 19: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946, Frank Capra) and "A Christmas Story" (1953, Bob Clark).
Dec. 20: "Face to Face" (1976, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "Autumn Sonata" (1978, Bergman; in Swedish).
Dec. 21: "Vi[illegible]n" (1961, Basil Dearden) and "Peeping Tom" (1960, Michael Powell).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Dec. 16 at 2:30: "La Sfida" (1957, directed by Francesco Rosi; in Italian).... ¶ Dec. 16 at 3 and 6: "In the Name of God" (1992, Anand Patwardhan), a documentary.... ¶ Dec. 16 at 6 and Dec. 21 at 2:30: "Vito e gli Altri" (1991, Antonio Capuano; in Italian).... ¶ Dec. 16 at 8: "Non Mi Muovo!" (1943, Giorgio C. Simonelli; in Italian).... ¶ Dec. 17 at 2:30 and Dec. 19 at 5: "Picone Sent Me" (1984, Nanni Loy; in Italian).... ¶ Dec. 17 at 3 and Dec. 19 at 5: "The Movie Teller" (1993, Bernhard Sinkel; in German).... ¶ Dec. 17 at 6: "Avanti!" (1972, Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon.... ¶ Dec. 17 at 6 and Dec. 19 at 2:30: "The Olympic Summer" (1993, Gordian Maugg; in German).... ¶ Dec. 17 at 7:45: "Making Up" (1993, Katja von Garnier; in German).... ¶ Dec. 18 at 2: "The Payoff" (1978, Sergio Corbucci; in Italian).... ¶ Dec. 18 at 2:30 and Dec. 20 at 6: "Just a Matter of Duty" (1993, Thomas Mitscherlich; in German).... ¶ Dec. 18 at 5 and Dec. 20 at 2:30: "Thus Spoke Bellavista" (1984, Luciano de Crescenzo; in Italian).... ¶ Dec. 18 at 5 and Dec. 20 at 3: "Passages" (1992, Yilmaz Arslan; in German).... ¶ Dec. 19 at noon: "Street Angel" (1928, Frank Borzage).... ¶ Dec. 19 at 2: "Scugnizzi" (1989, Loy; in Italian).... ¶ Dec. 20 at 6: "I Thought It Was Love" (1991, Massimo Troisi; in Italian).... ¶ Dec. 21 at 6: "Two Cents Worth of Hope" (†).... ¶ Dec. 21 at 6: "Stalin's Funeral" (1991, Yevgeny Yevtushenko; in Russian).

WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Dec. 15 at 2 and Dec. 16 at 4:15 and 9: "Legend of Tianyun Mountain" (1980, Xie Jin).... ¶ Dec. 16 at 2 and 6:45: "A Love Forsaken Corner" (1981, Zhang Qi and Li Yalin).... ¶ Dec. 17 at 2 and 6:30: "Life" (1984, Wu Tianming).... ¶ Dec. 17 at 4 and 8:30: "My Memories of Old Beijing" (1982, Wu Yigong).... ¶ Dec. 18-19 at 2: "Ivanhoe" (1952, Richard Thorpe).... ¶ Dec. 18 at 4 and 8: "One and Eight" (1983, Zhang Junzhao).... ¶ Dec. 18 at 6 and 9:50: "Yellow Earth" (1984, Chen Kaige).... ¶ Dec. 19 at 4:15 and 8: "On the Hunting Ground" (1985, Tian Zhuangzhuang).... ¶ Dec. 19 at 6 and 9:45: "In the Wild Mountains" (1985, Yan Xueshu).... ¶ Dec. 20 at 2 and 6:15 and Dec. 21 at 4:15: "Horse Thief" (1986, Tian Zhuangzhuang).... ¶ Dec. 20 at 4 and 8:30 and Dec. 21 at 2: "Sacrifice Youth" (1985, Zhang Nuanxin).

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—A retrospective program of the museum's first five years. Dec. 18 at 2: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (†).... ¶ Dec. 18 at 4:30: "Camille" (1921, Ray C. Smallwood; silent).... ¶ Dec. 19 at 2 and 4: Two different programs of Betty Boop and other cartoons from the Fleischer studio.

MUSEUM OF TELEVISION AND RADIO, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—The documentary films of Frederick Wiseman. Dec. 16 at 5:30 and Dec. 18 at 2: "Manœuvre" (1980).... ¶ Dec. 17 at 6 and Dec. 19 at 2: "Meat" (1976).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Dec. 15 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Tous les Matins du Monde" (1992, Alain Corneau, in French), with Jean-Pierre Marielle and Gérard Depardieu.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—Dec. 15 at 7 and 9: "Henry Miller: Asleep and Awake" (1973, Tom Schiller) and "The Henry Miller Odyssey" (1969, Robert Snyder).... ¶ A program of films by or about John Waters: Dec. 16 at 7 and 9: "Divine Waters" (1983, Vito Zagarrio).... Dec. 17 at 7: "Mondo Trasho" (1970).... Dec. 17 at 9: "Multiple Maniacs" (1970).... Dec. 17 at 11: "Pink Flamingos" (1972).... Dec. 18 at 7: "Female Trouble" (1974).... Dec. 18 at 9: "Desperate Living" (1977).... Dec. 18 at 11: "Polyester" (1981).... Dec. 19 at 7: "Hairspray" (1988).... Dec. 19 at 9: "Cry-Baby" (†).... ¶ Dec. 21 at 7 and 9: Two different programs about William Burroughs.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, 200 Eastern Parkway. (1-718 638-5000)—A program of new Egyptian films. Dec. 18 at 2: "Dreams of Hind and Camilla" (1988, Mohammed Khan).... ¶ Dec. 19 at 2: A program of four short documentaries by Ateyyat El-Abnoudi.

At Theatre 80 St. Marks, William Edmonds and James Stewart in "It's a Wonderful Life."

EDWARD COLLET

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MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Beethoven's 2nd—The St. Bernard returns, with puppies. With Charles Grodin, Bonnie Hunt, and Debi Mazar. Directed by Rod Daniel. Opening December 17.

Famine-33—A drama about one family's experience during Stalin's systematic starvation of seven million peasants in Ukraine. Directed by Oles Yanchuk. In Ukrainian. Opening December 15.

Naked—Mike Leigh's caustic film about the London underclass. With David Thewlis, Lesley Sharp, and Katrin Cartlidge. Opening December 15.

The Pelican Brief—Alan J. Pakula directed this adaptation of John Grisham's thriller about a young law student (Julia Roberts) and a journalist (Denzel Washington) who investigate the deaths of two Supreme Court Justices. Opening December 17.

Schindler's List—Steven Spielberg's film, based on Thomas Keneally's novel. With Liam Neeson. The cinematography is by Janusz Kaminski; the screenplay is by Steven Zaillian. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) Opening December 15.

The Summer House—With Jeanne Moreau, Julie Walters, Lena Headey, and Joan Plowright. The screenplay is by Martin Sherman. Directed by Waris Hussein. Opening December 21.

What's Eating Gilbert Grape—A film by Lasse Hallström, with Johnny Depp, Juliette Lewis, Mary Steenburgen, Leonardo DiCaprio, and John C. Reilly. Opening December 17.

Wrestling Ernest Hemingway—Richard Harris and Robert Duvall as septuagenarian retirees in south Florida. With Shirley MacLaine, Piper Laurie, and Sandra Bullock. Directed by Randa Haines. Opening December 17.

CURRENT FILMS

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Addams Family Values—You've got to respect a comedy that makes light of arson, torture, and murder in these squeamish times. Some bold anti-wholesome gags pepper the scenes that chronicle the arrival of Baby Pubert (Kaitlyn and Kristin Hooper), the homicidal jealousy of young Wednesday (the uncanny Christina Ricci) and Pugsley (Jimmy Workman), and their subsequent banishment to Camp Chippewa. The marriage of Uncle Fester (Christopher Lloyd) to a clumsy, tacky black-widow murderer (Joan Cusack) doesn't work out as well; there's something off about the way this bad-taste, sick-joke movie condemns the villainess for her nouveau-riche style and affectations. But Anjelica Huston's murmuring understatement as Morticia is still amusing; she's delicious when she sniffs at pastels and glumly reads "The Cat in the Hat." Raul Julia returns as the dashing Gomez, and Christopher Hart as the dexterous Thing; this time out, Carol Kane is Granny. Barry Sonnenfeld directed, more nimbly than usual.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

Blue—After "The Double Life of Véronique," the Polish director Krzysztof Kieślowski has come up with another lovely and perplexing film. Julie (Juliette Binoche) loses her husband and daughter in a road accident and sees that loss as a chance to break free. She moves to Paris, sheds a lover, and takes an apartment, but at every turn the past catches up. Her memories tend to rush back in with a burst of music (the husband was a composer); at times, the movie is more like a sound-and-light show than a drama. It could easily have been too grand and mournful for its own good, but it's lightened, against all expectation, by a glancing comedy—Kieślowski sprinkles the story with random details and loose ends, and Binoche gives her most responsive performance to date. See it once, and "Blue" will most likely annoy you so much that you'll have to see it again. In French.—A.L. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/13/93.) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

At the Quad Cinema, Helen Mirren in "The Hawk."

Carlito's Way—The story that Brian De Palma tells in his new gangster movie is the simple and familiar one about a crook who wants to go straight but can't. The hero, Carlito Brigante (Al Pacino), is a romantic, honorable hoodlum, who seems to have stepped right out of a Warners crime drama from the thirties: he's a man's man in a world of weasels. The picture is fascinating to watch, because the director's technique is far too sophisticated for the schematic, entirely predictable script (by David Koepp, from two novels by Edwin Torres). The great passages here—a tense shoot-out in an East Harlem social club and a long, daring, and beautifully sustained chase sequence at the end—are like dreams of another, better movie.—T.R. (11/22/93) (34th St. East, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Olympia.)

A Dangerous Woman—As Martha, the dim-witted, shortsighted heroine of Stephen Gyllenhaal's picture, Debra Winger pulls out all the stops, but you can't help wishing she'd push a few back in. The cunning intensity of her playing is almost embarrassing, and it certainly lacks support; the rest of the movie drags sullenly behind, and the other characters harden into stereotypes, Gabriel Byrne's blue-eyed drinker being the worst offender. As he did in "Paris Trout," Gyllenhaal tries to build up dramatic pressure by keeping a lid on the tension, but he forgets to take it off. You keep waiting for the film to explode, as Martha's stubborn ways pull her toward disaster, but it stays marshy and joyless. Only David Strathairn—miscast as a sleazeball, but still as watchable as ever—gets the action moving; he and Winger share one bloody and breathless scene that puts the rest of the movie to shame.—A.L. (12/13/93) (19th Street East 6, and Festival. . . . ¶ Tower East; through Dec. 16.)

Man's Best Friend—The idea of doing a dirty Lassie movie is wittier than its execution in this go-for-the-gonads sci-fi flick about a huge guard dog named Max who becomes ultra-possessive of a feckless TV reporter (Ally Sheedy) after she springs him from an animal-experimentation lab. Max, it turns out, isn't just the canine of everybody's dreams and fears; he's a genetically engineered psycho-Frankendog, and his drugs are wearing off. The writer-director, John Lafia, combines increasingly gory black-comic bits involving the species' traditional enemies—a paperboy, a mailman, a sadistic junk-yard owner—with a plethora of gimmicks (Max has superpowers and can alter his appearance like a chameleon). The mixture is far from boring, but it coarsens the comedy about the hidden life of dogs. Lafia displays a modicum of reticence only when depicting Max's lust for a seemingly terrified collie named Heidi ("Puppy Love" plays on the soundtrack); Katie Roiphe, Camille Paglia, and Elizabeth Marshall Thomas will have to debate whether she means yes when she gestures no. Lance Henriksen does one of his best strung-out baddies as the lab owner, but the picture belongs to the eloquent-eyed Tibetan mastiff who plays Max.—M.S. (Criterion Center.)

Mrs. Doubtfire—Robin Williams impersonates a stocky, middle-aged female housekeeper, and he's too inventive an actor not to get a few gigantic laughs out of the stunt. But the picture as a whole isn't in the class of "Tootsie" and "Some Like It Hot," mostly because its premise is sentimental, not cynical: Williams's character, a divorced man, becomes Mrs. Doubtfire in order to get around a court-ordered custody arrangement and spend more time with his adorable children. Lessons are learned, loved ones are hugged, and personal growth is achieved—as usual, at the expense of comedy. Some, apparently including Williams, like it warm and cuddly, too. Nobody's perfect. Directed—with a very heavy hand—by Chris Columbus.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gotham Cinema, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and National Twin.)

My Life—Bruce Joel Rubin's first film as a director is the story of a fortyish man named Bob Jones (Michael Keaton) who, upon learning that he has inoperable cancer, videotapes a kind of autobiography to immortalize himself for his unborn child. For Rubin, the screenwriter of "Ghost" and "Jacob's Ladder," mortality has turned out to be great shtick. He has identified a new, gigantic, and readily exploitable movie market: people who know that they're going to die (sooner or later) and feel pretty lousy about it. This picture—released by Columbia, which is owned by Sony—ultimately plays like a long, cruel infomercial for camcorders. Its stated moral is, in the hero's words: "Dying is a really hard way to learn about living." Receiving spiritual education from big-budget studio movies is no day at the beach, either. Also with Nicole Kidman, Haing S. Ngor, and Michael Constantine.—T.R. (11/22/93) (Village Theatre VII, Baronet, Chelsea Cinemas, and Columbus Circle.)

A Perfect World—Clint Eastwood's oddly absorbing new movie tracks the wayward progress of an escaping convict (played by Kevin Costner) and his eight-year-old hostage (T. J. Lowther); Eastwood plays the Texas Ranger who leads the pursuit. It's Costner's picture all the way: the movie, like his character, seems to be making itself up as it goes along, and Eastwood, who's nomi-

JENNY POWELL

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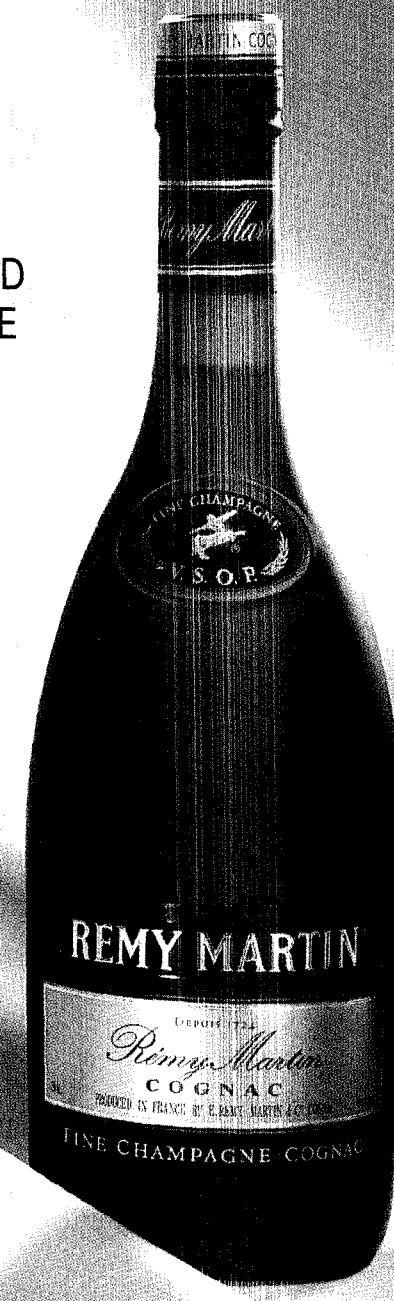

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nally in charge, just follows blindly and doggedly, a director eating the dust of a runaway story. The script, by John Lee Hancock, has a manic, self-destructive quality. By the end, the picture has recalled so many other films that it achieves an almost surreal incoherence; it feels as if it had been written by a movie buff on Sodium Pentothal. But as jarring and fundamentally goofy as the movie is, it never feels like an ordinary, generic Hollywood product: at every moment, there's something to gape at—sometimes in admiration, often in disbelief.—T.R. (12/6/93) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

The Piano—Sometime in the last century, a Scottish mute called Ada (Holly Hunter) travels to New Zealand with her beloved piano and her daughter Flora (Anna Paquin). She is engaged to Stewart (Sam Neill), but it is his right-hand man, Baines (Harvey Keitel), who becomes the focus of her interest. He buys the piano, and gives her a chance to win it back: an erotic agreement that gathers intensity and drives the film onward to its gasping conclusion. The writer and director, Jane Campion, has turned her native New Zealand, with its desolate beach and writhing forests, into a potent backdrop; the rain and mud make the love story look like trench warfare—you come away from the movie battered and amazed. It's almost too wrought and compressed for its own good, but the performances breathe it full of life. Hunter, especially, gives a fiery portrait of a rebellious Victorian spirit.—A.L. (11/29/93) (Angelika Film Center, 19th Street East 6, Beekman, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

The Remains of the Day—Anthony Hopkins plays Stevens, a butler who has given long and faithful service at Darlington Hall and maintained his emotional temperature at absolute zero. This has cost him dearly: first, he failed to see that his master (James Fox) was dangerously bent on appeasement with the Germans in the nineteen-thirties; and, second, he refused to accept, or even acknowledge, the love offered to him by the housekeeper (Emma Thompson). Adapted by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala from the novel by Kazuo Ishiguro, this Merchant-Ivory production strains so hard to portray dignified restraint that it almost seizes up with good manners. This is especially unfair to Thompson, who is forced to smother her naturally high spirits; as for Hopkins, you can't help waiting for a touch of Hannibal Lecter behind the façade. Why serve a bunch of snobs with professional aplomb when you could serve them spit-roasted with watercress?—A.L. (11/15/93) (Village Theatre VII, and Paris. . . . ¶ Chelsea Cinemas; through Dec. 16.)

Schindler's List—With Liam Neeson, directed by Steven Spielberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, and Regency.)

The Snapper—A return trip to the Dublin of "The Commitments," and every bit as welcome as the earlier film. The Curley family is in trouble: young Sharon (Tina Kellegher) is going to have a snapper—a baby, that is, conceived after a drunken fumble on a car hood. Sharon knows who the father is, but she won't let on to her friends, let alone to her father (Colm Meaney). It sounds like a drab little tale, but in the hands of director Stephen Frears it becomes a headlong tumble into good humor; he seems as fascinated by his characters as the family is by the new arrival, and the camera scuttles around, tolerantly picking up details. The script is adapted by Roddy Doyle from his own novel, which guarantees a string of firecracker jokes, caustic but never cruel; look out for the bemused parents discovering the joy of sex.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

The Three Musketeers—The "Boys in Doublets" edition, with Chris O'Donnell as the Gascon upstart D'Artagnan, and Kiefer Sutherland, Oliver Platt, and Charlie Sheen as Athos, Porthos, and Aramis. They lack the ardor and physical authority to make derring-do

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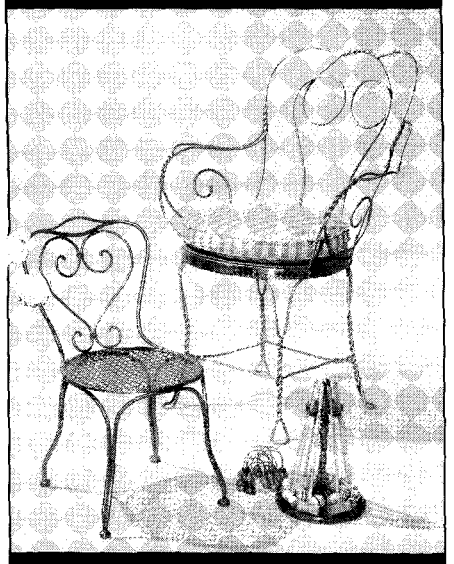

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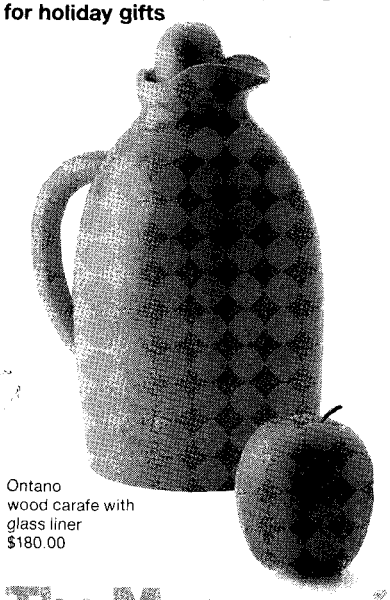

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stir emotions; Platt gets by on comic attitude alone. The look is opulent, the swordplay extravagant, and Alexandre Dumas's warhorse plot still hooks an audience. But David Loughery's adaptation, with cheesy anachronistic dialogue and bits from previous Musketeer movies and costume pictures, seems intended to do nothing more than give youngsters their first taste of swashbuckling. Loughery and the director, Stephen Herek, provide an insidious form of ageism. King Louis XIII (Hugh O'Conor) is a boy, his queen a pure child-wife (Gabrielle Anwar); when they join D'Artagnan and the Musketeers in revolt against Tim Curry's tiresomely slimy Cardinal Richelieu, it's youth and beauty against age and corruption.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, Orpheum VII, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 84th Street Sixplex; through Dec. 16.)

THE TRIAL—Fans of Kafka—or of Orson Welles, who did the first film version—must have thought "How dare he?" when learning that David Jones ("Betrayal," "84 Charing Cross Road") had retold the story of Joseph K., bank employee and victim of the Law. Actually, Jones doesn't dare anything. He merely mounts a conventional, blow-by-blow adaptation, with dialogue that the screenwriter, Harold Pinter, has put into typically clipped and knowing Pinterese. The result is like a translation of a translation of a translation; it has zero vitality. If Welles turned Kafka's simultaneously defeatist and rebellious comedy into spectacle (a prophetic achievement), Jones and Pinter turn it into mannerism. Their lack of imagination dulls the stellar cast: Kyle MacLachlan (Joseph K.), Anthony Hopkins, Jason Roberts, Polly Walker, Juliet Stevenson, and Alfred Molina.—M.S. (Angelika Film Center, and Angelika 57.)

THE WAR ROOM—The somewhat deranged charm of James Carville, the chief strategist of Bill Clinton's Presidential campaign, dominates D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus's exhilarating documentary. The film does justice to the sheer reckless pleasure of electoral gamesmanship. And Carville is the largest, most resonant character in recent American movies, someone whose work is such a complete expression of his personality that you can't help laughing: the unity of this life and this art seems too good to be true.—T.R. (11/8/93) (Film Forum, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

WE'RE BACK! A DINOSAUR'S STORY—It's understandable that Steven Spielberg would want to sponsor a dinosaur cartoon for kids too young to see "Jurassic Park," but it's doubtful that this moralistic sketch pad will satisfy the tykes. In Hudson Talbott's original picture book, a little green alien with an I.Q.-enhancing formula educates and civilizes a group of dinosaurs, then drops them into twentieth-century New York City. The screenwriter, John Patrick Shanley, ruins the concept's antic, wispy charm by adding banal juvenile leads as well as a preachy rivalry between kindly Captain NewEyes, who promotes interspecies understanding, and cruel Professor ScrewEyes, who exploits fear and paranoia by turning the dinosaurs back into wild animals. Professor ScrewEyes presents the beasts as monsters in a circus—sort of the way Spielberg did in the PG-13 "Jurassic." The not-so-hidden message is that wholesome cartoons are better for children than creature features. No one over age six will buy it. The voice actors include John Goodman, Martin Short, Walter Cronkite, Kenneth Mars, and Julia Child; Dick Zondag, Ralph Zondag, Phil Nibbelink, and Simon Wells directed.—M.S. (East 85th Street, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Village Theatre VII, Bay Cinema, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Metro Cinema; through Dec. 16.)

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

CRY-BABY (1990)—John Waters' movie, set in Baltimore in 1954, is an attempt to repeat the formula of his "Hairspray" (1988), but this is a much less enjoyable picture. Like

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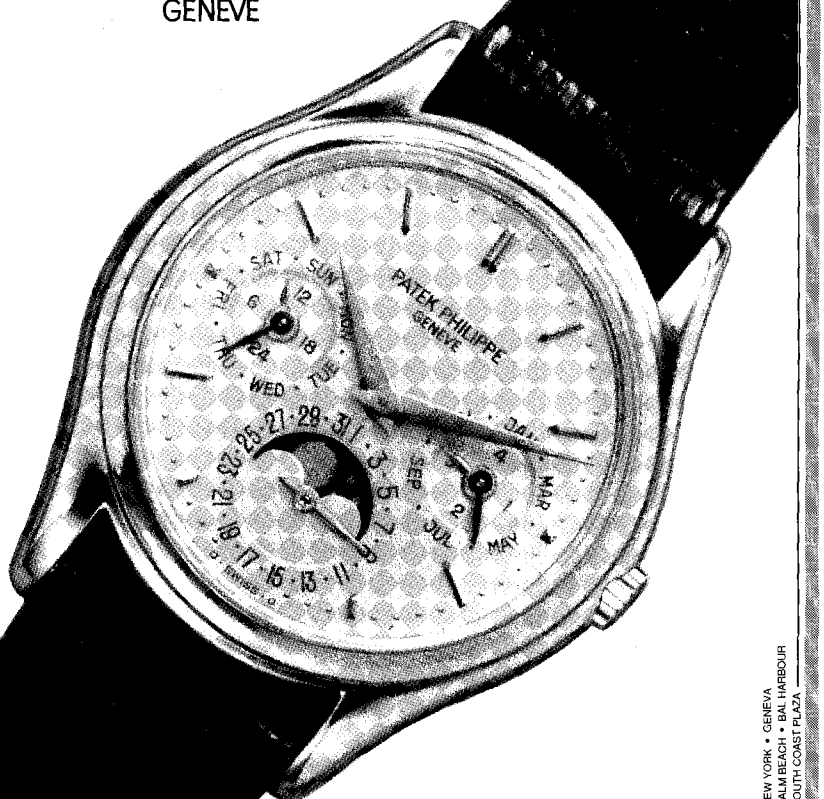

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all Waters movies, it's about a battle between the good, disreputable people and the bad, conventional ones—in this case, a group of juvenile delinquents (called "drapes"), whose leader is a handsome rock-and-roller known as Cry-Baby (Johnny Depp), versus "the squares," represented by just about everybody else in town. Cry-Baby, a sensitive sort (he lost both his parents to the electric chair), falls in love with a square girl, Allison (Amy Locane), and the film devotes itself to exploring the question, Can their forbidden love survive in a world that just doesn't understand? Unfortunately, almost everything in the movie feels flat and enervated. It's indifferently, mechanically paced; the musical numbers are ineptly staged; and Depp isn't a very exciting presence. The bizarre supporting cast includes Polly Bergen, former porn queen Traci Lords, Kim McGuire (as a spectacularly ugly girl called Hatchet-Face), Ricki Lake, Iggy Pop, Troy Donahue, Joey Heatherton, and celebrity ex-con Patty Hearst.—T.R. (Anthology Film Archives; Dec. 19.)

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse (1921)—The contemporary destruction of Sarajevo has renewed the relevance of Rex Ingram's anti-war saga, based on Vincente Blasco Ibáñez's novel about a wealthy Argentine extended family whose members support opposing sides during the First World War. This lively kitsch extravaganza deserves to be remembered for Ingram's showy design sense (David Lean and Michael Powell cited him as a major influence) and for the impeccable way he and screenwriter June Mathis handle their star, Rudolph Valentino. As a playboy who grows through sacrifice, Valentino evinces a dashing melancholy, and, amazingly, his tango scene hasn't turned into camp—it's still a sexy wonderment. With Joseph Swickard, Alice Terry, and Alan Hale.—M.S. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Dec. 18.)

Peking Opera Blues (1986)—This insanely high-spirited action comedy, by the Hong Kong director Tsui Hark, is more like a great game of pinball than like any other movie you've ever seen. It's all motion, color, and noise. Too much is always happening, and too rapidly: if your reflexes are a touch slow, you're out of luck. The plot, which pits scheming young revolutionaries against rotten old warlords and generals in 1913 Peking, is just a pretext for Hark's imaginative action choreography. When it comes to movement, this director has no conscience: martial-arts violence, slapstick, door-slamming farce, and the stylized gestures of Peking Opera are all pretty much the same to him, and the pop-culture cheekiness with which he mashes them all together is irresistible. The movie is exhausting, brazenly commercial, and mighty silly; it's also sweet-natured, unpredictable, and buoyant. It makes you feel as if you were about eleven years old. In Cantonese.—T.R. (Cinema Village; starting Dec. 17.)

Two Cents Worth of Hope (1952)—Love laughs in the face of disaster in Renato Castellani's neo-realist account of the abysmally poor on the slopes of Vesuvius. The hero comes back from army service to a series of frustrations—his sisters are hungry, his mother is a thieving busybody, he can't hold a job, and his overenthusiastic tigress of a girl causes no end of trouble. He works as a chauffeur and as a sexton, he sells lemonade, he sells his blood. When he marries his girl they have literally nothing but two cents' worth of hope, yet it seems more than enough to live on. Castellani, who wrote the script with Titina de Filippo, is said to have been told the story by Vincenzo Musolino, who plays the hero, and most of the roles are played by nonprofessionals from the lice-ridden area that the movie was shot in. Surprisingly, it has a picaresque charm—the lives here have gone past tragedy into black comedy. Some of the episodes, including one set in a shabby Naples movie theatre, have a believable everyday craziness about them. With Maria Fiore as the tigress. In Italian.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Dec. 21.)

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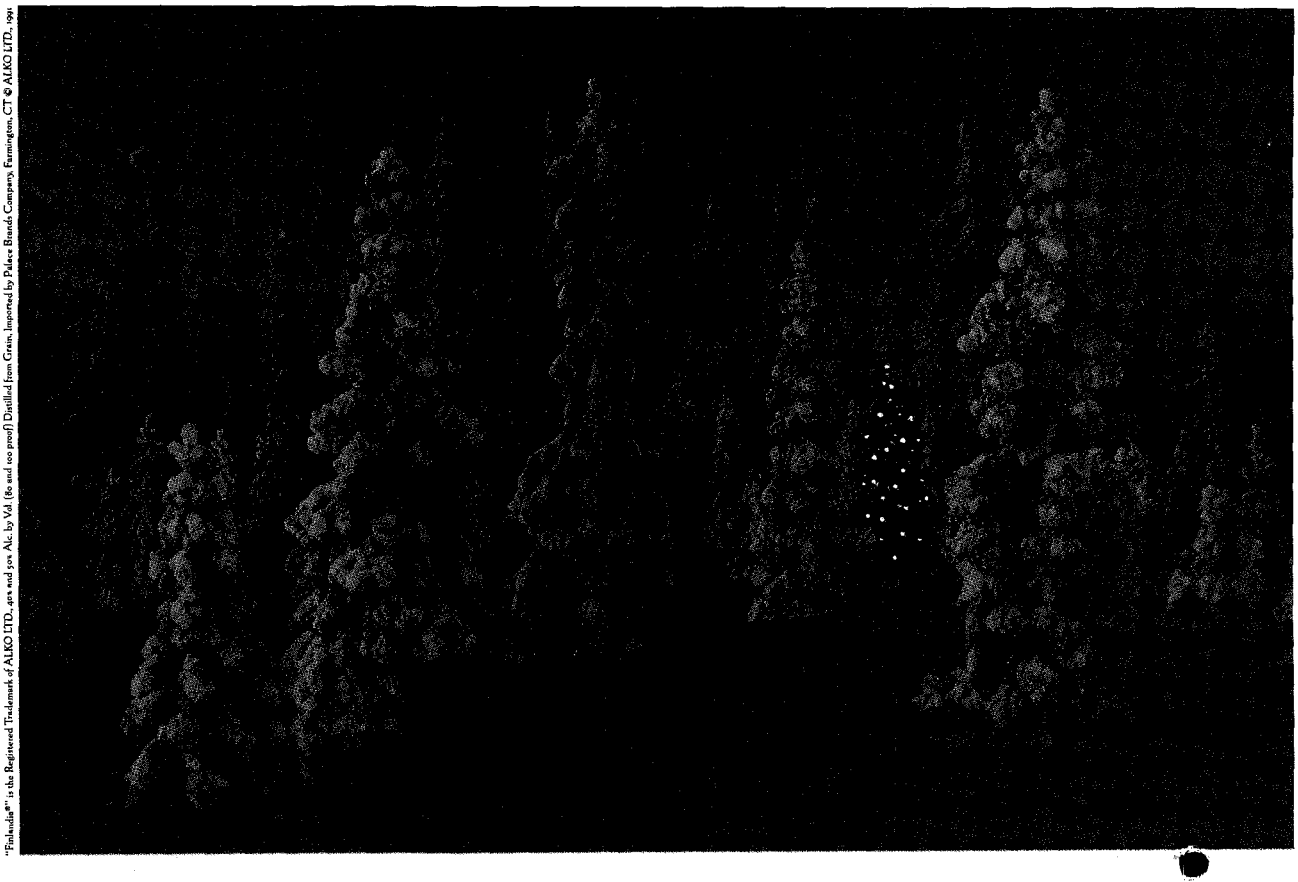

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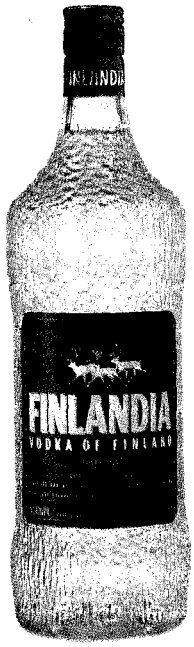

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

TOM AND WALTER GOT MARRIED

TOM STODDARD and Walter Rieman went shopping at Tiffany's last month. The salesman was polite but distant. After asking him dozens of questions, after trying on this one and then that, they decided to buy what Tom had wanted from the start: two plain gold bands. Tom and Walter took the rings home to their apartment, on the West Side, put them in a drawer, and did not take them out until December 4th, which is the day Tom and Walter got married.

One morning a week or so before the ceremony, we rang the bell of Tom and Walter's apartment. When the door opened, both Tom and Walter were there, looking flushed and concerned. "Walter's lost the seating chart," Tom said. "He's going off to work to search his desk."

"All right," Walter said, grabbing his coat. "I'm going." Walter, a thirty-eight-year-old trial lawyer, was recently elected to partnership at Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison, the first openly gay person to achieve this. His manner is solemn and intense, and he has a prodigious memory: he can retrieve childhood anecdotes, slights suffered long ago, the minutiae of legal decisions concerning people generations dead. Losing the seating chart for his wedding was not something that Walter took lightly.

After Walter left, Tom dropped onto an overstuffed couch and sighed. Tom met Walter at a fund-raiser on Fire Island five years ago, and they moved in together six months later, but the last few days, Tom told us, had been a whole new relationship. "A gay man getting married has so many things to worry about," he said, folding his arms. "Even the small things assume hidden meanings and are riddled with symbolism." Tom, who is forty-five years old, is a lawyer, too, but may be better known as an activist in behalf of gay rights. Last spring, before the big gay march on Washington, he met with Bill Clinton at the White House to discuss, among other things, the Administration's position on gays in the military. For six years, Tom was the executive director of the Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund, but he resigned the post in January of 1992, in part because he had recently been found to have AIDS. "Now I reserve strength for choice battles," he said.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EINAT PELED

The next big battle, Tom said, is gay marriage. "It's just so emotion-laden, so tangled with convention, that it is bound to test straight people more profoundly than any other gay issue," he said. So far, no state government has legally recognized same-sex marriages—Tom and Walter will be classified as domestic partners by New York City—but around the country a growing number of gay couples are demanding legal recognition. The fight for such recognition has progressed furthest in Hawaii, where the state Supreme Court recently found the law barring same-sex marriage to be a form of gender discrimination and in violation of the state's constitution. Along with the issue of fairness—if a man can marry a woman, why can't a woman marry a woman or a man marry a man?—activists stress various rights and privileges that are denied to gays because they cannot obtain a marriage license: the ability to extend American citizenship to a spouse; the opportunity to file a

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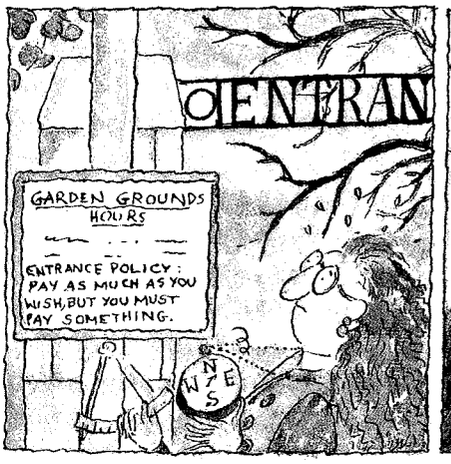
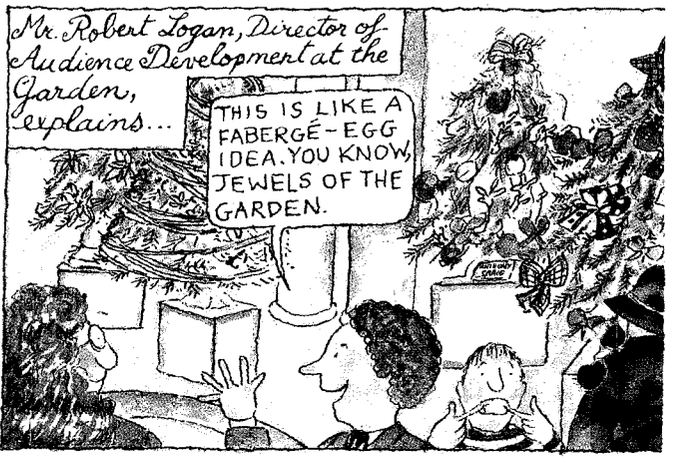
TINY TRIMS

THE FIRST ANNUAL MINIATURE-TREE DISPLAY AT *The New York Botanical Garden in* THE BRONX

by V. Roberts



IF YOU RIDE THE WHITE PLAINS LOCAL FROM GRAND CENTRAL, YOU WILL GET THERE.



NO MINIATURE HOLIDAY TREE NEED BE LIKE ANY OTHER. MR. GEOFFREY BEENE HAS CHOSEN BOWS AS HIS DECORATIVE MEDIUM.

joint tax return; the chance to qualify for a partner's health plan. "If Walter and I were legal, I could go on his firm's medical," Tom said. "And, considering my illness, that's no small thing."

Though the Hawaiian case has been returned to trial court, a number of legal scholars have predicted that the state will soon recognize gay marriage. If it happens, Tom thinks, Honolulu may well become a kind of Reno for gays—a city of all-night altars and neon chapels. And if *that* happens—if thousands of gay men and women flock to Hawaii and get married—other states may well be forced to recognize the marriages, nationwide recognition being the general rule with regard to straight marriages, regardless of where the license was obtained.

The phone rang. "Can that be Walter?" Tom said. He let the machine pick up, and soon the voice of Walter said, "The chart's not here. Call before I start turning over the desks."

"I'll show you what really got me thinking about marriage," Tom said, and stood up. He took us to the bedroom, and there we saw an elegant photograph of Tom and Walter locked in a mild embrace. "Several months ago, Annie Leibovitz, as a present for our fifth anniversary, shot me and Walter," Tom said. "The picture got me thinking about appearances—the importance of declaring our commitment before people we love." Then he remarked that, whereas the subtext of so many straight weddings is about expanding possibility, for gay men with AIDS it has more to do with closure. "The relationship has that precious quality of something that's going away," he said. We left not long afterward, with the seating chart still missing.

When we next spoke with Tom and Walter, a couple of days before the wedding, Walter had come down with a traditional case of the screaming meemies. He had found the seating chart by then, but he had begun to wonder if some hidden voice wasn't saying, "Don't commit." "For lesbians and gay men, marriage is scary," Tom told us. (Walter wasn't talking.) "After all, gay rights is about challenging tradition, and what's more traditional than a wedding?"

The wedding was held on a rainy Saturday afternoon at Chanterelle, in Tribeca. Walter's jitters were gone. He wore a gray suit and a red tie. Tom, too, was dressed in gray. During the cocktail hour, more than seventy people, including Walter's brother and two sisters, Tom's brother, and a New York Supreme Court justice, drank champagne and filled the room with stories about Tom and Walter. The two men then appeared in a clearing between tables. Facing each other, they exchanged vows ("I commit to you my life and my love for the rest of our days"), put on their gold rings, and were married.

When Tom and Walter kissed, the crowd cheered and guests began toasting everything in sight: Tom toasted Walter's family; Walter toasted Tom's brother; Tom and Walter toasted Karen and David Waltuck, who own Chanterelle; Karen thanked them and ran from the room teary-eyed. Then, after rapping on a glass (half empty, half full), which quieted the room, Tom's brother John said, "Tom and Walter have done something that gay people have dreamed of for thousands of years. Let's raise our glasses to Tom and Walter: May you continue your life together in a more perfect union, in good health, and always with adventure and purpose and love."

MARK MORRIS LIKES THE HOLIDAYS, REALLY

"THIS has to be terrifying and grim!" Mark Morris shouted at his dancers one recent afternoon up in the Attic, the small, seemingly airless dance space on the sixth floor of the Brooklyn Academy of Music. It was Day Three of rehearsals for the December 14th opening at BAM's Opera House of "The Hard Nut," Morris's version of that most popular Yuletide ballet "The Nutcracker," and Morris, in baggy sweats and a T-shirt, and sporting, along with his trademark shoulder-length curls, a close-cropped, gray-tinged beard, was leading the troupe though the opening scene: the Christmas Eve party.

"Grim!" Morris shouted again, trying to get everyone into the holiday spirit. The

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THE GARDEN CLUB OF CITY ISLAND: RED RIBBONS ON THE HALF (CLAM, MUSSEL, OR OYSTER) SHELL, GARNISHED WITH PEARLS.

BUT SOMETHING IS MISSING. IT DOESN'T SMELL LIKE CHRISTMAS.

I ABANDON THE MAIN BUILDING AND HEAD FOR THE GARDEN'S 250 ACRES TO FIND THE REAL THING.

scene is set not in the cozy Biedermeier parlor of E. T. A. Hoffmann's early-nineteenth-century story, "Nutcracker and Mouseking," but in a suburban living room circa 1970; and the dancer playing Marie was about to receive not a life-size mechanical doll and a similarly scaled toy soldier, as she does in Balanchine's version, but a life-size remote-control Barbie and then a humanoid robot that, as the scene unfolds, will go haywire, nearly killing a few of the party's guests before ripping off one of Barbie's arms. "Grim and *dangerous!*" Morris shouted now, moving across the set from a white vinyl sofa to a TV tuned to a burning Yule log. "I want— No, I *insist* on that!"

Later, during a break in the rehearsal, Morris sprawled in a plastic chair alongside the stage, and filled us in on how he came to be—well, inspired to do his own Christmas ballet. It came to him, he recalled, five years ago in a bar in Brussels called Mort Subite (Sudden Death), where he more or less lived during his three-year stint as director of dance at the Théâtre Royale de la Monnaie, Belgium's state opera house. Someone in the Subite that wintry night (Morris cannot remember who, exactly) suggested that he choreograph a version of "The Nutcracker," and immediately—or, anyway, soon enough—he imagined the set: a ranch-house interior designed by the haunted-house-style comics artist Charles Burns. The production, which had its première at the Monnaie in 1991, "is not the shoe-polish, head-patting, candyland view of childhood," Morris said, which is pretty much how he understands the more traditional "Nutcracker" ballets. "That's the way adults think children think, which is always wrong and always will be."

At Morris's request, a dancer opened a door to the side of the rehearsal stage, exposing a roof-etched square of sky that managed to incorporate itself quite easily into the eerie party-scene set, a main element of which is a metal drink cart brimming with neon-colored cocktails. A maid will push the cart throughout the opening scene, and at one point a drunken, boorish bell-bottomed character, danced by Morris himself, will give spirited chase to her. "I call it 'The Waltz of the Drink Cart,' " Morris said, and his clear blue eyes gleamed with mischief. "I wanted only drinks, no food, and nothing for the children to do—at all!"

The strange and haunting undercurrents of classic fables for children are what interest Morris. "The Hard Nut" builds upon all the parts of Hoffmann's tale which tend to get left out of modern-day ballet versions. Morris went on to say that one part of the story that he likes a lot but did not manage to get into his dance is a moment when Marie answers a knock at the door and finds the Nutcracker, and he leads her into her father's closet and then up a ladder into a sleeve of her father's coat. "It's like when I first went into my mom's closet and found those keyhole-shaped garter-holding things," he said. "I had no idea what they were. It was like finding an arrowhead or something—a relic—and I knew I was someplace I shouldn't have been."

The dancers began to assemble again, and Morris rose to resume rehearsing. As we said goodbye, we asked Morris if, with the dance back now for its second holiday season at BAM, he had any apprehensions about the possibility that his work could itself become a chestnut: standard city-Christmastime fare.

"Why not?" he replied. "That's what I want. Nobody knows a thing about the nineteenth century anymore, and now, well, excuse me, it's the late twentieth."

LATKES, BUENO!

DAVID SAID LEVY, a twenty-two-year-old freshman at Yeshiva University, did not go home for Hanukkah—home being Havana, where, he explained to a visitor the other day, the eight-day Festival of Lights begins with no more than a few hundred of the city's Jews (most of them quite old) gathering in four musty synagogues (all that remain in that city) to light embargo-circumventing candles donated by Jewish congregations throughout Canada, and then repairing to their homes to sit down to a holiday dinner that features, as its lavish and eagerly anticipated main dish, latkes of fresh potatoes (rationed, often scarce) deep-fried in actual cooking oil (rationed, always scarce).

Levy is shy and trim, and as he sat in a chair in his adviser's office, speaking in

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Spanish about home, he fidgeted like a young athlete, which is what he is—or, rather, was—at the University of Havana: a sprinter on the track team. He completed two years of study in telecommunications at the university before going to work as a telephone technician, and he plans to major in computer science at Yeshiva. More important to him, he will also receive, as an undergraduate, a thorough religious education, which will include training to become certified in a number of ritual capacities, such as circumcision. And, if all goes according to plan, Levy, upon earning his bachelor's degree, will enter Yeshiva's Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Theological Seminary, from which—in eight years or so—he will graduate and then return to Cuba to take up responsibilities as the first full-time, native-born rabbi the country has had in thirty years.

There are approximately twelve hundred Jews in Cuba today, Levy said, down from fifteen thousand in 1959. While Jews have not been persecuted under Castro, most, in the years following the Revolution, chose to emigrate. Jews of Levy's parents' generation who did not leave the island—many of them are doctors, Levy said—have shown little interest, on the whole, in Judaism. That there would someday soon be no one practicing Judaism in Cuba had become, among some of the older Jews, a commonplace lament. Since the Revolution, the members of this older generation, a mixture of Ashkenazim and Sephardim, have conducted services and observed the laws as best they could among themselves, abetted occasionally by rabbis from Panama and elsewhere. So—as Levy tells it—the old Jews felt their cantankerous fatalism challenged when young men of his generation "began coming to temple, their heads covered with baseball caps, and began to ask, 'How did we get here from Turkey, Syria, Europe?' " (Levy's grandparents, Sephardic on both sides, came to Cuba from Syria and from Turkey.) The men of their grandfathers' generation, wearing guayaberas and carefully kept yarmulkes and European-style fedoras that the young call *bolcheviques* (because they are made in Russia), angrily shook their heads, Levy recalled, and said that it was too late—too late for the young to be taught.

But an eighty-eight-year-old Havana Jew named José Blumenkrantz finally relented enough to accept a few younger men, Levy among them, as his students, "and then other older ones became jealous of all the attention Blumenkrantz was getting and they wanted to teach, too," Levy said. Levy himself became a teacher after a time, at a Sunday school with fifty pupils reading books that had been donated by Mexican and Argentine Jews. Then he became a shohet, a ritual slaughterer and kosher butcher, having been trained by Abraham Berezniak, whose father, now in his eighties, is among the last people trained in the rituals whom the Cuban Jewish community brought in from Poland—a practice that had been common until the Second World War. Before leaving Havana, in June, Levy said, he had similarly trained his younger brother.

This led us to ask him how, exactly, he had got here from there, and he told us that at the 1991 Pan American Games, which were held in Cuba, he had been a spectator and had met Barry Katz, a Jewish businessman from New Orleans who, being a fan of track-and-field, was attending the games. Levy went on to explain that Katz had become a kind of sponsor for him, making contact with Yeshiva on his behalf. Negotiations with the Cuban government to obtain permission for him to study abroad took many months, and it wasn't until late last spring that Levy flew to New York and arrived at Yeshiva's campus, in Washington Heights, which, as it happens, is one of the city's most vibrant Latino neighborhoods. Here you can buy the very best Cuban sandwiches, but Levy passes: they're nonkosher (pork and cheese). What he does like is the music he hears while walking the streets, all the salsa and merengue blaring, and also the special rhythms and timbres of the city's human voices. "Here, as in Cuba, you learn to yell when you have to," he told us. "Jews like to argue and yell. So do Cubans. Maybe there is a bit of a Jew in every Cuban, and vice versa."

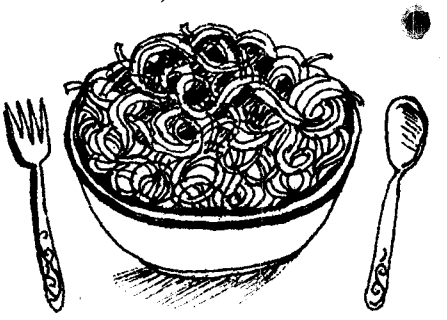
NEXT ON THE MAYOR-ELECT'S PLATE

"NORTHERN ITALIAN," a term once commonly used to describe a variety of cream-sauced and white-veal dishes, hasn't been heard much since the early days of Abe Beame, so when we read a *Times* story quoting Mayor-elect Rudolph Giuliani as saying he was interested in hiring a chef for Gracie Mansion who cooked "Northern Italian" we got right on the phone to his transition team. Who's being considered? "It's premature even to discuss it," a spokesperson said.

Well, no. "Northern Italian" is less a cuisine than a cultural construct—one that arose in the nineteen-fifties, when the idea was to get beyond the "taint" of garlicked ethnicity. To eat "Northern Italian" was not to eat spaghetti and meatballs, a dish common among, and served by, Italian-Americans, the sons and daughters of immigrants, who happened to be mostly from Naples and Sicily. To eat "Northern Italian" was to dine on white—not checked—tablecloths, to drink wine from bottles not wrapped in straw. To eat "Northern Italian" was to move up and away.

When, or if, the Giuliani people go looking around town for a good "Northern Italian" chef, they probably won't find one—for no serious chef who cooks food from one of the historically quarrelsome regions of Northern Italy is happy to associate himself or herself with any other. Don't expect Lidia Bastianich to abandon her cozy, prosperous Trieste-style restaurant, Felidia, to cook "Northern Italian." Nor is it likely that a call to do "Northern Italian" will lure the Ravenna native Giancarlo Quadalti from Amarcord just as he has begun to offer hand-cut pasta with chicken livers, butter, and sage.

It's pleasing to imagine the chef from Caffe Bondí donning the city's toque and cooking his specialties: perciatelli with fresh sardines, fennel, pine nuts, and currants; and bread salad with pomegranate dressing. These two hearty yet complex dishes hail from what now is the most fashionable of Italy's culinary regions—from the south, from Sicily, which, to many New Yorkers, is closer to home. ♦



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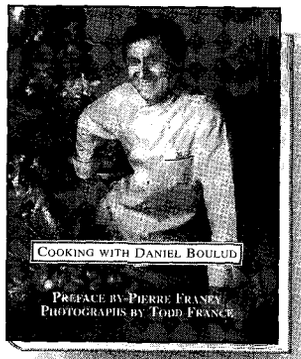

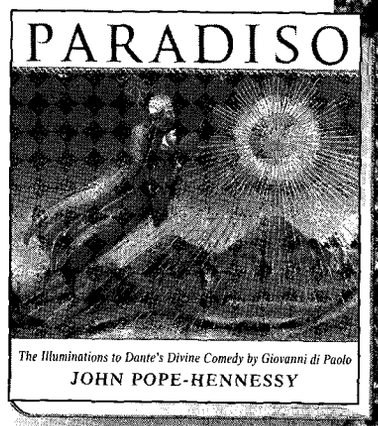

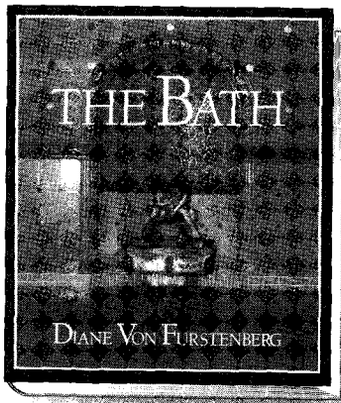

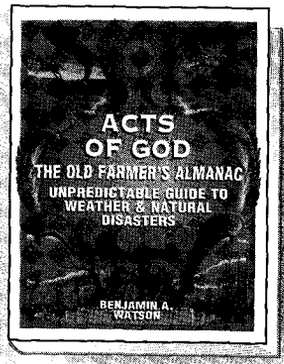

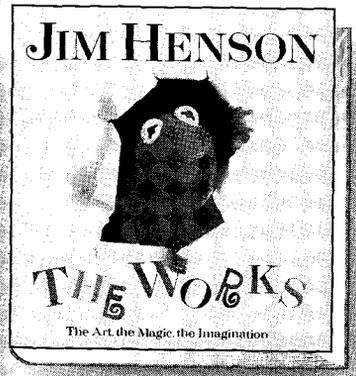

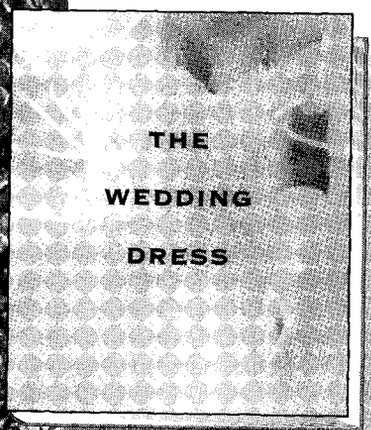

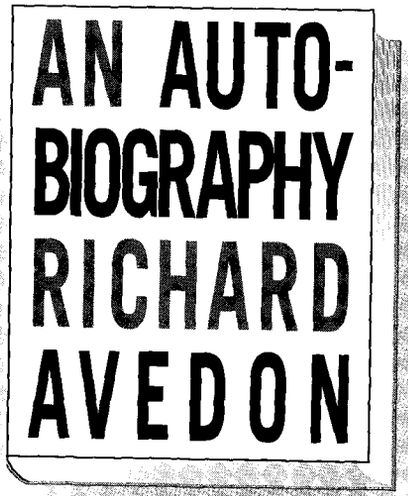

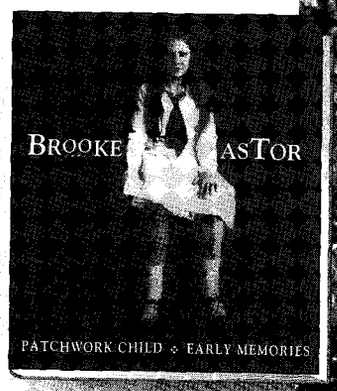

RANDOM HOUSE

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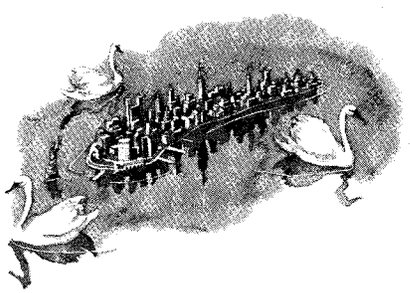

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IT'S ABOUT TIME.

CULTURAL PURSUITS

A CINEMATIC GALLANT

In "Six Degrees of Separation," the director Fred Schepisi returns to the mysterious power of fictions—with a deceptively simple technique.

BY STEPHEN SCHIFF

FRED SCHEPISI is probably the least-known great director working in the mainstream American cinema—a master storyteller with a serenely muscular style that can make more flamboyant moviemakers look coarse and overweening. He has never been a self-promoter, and his films are difficult to pigeonhole. Even so, his obscurity is perplexing. Perhaps it has something to do with the fact that Schepisi (pronounced "*Skep*-see") not only comes from Australia but still lives there—and not in Sydney, the traditional center of Australia's film culture, but in Melbourne. Then, too, his interests have not always coincided with those of the box office. He has directed ten features, of which nine have been extraordinary pieces of filmmaking (and even the sole exception, last year's "Mr. Baseball," was about as good as a Tom Selleck picture can be), but only one has been a hit: "Roxanne" (1987), the elegant comedy in which Steve Martin played a contemporary Cyrano de Bergerac and gave his most inspired—and limber—performance ever. "Fred has chosen odd material," says the Hollywood producer Scott Rudin, who is working with Schepisi on his next project, a comedy about Albert Einstein called "I.Q." "He hasn't handled giant hit movies, so that's why people don't talk about him—this is a town where grosses are the whole game. But he's a major, really important filmmaker—definitely A-list. I'd think of him for any good piece of material I had. And when he says no, don't ask again. He's very decisive about what he likes. You never can predict what's going to grab him."

Usually, what grabs him are stories that pit a spirited outsider against a tiny-minded establishment: an educated half-caste against the white agrarian society of turn-of-the-century Australia, for instance, in "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith" (1978); a newly thawed Neanderthal against the beady-eyed Arctic scientists who want to dissect him, in "Iceman" (1984); a dour Seventh-Day Adventist against the media-crazed Australian public that thinks she killed her daughter, in "A Cry in the Dark" (1988); a hard-drinking British publisher against the spy networks of three countries, in "The Russia House" (1990).

Schepisi: Hollywood's best-kept secret likes to break the rules.

DAVID HUGHES

Schepisi tells stories about storytelling. Myths and legends whisper through his films, and he has a taste for the epic. He likes a wide screen, a vast setting: vertiginous distance shots pin his characters against daunting landscapes. Yet he often cuts away to examine nearby insects and animals, as if to remind us that the tale he's spinning isn't the only one in the world. You can be swept along by a Schepisi movie without ever grasping what it is that is sweeping you. His films feel smooth and patterned even when they're jumping hectically between flashbacks, time zones, geogra-

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phies; they move in mysterious ways. Schepisi's directorial approach is that of a ballroom dancer, feinting and then embracing, throwing you off balance momentarily and then breaking your fall a second later. He has an urbane, almost flirtatious style. His movies hold doors open for the audience, guide our gaze, position and reposition us so that we see what we need to see and then, when we tire of the view, examine something new. Schepisi is a kind of cinematic gallant. Watching one of his pictures, you feel yourself in attentive hands.

"You have to understand your audience," he explains, cramping his vowels in the Australian manner. "You can't take the film wherever you want to take it if that means screwing it up for people. A film is about being in a boat going down the river. And you can kind of go over to that bank and then nip around to that bay, but basically you've got to stay on the river. And eventually it comes to a waterfall—*boom!*—and you've got to just go over that waterfall. You can't suddenly say, 'Oh, well, before we go over the waterfall let's go up that little creek there.' Too late. Because the emotion has now taken over, and you've got to just go straight to the target. Otherwise, you screw up everyone's experience."

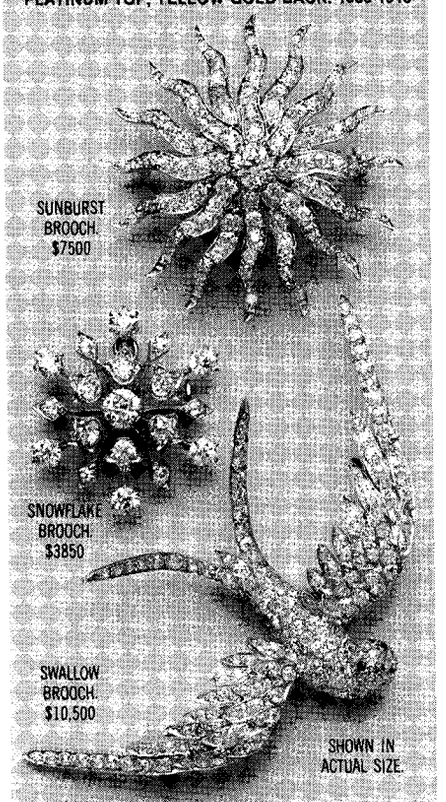
As Schepisi talks, his hands play along: they're the nipping boat, they're the foaming river; when they clap, they're the waterfall. He's not a tall man, but his billowing midriff and cowboy swagger convey an impression of size. His hair is long and lank and strawberry blond, and he's currently making one of his periodic stabs at a beard: it's growing in in little red islands. Schepisi is fifty-three now, but his frisky, ingenuous demeanor makes him seem much younger. He has a great, probing snout and merry little eyes, and these things, along with an enormous, face-splitting grin, put you in mind of a dolphin inviting you in for a splash.

We are sitting at the dining-room table in his cluttered New York pied-à-terre; the walls and halls are full of paintings—soft, abstract ones by his third (and current) wife, Mary Rubin Schepisi, and red, labyrinthine ones by contemporary aboriginal artists. There are pencils and loose sheets of typing paper everywhere. Schepisi scribbles as we talk, drawing what he can't quite articulate, and as he chatters and sketches I begin to see what makes his films so fluid and rich: they are the product of a remarkably disciplined, almost musical mind, a mind that has trained itself to break stories down into their tiniest components and then reconstitute them again, without losing the emotion that makes them sail. The apartment is, more or less, his American office, and nothing like his airy Victorian house in Melbourne, where he plays lots of tennis and spends Sundays cooking opulent brunches for a brood that includes seven kids (the youngest nine, the oldest thirty-two). Here in New York, the phone never stops ringing. No matter who is on the other end, Schepisi calls him "mate."

"He is, I think, a genuinely happy person," Scott Rudin says. And so he seems—especially now, having just finished his exhilarating adaptation of John Guare's hit play "Six Degrees of Separation" (which opened in New York last week). Guare had picked Schepisi after interviewing several other prospects for the job. (Barbra Streisand and Norman Jewison were among those reported to be interested.) "Fred said he loved the way the play was structured," Guare says, "and he wanted to find the cinematic equivalent of it. And everybody else I asked was saying, 'Oh, wouldn't this actress be good in it, and that actress.' Well, I wanted Stockard Channing, who was so great in it onstage, and Fred did, too. Also, I had seen 'The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith,' about this young aboriginal man coming into another culture, and it was devastating. And with 'The Devil's Playground,' Fred was like an Australian Louis Malle, the way he dealt with young people in that seminary—he was so sympathetic. And I felt the way that he used the setting in 'Roxanne,' not as just a picture postcard, but that town exerted a force on all the magical things that happened in that movie, and I wanted New York to have the same feeling." As for Schepisi, he had long yearned to make a real New York movie. "I had wanted to do 'Bonfire of the Vanities' when that was coming around," he says. "And before that I was interested in 'Billy Bathgate.' I definitely love New York. It's the atmosphere, the energy the place has."

Guare once wrote that when he and the director Jerry Zaks first began staging "Six Degrees," in 1989, "all I knew about the play was that it had to go like

EDWARDIAN JEWELRY
PLATINUM TOP, YELLOW GOLD BACK. 1900-1910



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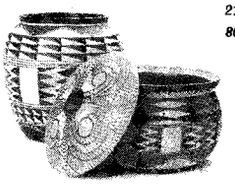

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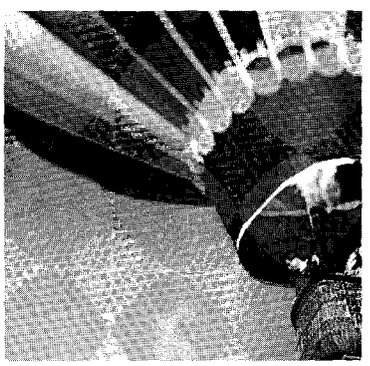

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"No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no—well, just this once."

• •

the wind." Onstage, at New York's Lincoln Center, it did: it had a breathless, wait-till-you-hear-this air. The characters spoke their story directly out at the audience, as if we were sitting across from them at a dinner party: Flan Kittredge, an art dealer, and his wife, Ouisa, just had to tell us about the night this preppy young black man named Paul burst into their posh Fifth Avenue apartment claiming that he had been mugged in Central Park, and how he proceeded to charm and awe his unwitting hosts by cooking dinner, spinning eloquent theories about "The Catcher in the Rye" and the nobility of the imagination, and, mostly, convincing them that he was not only a dear friend of their college-age children but the son of Sidney Poitier—none of which turned out to be true. From this scrawny premise, based in almost every particular on an actual incident, Guare brewed an amazingly rich thematic stew: the play was about liberalism and race, the ambiguity of relationships, the illusory nature of status and celebrity and wealth, the use and abuse of experience, and a dozen other weighty matters, all roiling around together. Watching "Six Degrees" was like swallowing an intense decoction of New York life. You didn't need to see the wine and pasta to feel the dinner party's hum; you didn't need to glimpse Central Park to sense its splendor and menace splayed just beyond the play's imaginary windows.

You might also have felt that you didn't need a movie version of "Six Degrees"—that its buoyant theatricality could only be diminished by the kind of literalization that inevitably accompanies film adaptations. But Schepisi's version is, in most ways, as good as it could possibly be: theatrical, yes, but exuberant, witty, and poignant—the final fulfillment of Guare's vision. It also goes like the wind. Ouisa and Flan Kittredge (played by Stockard Channing and Donald Sutherland) still spend the film telling their story, but Schepisi and Guare have placed them where the play never could, where one really *would* find them blabbing away—at New York art galleries, at Lincoln Center between acts, at Mortimer's Restaurant and the Gotham Bar & Grill and the dinner table of Kitty Carlisle Hart. Schepisi staples the characters against their surroundings the way he always does, but this time those surroundings aren't the awesome mesas of the outback or the ice mountains of the Arctic—they're the canyons of Manhattan. The camera swoops around street corners like a runaway taxi, hurtles through the Strand

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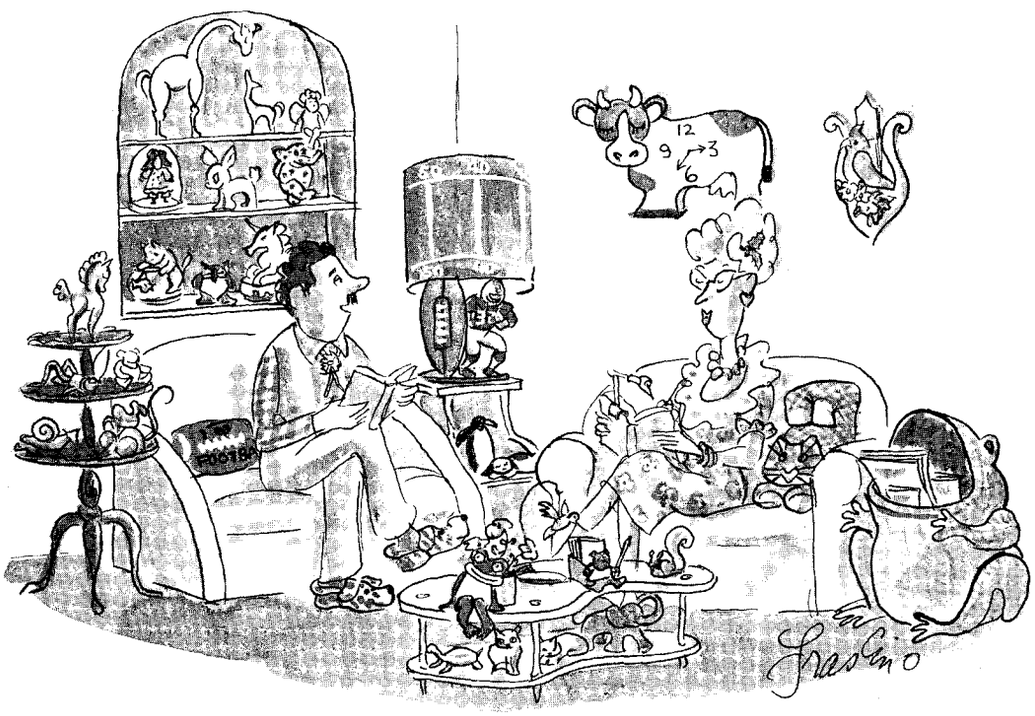

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"Sweetheart, perhaps we shouldn't exchange gifts this year."

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used-book store, helicopters in on the Metropolitan Museum—always on the trail of Ouisa and Flan and the growing gaggle of cronies whose world "Paul Poitier" (played, somewhat awkwardly, by Will Smith) has penetrated.

Pretty soon, you feel the pace of these lives in your blood, and you sense the way Paul's presence has thrown a monkey wrench into the works, jamming the gears and conveyors that keep New York on the go. Like so many of Schepisi's characters (and like Schepisi himself), Paul is an outsider, a kind of sophisticated barbarian. But the outside he personifies is many-headed: he is black, he is poor, he is young, he is homosexual, he is homeless—all the things that make cozy urban liberals like the Kittredges feel morally insufficient. And one more thing: he is make-believe. Paul has cobbled a convincing identity out of thin air; his invasion of the Kittredges' life marks the intrusion of fiction into the world of seeming fact. I say "seeming fact" because Paul's appearance sets off a chain reaction: suddenly, the Kittredges' relations with their children, Flan's career, even the marriage itself come to seem unreal, a sham. Fiction infects these lives like a virus, and Schepisi's camera charts the germ's progress. It's as though we were scuttling with it through the circulatory system of the city—through streets and lobbies and hallways, through museums and restaurants that are like the organs and nerve centers of some gigantic metabolizing creature. Even when Schepisi parks somewhere to shoot a long conversation, the camera rarely stops moving. It breathes forward and backward, a predator rocking expectantly on the balls of its feet.

"That came out of a sort of panther thing," Schepisi says. "I wanted Paul to be completely enchanting, but I wanted you always to be asking, 'Where's the threat? Where's the danger?' And I remember saying to Will Smith, 'I want to feel that you could spring at any time.' I knew that that would be very hard for him, so we did it with the camera a bit—quite a bit. And somehow it sort of grew into a real thing for the film. The camera doesn't go in its prescribed path. It moves, and, before you quite realize it, it goes in another direction, and it might be lifting slightly and then moving around slightly." Schepisi's hands form a glider in flight. "It's a pattern across the whole film, to give it the right kind of drive-through energy."

THE camera movement in "Six Degrees" is the freest and most invigorating that Schepisi has ever tried, but experimentation of that sort is not new to his work. In "The Russia House" he perfected a kind of ominous glide that made you feel as though you were being followed or spied upon, as though there were always something lurking just out of view. The glide had another function as well: it felt swoony and romantic. And in that way it reflected the movie's central irony—the American and British spies may think they've launched an espionage operation in Russia, but what they've really launched is a love affair between their operative, Barley (Sean Connery), and his Russian contact, Katya (Michelle Pfeiffer).

"The film itself is really what dictates your camera movement," Schepisi says. "I'm very strong in thinking that a film should have a style, design, and discipline that are all true to it. You have a personal grammar and certain things you want to have a bit of cinema fun with, but it's always got to be completely in the service of the story." In "Iceman," when the Neanderthal (played by John Lone) escapes from a vivarium and starts rampaging through the scientists' labs, Schepisi's camera leaps in and out of the creature's point of view, first observing him with a stalker's cool surmise and then peering through his eyes with a movement that's quicker and more feral—the thrilling fear of a hunter on a mythic quest.

"That's a thing I call subjective-objective," Schepisi says, "and I do that all the time." In "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith," for instance, the title character is a half-aborigine who spends the first part of the movie grinning sweetly as his white employers pelt him with abuse. Then he erupts, taking an axe to a houseful of white women and children, and instantly becomes a legend in the process—an outlaw feared and reviled throughout Australia. The massacre is

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the most horrifying scene in any of Schepisi's films, and one of the most horrifying acts in all cinema—not because Schepisi shows spurting arteries and gaping wounds but because of the way his subjective-objective technique captures the ghastly dance between terrified victims and their equally terrified killer. "When Jimmie jumps into the house, we jump in as his point of view, and then we change; we become one of the other people in the room, watching Jimmie ducking and weaving, and then we go back and become Jimmie's point of view again. Back and forth, subjective-objective. We're being both him and his victim, and because we're changing the perspective all the time, it creates an unsettling panic."

Techniques like these aren't taught in film schools; most of them, in fact, belong to Schepisi alone. He seems to have made them up as he's gone along, inventing something new with every picture. And he likes to break the rules. If the film schools tell you you're not supposed to jump-cut, Schepisi jump-cuts—and he does it in a way that, far from jolting the viewer, creates an unexpected intimacy. If they tell you you're never supposed to flip-flop the camera angle in a scene (it's called "crossing the line," and is thought to disorient the audience), Schepisi does it all the time. In the opening shots of "Roxanne," when Steve Martin goes tripping down a sidewalk in one direction, Schepisi has him zipping into the next shot from the opposite direction, and then, in a third shot, zooming right toward us. Those reversals kick off a pattern of suavely zigzagging motions that run throughout the film, jacking up the comedy, and eventually limning the characters' star-crossed romance. "There's a whole conventional pattern for cutting, and that's what you see in most movies," Schepisi says. "And I just don't like it. I don't think it's right. I don't think it's got any magic to it at all."

SCHEPISI began developing tricks of his own when he was still in his twenties, pursuing a career in advertising and documentary production back in Melbourne. He had started out poor, the second of four children; his father was a fruit dealer and his mother an aspiring concert pianist who wound up working in the fruit store. Fred was sent to boarding school at the age of eight, and then, at thirteen, to a monastery whose Dickensian rigors he would document in his first feature, "The Devil's Playground." He likes to say he wasn't much good at school, but he skipped two grades nonetheless, and found himself, at the age of fourteen, a year away from graduating from high school. Instead, he dropped out. "I hated school anyway—hated it, hated teachers. So I didn't finish and I didn't go to university. But somebody told me that you could earn a lot of money in advertising if you were good at English. So I went into advertising at fifteen, as a dispatch boy."

At twenty, he married his first wife, Joan Ford. "She actually helped me settle down, because I was a rage of emotions in those days, mostly because of boarding school. I need a lot of loving, and my parents were not big on affection and tenderness, and she helped me get through all that. We had four kids together. And, also, she got me to reading really good books."

By the mid-sixties, he had established his own movie company, called The Film House; it remains one of the most successful production firms in Australia. "This is something I strongly relate to in 'Six Degrees,' " he says. "The thing about a young person getting a chance. Paul is just starting out in life, and he needs a chance, like I did. And when you first start out, you're so vulnerable and easily crushed, especially when you're just starting to think you might be good at something. You feel very strongly that you could prove yourself if given an opportunity, and I remember that feeling—it touched me very deeply in the play."

Now he began to experiment, directing commercials and documentaries in order to teach himself how to work with actors, how to manipulate lenses and layer soundtracks. "I used to try techniques that nobody had ever done anywhere," he says. "I've got reels of these things, with high-contrast black-and-whites and hand-painted-on films, and all that. My friends were kind of mad and avant-garde and out on the edge, and we would get students involved, and we went out and got novelists and playwrights who had never worked in films before. It was a real workshop situation, which is very peculiar to Melbourne. It was all just completely free, exciting, experimental stuff, none of which you can do in Hollywood films."

One of his mad collaborators was a singer-actress named Rhonda Finlayson, who became his production manager, casting director, and second wife. Then in the early seventies Schepisi met the novelist Thomas Keneally, who wrote "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith" (and, eventually, "Schindler's List," the novel on which Steven Spielberg has based his latest film). Schepisi and Keneally collaborated on "The Priest," a rather dreary

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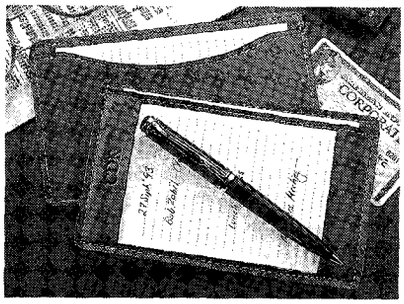

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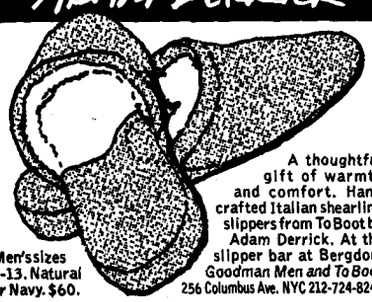

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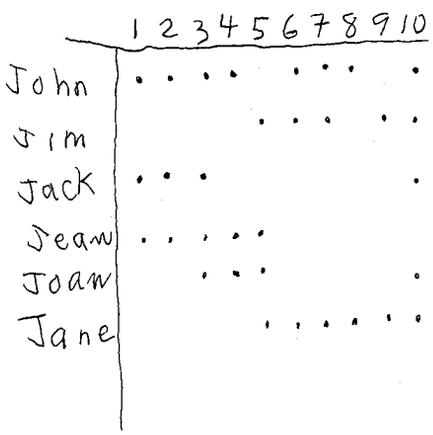
half-hour movie, which nevertheless won a Silver Award from the Australian Film Institute. Encouraged by its success, Schepisi went to work on his dream project, "The Devil's Playground," a surprisingly deft and witty study of the sexual repression and self-loathing engendered by seminary life. The movie took five agonizing years to make, but Schepisi used the time to develop a set of techniques that were unique to him—the bedrock of his style.

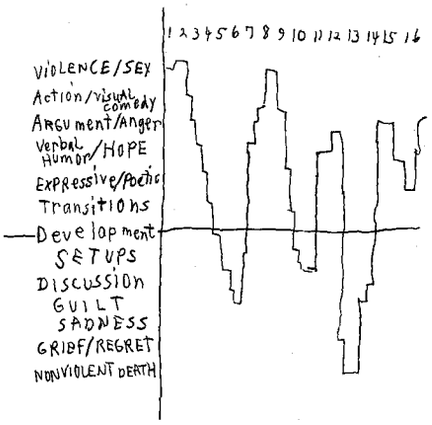
"I didn't really know what I was doing in terms of budget, and all that," he says. "So I needed a film to use as a model, something that was similar in size of cast and story and locations to 'Devil's Playground.' Finally I picked 'Morgan.' And I broke 'Morgan' down scene by scene, wrote down what all the shots were and how many cuts there were, and figured out how long it would have taken to shoot everything. And then I charted a graph of all the actors. You can do this with any film."

Schepisi stops, grabs a sheet of paper, and begins to scribble. What he draws looks something like this:



"It's funny," he says. "If you take the scene numbers on the horizontal here, and you put the actors' names in on the vertical, and just put dots in the scenes where they appear in the film, you can tell in one second, without the emotion you get from reading the script, what impact the actor is having. Someone will say to you, 'There's a problem with your film. This character just disappears.' And you'll say, 'Bullshit,' because you're really involved in it. But if you actually just lay it down you'll see that on a chart this character disappears for that long. And one thing I have discovered is that if the audience falls in love with somebody, and you take them away from that person, even in the most complicated film, they'll *hate* you. It's a purely emotional thing, and I understand it. It means that there's a primal something there that you've got to account for."

Now he shunts that piece of paper aside and doodles on another. "Look at this," he says. "One of the other things we did on 'Devil's Playground' was we said, 'Let's check to see if the film's interesting'—not too depressing and not too boring. And we did a graph like this:



"O.K., development is the incidents that make up your story—that's the base of the chart. And above the line are what I would call the 'values,' all the things that have a lot of sit-up-and-take-notice impact on the audience—sex, action, violence, argument, character revelation. And each of those is a 'boom.' And below the line you have the other things that aren't booms—they're gloomier, but they still have an effect. The farther away from the line you are, the bigger the impact. Right? So now you go and look at each scene, and you say, 'That's a boom, that's not a boom, that's a boom, that's not a boom.' And if you get a whole long section with no booms above the line and lots of dots below the line, or too close to the line, you say, 'Oh, shit. Something's wrong.' That's when you have to transpose some scenes."

In many ways, "The Devil's Playground," which was released in 1976, presages the rest of Schepisi's work. The young seminarians and their teachers spend their lives scourging and denying their bodies, but their bodies refuse to capitulate: they still desire, swell, discharge—they still win. This is Schepisi's great theme: the return of the repressed. That which is kept down in a man or in a society returns to invade and

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test it and attempt its overthrow—as the iceman does, as Paul Poitier does, as the title character does in Schepisi's great second feature, "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith."

"Jimmie Blacksmith" cost about a million U.S. dollars to make, and, though that sounds modest by American standards, it was the most expensive film that had yet been shot in Australia; its creation even became something of a media event. Nevertheless, when it was finally released, in 1978, the Australian response was mixed. Many people thought it had cost too much; others found it squirmy, uncomfortable viewing. Certainly it was strong stuff—the most potent indictment of Australian racism that that country had ever seen. But it was something more as well. In "Jimmie Blacksmith" Schepisi had directed a masterpiece, a passionate, deceptively smooth shocker that deplores Jimmie's savagery even as it condemns the white bigotry that has driven him to it. The movie is anything but a message picture. It builds its world molecule by molecule, from the soil to the sky, using the wide screen to explore not only Jimmie's grim deeds but the quality of the light that plays upon them and the flight patterns of nearby birds. In the end, the film feels as fated and strange as a Greek tragedy; the drama it portrays seems to emerge from the earth and air of Australia itself.

By the time "Jimmie Blacksmith" was finally released in America, in 1980 (to enthusiastic reviews), Schepisi had found himself an American agent—the formidable Sam Cohn, of I.C.M.—and was fielding dozens of directing offers. The property he chose, a quirky yet hypnotic Western called "Barbarosa" (1982), allowed him to explore his favorite themes against an American West that has never looked wilder, more majestic, or more surreal. "Barbarosa," too, is about the return of the repressed: the title character (played by Willie Nelson) has been expelled from his own family—banished by his father-in-law, Don Braulio Zavala, on his wedding night. Repressed in person, though, he returns as legend. Barbarosa's putative crimes become the campfire lore of every Zavala child; assassinating him becomes the obsession of every Zavala youth. Like "Jimmie Blacksmith," "Barbarosa" is about a man who must live with his own myth, and it works the way most of Schepisi's films have worked: by contrasting the outlaw with the story that a society spins about him, and demonstrating, as "Six Degrees" does, the havoc that fiction wreaks on the world of fact.

Yet Schepisi's view of fiction isn't simple. In his movies, fiction is also the thing that glues a society together: the fiction of religion in "The Devil's Playground," of racism in "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith," of the Cold War in "The Russia House." Fiction is the tie that binds—but it binds in more ways than one. In "Iceman," where the constricting fiction is science, Schepisi encases his characters in antiseptic tunnels that resemble a rat's maze, and then, with a whoosh that feels like a rebuke, leaps to a shot of the magnificent ice peaks that the scientists have shut themselves away from. His 1985 adaptation of David Hare's play "Plenty" is about the stultifying fiction of British hope and glory that culminated in the Suez crisis. And Schepisi makes every stately London building and street lean in and squeeze his heroine (played by Meryl Streep); he shoots her in offices through imprisoning layers of glass until you can feel her spirit bumping at the edges of her life like a fly in a bottle.

FICTION has power in these films, but it is also oppressive, unjust. And never more so than in Schepisi's most searching exploration of the subject, "A Cry in the Dark." The movie was based on a case that electrified Australia during the early eighties: Lindy Chamberlain, the wife of a Seventh-Day Adventist minister and the doting mother of two sons, claimed that in 1980, while she and her family were camping near Australia's spooky Ayers Rock, a dingo, or wild dog, had crawled into their tent and made off with their nine-week-old daughter. The Chamberlains weren't pretty, and they weren't good on TV: they seemed curt and impatient, and they kept talking, rather bloodlessly, about how the disaster that had befallen them must have been God's plan. In the movie, you watch public opinion ineluctably turn against them until, in a sequence that is all the more harrowing for its lack of sentimentality, Lindy is tried and convicted of her daughter's murder and sent to prison. (The conviction was later overturned.) Badly marketed by Cannon Pictures, "A Cry in the Dark"

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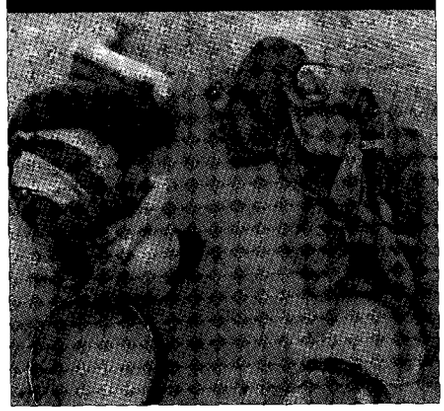

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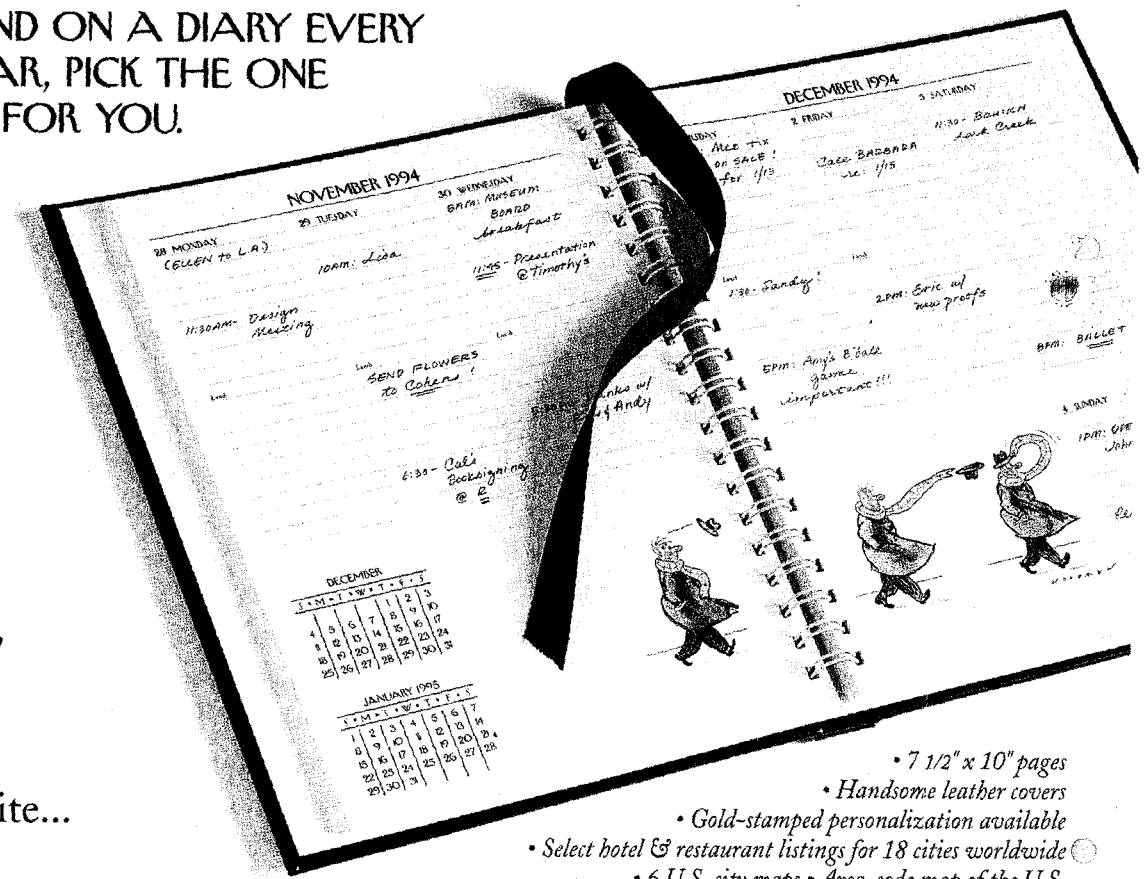

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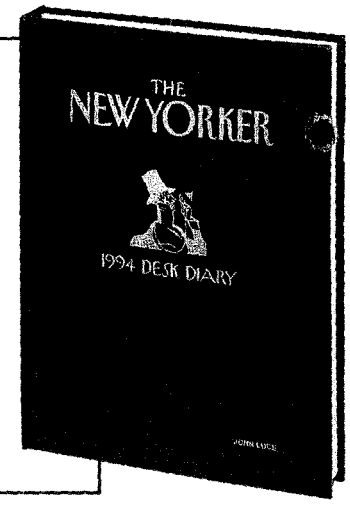

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was a flop in America, but it is a great film, and Schepisi renders its intimidating complexities with the vigor and ease of a master. Meryl Streep's portrayal of Lindy (which she has called "almost the thing that I'm proudest of") allows her to be chilly and cynical, and even physically repugnant, but it also displays the character's wicked savvy, and Schepisi uses her performance with an unusual kind of integrity. Streep earns our sympathy as the story demands that it be earned—not because Lindy is likable, not because we fall in love with her, but because she's innocent and her conviction by innuendo is monstrous.

"A Cry in the Dark" is distinctive in another way as well: in it Schepisi perfected a technique he had been developing ever since "The Devil's Playground"—the meticulous cinematic construction of a community. As he tells the story of Lindy Chamberlain, Schepisi cuts away to barrooms, dining tables, patios, cafeterias—he ranges all over the continent to catch the gossip about the case as it develops. The cuts are so fluent and the patterns they make so seductive that they never feel jarring; instead, by the film's end Schepisi has built a disturbing and deeply felt portrait of Australia itself. "I love doing that," he says. "I do it in 'Russia House' and in 'Six Degrees,' too. It's a kind of mosaic. But you have to be very careful, because it has to be designed. You need a principle for why you're doing every shot the way you're doing it. I learned a lot about that shooting 'Plenty.' In that film, whenever Meryl goes into a new apartment we always shoot it the same way. Whenever she stands by a window, you always hear similar sounds and we always approach it the same way, because they're the déjà-vu moments where she's remembering when she was young. We do that with sound, too. The sound of parachutes opening at the beginning I use again all through the film, when people are opening tablecloths and curtains, because it brings back a certain feeling."

Schepisi tinkers with sound in the editing room as well. "What I did in 'Six Degrees' when I found that things weren't getting laughs, I actually mixed the sound of the joke line ten per cent above the rest of the dialogue in the scene. And it worked. Another thing I do is steal sound from other takes. I print takes I know I'm not going to use except for sound. Because maybe the actors have done a great take, but they just lost energy on a word, or mispronounced, or bobbled, or put a wrong emphasis. And I'll just use three words from a different take and edit it into this take. I do it all the time. Probably at least ten per cent of what you see in my films has words from a take other than the one you're watching."

Schepisi is known for demanding a lot of takes, but he gets what he wants from his actors: they transcend themselves. The performance that Stockard Channing delivers as Ouisa in "Six Degrees" is a knockout, funny and touching and exquisitely observed, but he has frequently sculpted marvels from less promising clay—from nonprofessionals like Tommy Lewis and Freddy Reynolds, the aboriginal leads in "Jimmie Blacksmith," or from stars who were not, shall we say, previously known for their expressiveness, such as Daryl Hannah in "Roxanne." He genuinely likes actors, and, though he would never put it this way, he knows how to manipulate them. "Normally, I don't tell them technical things," he says. "I give them an emotional reason for standing where I want them to stand rather than saying, 'Hit your mark like this.' But then, with somebody like Sir Ian McKellen"—who has small roles in "Plenty" and "Six Degrees"—"he's always a little nervous on early takes on film, and it's better to give him something technical to concentrate on, like 'I need you to stand here, and then why don't you give her a look,' and his whole concentration goes to that and then he lets himself go for everything else. That sort of stuff. Sometimes with Meryl you don't need to say a word all day. Someone like that, when she's great, don't fuck it up. And don't go in and say, 'That was good,' either. Because then she's going to go, 'What was good?' She'll check herself—like she's taken flight but she suddenly looked down. You don't want to screw it up. It has to come from inside. It has to come through the eyes."

And here we arrive at the limits of his prodigious technique. All the planning and analysis in the world cannot account for what really catches fire in a Schepisi film. They can account for its formal beauty, they can account for its clarity and for the way its narrative moves, but

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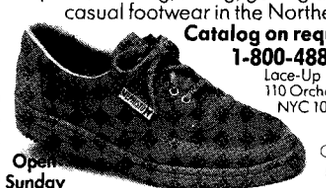

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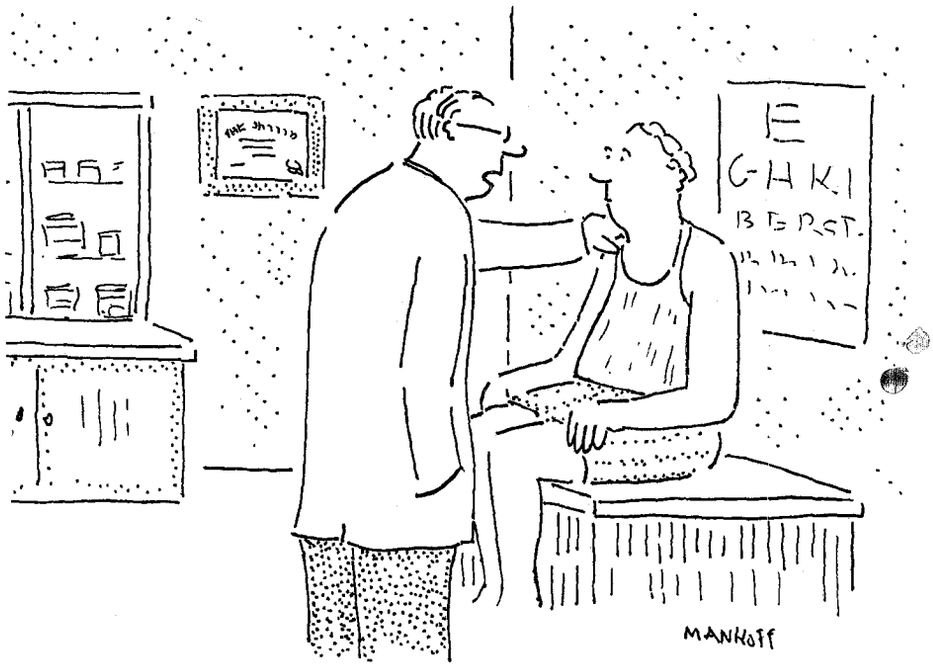

"You're sicker than I think."

• •

they cannot account for its passion and intelligence and humanity. That mystery—the mystery of how technique gives rise to something beyond technique to create art—is at the heart of Schepisi's work, and it reaches a kind of apotheosis in "Six Degrees of Separation." For Paul Poitier is himself a sort of artist—an artist whose medium is identity. He has invented a simulacrum of a marvellous and fascinating person, the way a painter creates a simulacrum of a landscape, or the way Michelangelo, in the Sistine Chapel ceiling (which Ouisa and Flan inspect in one of the movie's most jubilant scenes), concocted a simulacrum of the cosmos. Paul's technique is to lie, and, for most of the movie's characters, to expose the lie is to extinguish the light it sheds. But Ouisa refuses to dismiss Paul as a mere phony. She refuses to cheapen the effect his fiction has had, refuses to let it pass into the realm of chit-chat and anecdote. For her, Paul is a passageway into another world, just as she has been for him. Far more than her art-dealer husband, Ouisa understands what art is: it is greater than the sum of its techniques and effects; it continues to resonate as experience; it is both the thing perceived and something that transcends the thing perceived. "Art keeps vibrating," Schepisi says. "It tells you things in ways that you can't be told otherwise. That's what this experience has taught Ouisa in the film, and it's a lesson I've learned, too—that when you're dancing through life and trying to make a buck and get established and keep up with your friends, you need something to stop you. This incident with Paul has stopped her, opened her up. That's what art can do."

He stops for a moment, sighs rather loudly, and runs his fingers through his floppy hair. "I'll tell you why I talk about technique and structure and all that stuff," he says. "Arthur Koestler once asked if our great scientific discoveries were accidents or the product of work and preparation. And his own answer was that maybe they are accidents, but they wouldn't happen unless you first did all the work. Because otherwise, when you come across something great, you won't recognize it. You can't cynically calculate what you want to get across. You just create the situation where it can happen, and then it just appears. I believe that. What 'Six Degrees' says about art touches me: that you never put on a brushstroke unless the brushstroke means something; that you never use a color unless that color vibrates with itself and then with the human soul. So that's why I go on about all the technical stuff. Because if you do that stuff right, the spirit bubbles up through it." ♦

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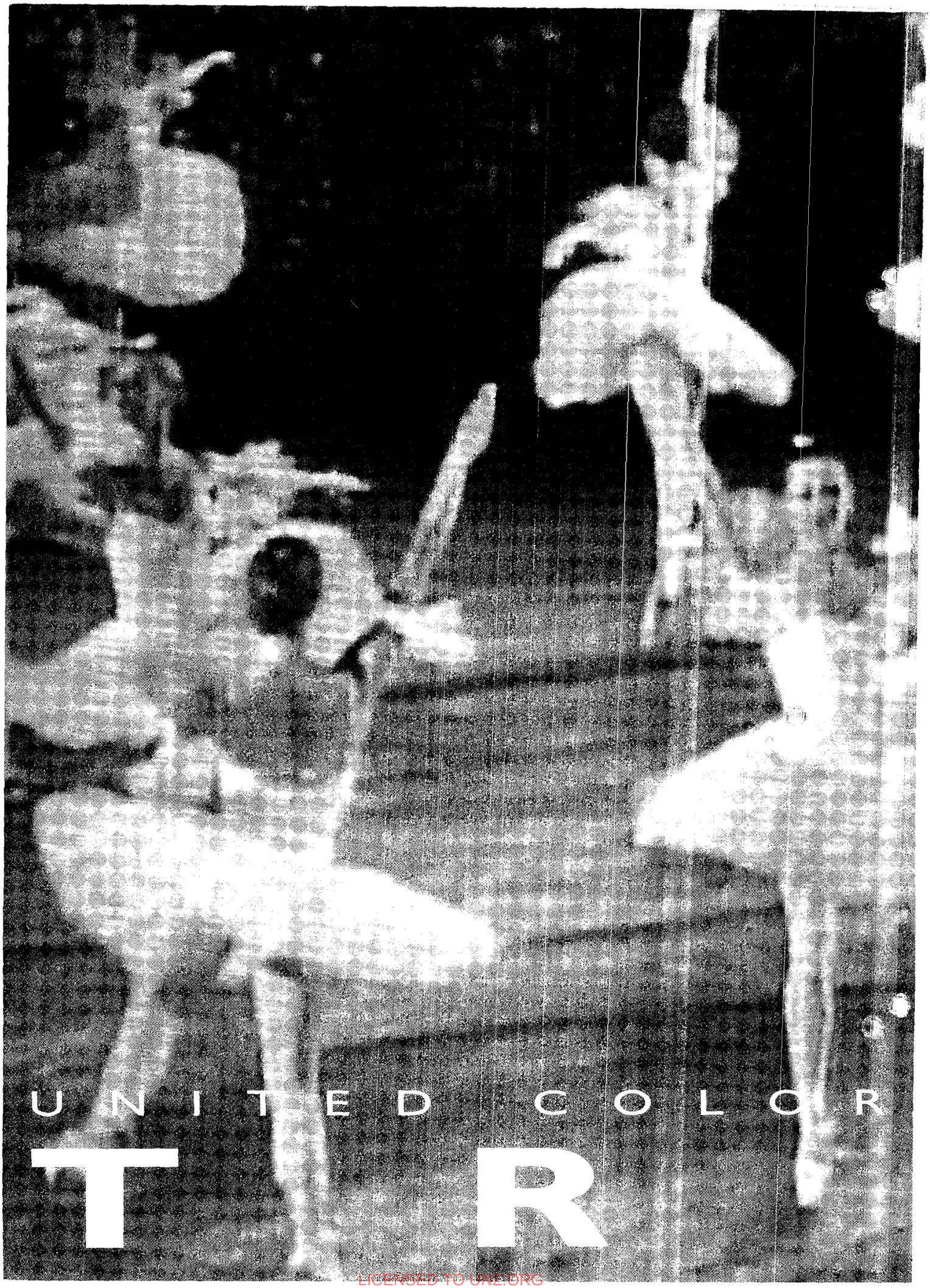

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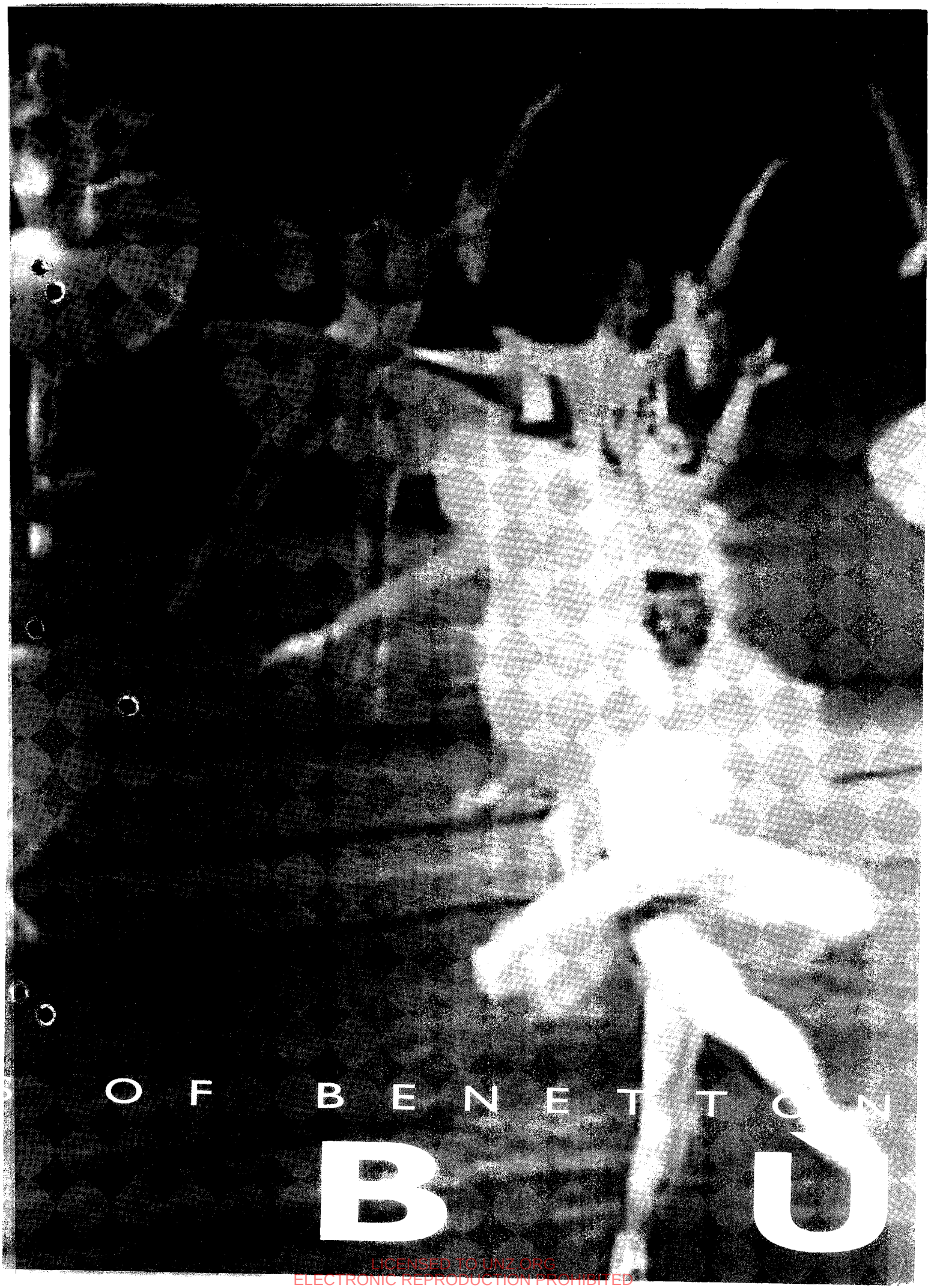

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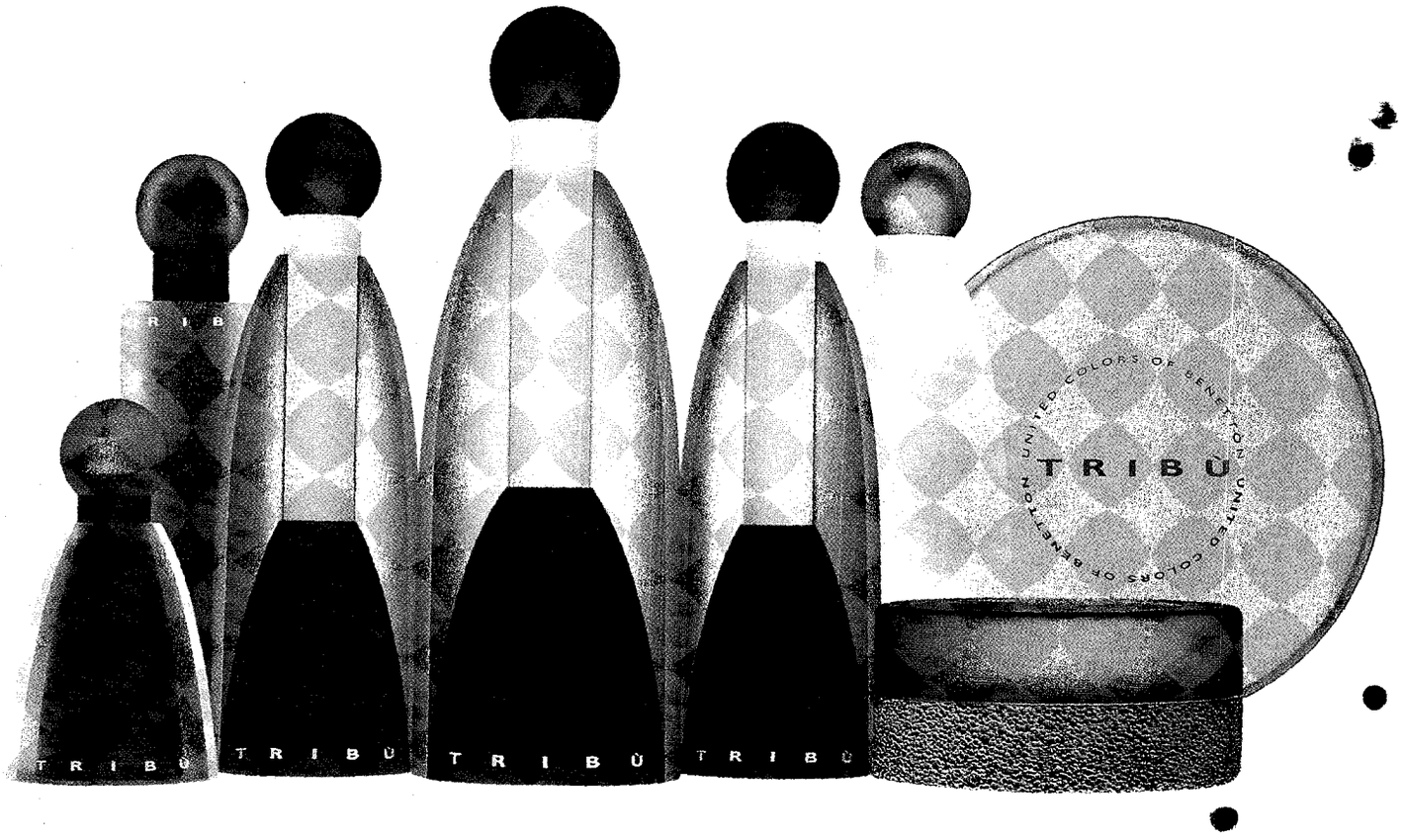

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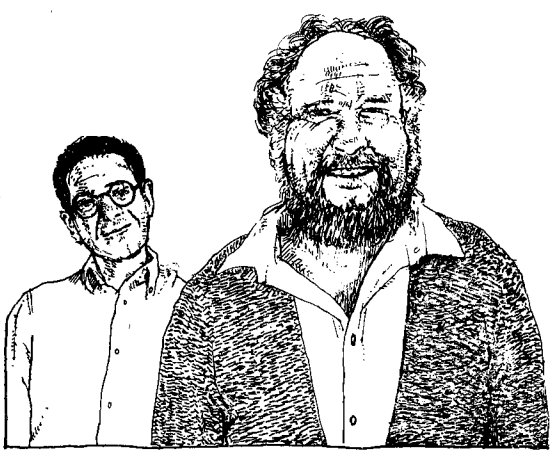
ANNALS OF DIPLOMACY

THE PEACEMAKERS

In Norway, two Israeli academics worked for months to broker the secret peace—and succeeded where governments had failed.

BY AMOS ELON

LAST September, a few days after Yitzhak Rabin, the Prime Minister of Israel, and Yasir Arafat, the chairman of the Palestine Liberation Organization, shook hands on the White House lawn, opening a promising chapter for the first time ever in a hundred-year war, it became known that two obscure freelance Israeli peaceniks had played a large part in making that event possible. A European diplomat in Washington remarked that, while the United States had done little to bring about this breakthrough, the two peaceniks had inadvertently given Bill Clinton his first—and, so far, only—spectacular moment in foreign affairs.



Ron Pundik and Yair Hirschfeld: an odd pair in the world of high-level diplomacy.

JARRETT HUDDLESTON

They were an odd pair in the world of high-level diplomacy: an eccentric, bearded forty-nine-year-old man named Yair Hirschfeld, who is a lecturer in Middle East history at a minor Israeli university and looks something like a cross between Allen Ginsberg and Karl Marx, and a former student of his, a thirty-eight-year-old historian named Ron Pundik, who had received his doctorate and was looking for a permanent position.

In Jerusalem, where bureaucrats are no more inclined to share glory with others than are bureaucrats elsewhere, a Foreign Ministry official remarked snidely that Hirschfeld and Pundik had been merely "accidental tourists in history." Another government official was more generous. "Bureaucracies are too clumsy," he said. "They rarely lend themselves to starting something big. For this, you need a couple of nuts." Hirschfeld and Pundik were outsiders, he said, committed to the idea of a Palestinian-Israeli compromise—a goal they had striven for at a time when Israeli governments made such behavior almost tantamount to treason. "They were determined not to let any given 'reality' stand in their way," the official went on. "So in the end they succeeded where the striped-pants diplomats had failed." A year ago, on their own time and at first on their own money, they had started illicit talks with a prominent P.L.O. official named Ahmed Suleiman Karia, who is Arafat's director of finances, and is better known by his nom de guerre, Abu Alaa. Hirschfeld and Pundik had only the vaguest commitment from Yossi Beilin, Israel's newly elected Deputy Foreign Minister: they would send him a report and he would read it, but he did not advise them. And they had no understanding at all with Yitzhak Rabin or Shimon Peres, the Foreign Minister.

AFTER the June, 1992, elections in Israel, which the Labor Party won narrowly, Jan Egeland, Norway's Deputy Foreign Minister, asked Beilin if he would like Norway to arrange a meeting between him and some high representatives of the P.L.O. Beilin told him that that was completely out of the question—he wasn't ready to commit political suicide. But, he said, he had a friend,

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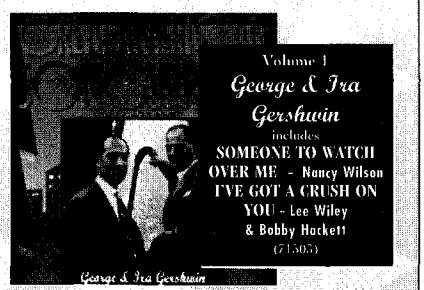

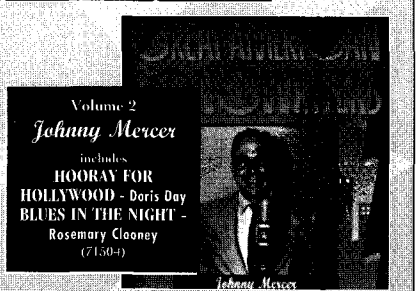

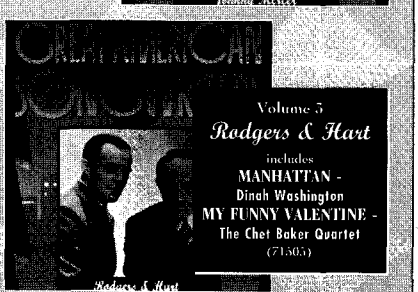

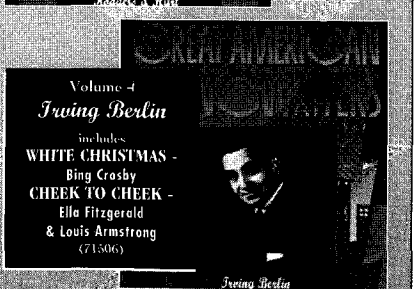

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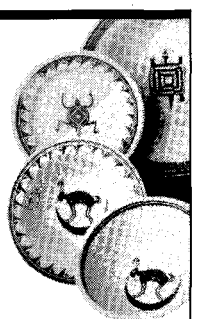

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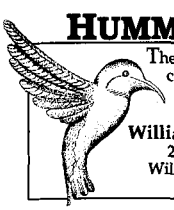

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Yair Hirschfeld, who had an independent mind and was not in the government and was meeting with militant Palestinians all the time. Egeland said he liked working with outsiders. At that time, the Israeli government still banned all contact with the P.L.O., and believed that it must circumvent and neutralize Arafat and his organization by working out a deal on the occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip with local Palestinian leaders of its own choosing. Beilin never discussed these contacts, vague as they were, with his direct superiors, Peres and Rabin. Peres was known to be ambivalent about all Palestinians; for years, his main aim had been to arrive at an accommodation with Jordan at the expense of Palestinian national aspirations. Rabin, for his part, continued to blame the P.L.O., and Arafat personally, for the deadlock. In December of 1992—a month before Hirschfeld and Pundik began their secret talks with Abu Alaa in Norway—Rabin had thrown some four hundred Palestinians across the Lebanese border onto a snow-covered hill.

Hirschfeld was an old hand at illicit Palestinian-Israeli contacts. He liked to quote the warning attributed to an early Zionist leader that if you don't take care of politics you'll get into trouble, since politics will take care of you. Some fifteen years earlier, Hirschfeld had come to know the late Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky, who was a Jew and a Social Democrat. Kreisky was obsessed with the urgent need to solve the "Palestinian problem," which he considered the heart of the Israeli-Arab conflict, and he was bitterly critical of the leaders of the Israeli Labor Party at the time, Golda Meir and Yitzhak Rabin, for refusing to see things his way. Hirschfeld was deeply affected by Kreisky's thinking. He had emigrated to Israel in 1967, and for years spent much of his free time getting to know Palestinians and trying to introduce them to Israelis. Some became Hirschfeld's friends. "We like him," a Palestinian militant at Bir Zeit University, north of Jerusalem, said recently. "He spent so much time with us it almost seemed he was neglecting his academic career. In his late forties, he was still not even an assistant professor. Sometimes he was the starry-eyed idealist; sometimes he talked tough. But it was easier to talk to him than to other Israelis. He wasn't condescending, as many often were—even those who called themselves doves."

In the fall of 1992, Hirschfeld was involved in a study, financed by the European Community, of political and economic conditions in the occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip. He was routinely meeting with Palestinian activists in East Jerusalem and Ramallah, and was promoting "the typical fair dream of an academic—economic development as a basis for political compromise." He smiled as he said this, during a visit I paid him at his rambling house, in the country north of Haifa, where he lives with his wife, Ruth; four children; a cat; and a dog. The two older daughters currently serve in the Army. He had just come home and was kicking off his sneakers and changing into a pair of rumpled jeans. "I was there at Peace Now demonstrations, but I also believed that one must do more than protest," he said. One thing he could do was meet and reason with a senior representative of the P.L.O. even though that was against the law at the time. Hirschfeld chuckled as he spoke about breaking the law. In the Austro-Hungarian Army, he said, there was a special medal, the Maria Theresa. It was given to officers who won a battle even though they were breaching military discipline. "If you broke discipline in the Austro-Hungarian Army, you had two choices: get the Maria Theresa medal or be shot."

One afternoon, he told me, he and Pundik were talking with Hanan Ashrawi, the spokeswoman for the Palestinian delegation to the peace talks sponsored by the United States, who had just returned from Washington. Hirschfeld mentioned that he was off to London to attend a university seminar. Ashrawi suggested that he might want to talk to Abu Alaa, who would be in London at the same time, and who was interested, she said, "in the links between peace and economic development." Hirschfeld did not commit himself at the time, but he did give Ashrawi his phone number in London.

In London, early in December, Hirschfeld apparently thought about it again. A friend of Egeland's, a Norwegian sociologist named Terje Rōd Larsen, happened to be in London, and Hirschfeld spoke to him one evening about meeting with Abu Alaa. Larsen and his wife, Mona Juul, would come to

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play crucial roles in the future talks—less as mediators, perhaps, than as father and mother confessors. Larsen was the head of the Norwegian Institute for Applied Social Sciences, in Oslo (it is known as FAFO). Mona Juul was a senior Norwegian diplomat, well prepared to play a role in Middle East peacemaking. Her first foreign posting had been in Cairo. Larsen told Hirschfeld that Abu Alaa was a serious man close to Arafat and that he shunned all publicity.

Hirschfeld agreed to a meeting. Over breakfast the next day, Larsen told him that if the meeting should go well and if he and Abu Alaa should decide to continue their dialogue, FAFO and—he felt sure—the Norwegian government were ready to offer them full facilities in Norway under conditions of the utmost secrecy.

HIRSCHFELD and Abu Alaa first came together in the breakfast room of Larsen's hotel, the Forte Crest St. James's, in central London. The circumstances were reminiscent of a B movie: minutes before Abu Alaa, who arrived with an aide, entered the room, Larsen slipped out of his chair and disappeared. Abu Alaa and Hirschfeld carried on alone. Abu Alaa is a white-haired, whimsical-looking man in his mid-fifties. He later said that his initial meeting with Hirschfeld went very well: "We clicked personally." Hirschfeld was one of the first Israelis whom Abu Alaa had ever met, and he liked Hirschfeld's informality and sense of humor. Hirschfeld told me that Abu Alaa did not tell him anything he couldn't have heard before, from other Palestinians. "Some of what he said was objectionable, but I liked the tone," Hirschfeld said. "It was like in opera—what counted was the music. The libretto of most operas is often lousy anyway."

After the meeting, Hirschfeld went to see Beilin, who was also in London that day. "A crazy coincidence," Hirschfeld maintained, stroking his beard. "I know you won't believe it. I swear it was total coincidence. My wife, who is superstitious about these things, says that that same day was full of many other miracles and wonders, too. Those I won't talk about. But the fact is that I hadn't told Beilin I was going to meet the P.L.O. big shot. It could have embarrassed him."

"Did he tell you not to meet Abu Alaa again?"

"I'm an independent man. He can't tell me what to do."

"He encouraged you?"

"I'm not sure. No, not really."

Hirschfeld met with Abu Alaa again that night, in the café of the Ritz Hotel. Abu Alaa said that he would be interested in broad bilateral talks with Israeli officials. Hirschfeld said that he was not an official but that the search for common ground between Israelis and Palestinians had been a singular pursuit of his during the past ten years. He could speak only for himself, but added that he knew a few people in the new Labor government and might try to act as a channel to them. He could not promise anything, he said, and the Israeli government was not aware of this meeting. The government was opposed to all deals with the P.L.O., he went on, and if their meetings should continue in Norway and become public knowledge the government would deny any connection with him.

Abu Alaa seemed uncertain but seemed nevertheless interested. He and Hirschfeld agreed to an exploratory meeting in Norway, after which they would decide whether or not to proceed. They would "brainstorm," as Hirschfeld put it. He called Pundik in Tel Aviv. "I think we have something running," he said. Pundik, who had lost his older brother in the Yom Kippur War, had, like Hirschfeld, shown up regularly in recent years at anti-government Peace Now demonstrations. When Hirschfeld called to tell him about Abu Alaa, he replied, "Let's do it."

IN retrospect, of course, the proceedings in Norway seemed more sophisticated and more shrewdly thought out than they really were—an impression that does not do justice to the true nature of the talks, which were propelled by impulse, contingency, improvisation, and coincidence. Peres himself, with remarkable self-irony, alluded to this when he said afterward, "History is such a clown! It makes all of us look like fools."

Foreign Minister Peres was not aware of Hirschfeld's first meetings with Abu Alaa in Norway. Rabin, for his part, may have learned of the secret meetings from a report by the Mossad, the Israeli central-intelligence agency. The Mossad is said to have planted a spy, Adnan Yassin, in the Tunis headquarters of the P.L.O. (Yassin was recently arrested.) Rabin did

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"So how's everything going?"

• •

not believe that anything could come of direct contacts with Arafat. He may have considered them at best a nuisance or, at worst, another ill-conceived maneuver by his old rival Peres. Rabin, in his 1978 memoirs, had described Peres as "venomous" and as an "indefatigable intrigant," who "worked evil" everywhere.

Rabin's public position during the months leading up to the accord later became the subject of much comment in the Israeli press. Was Rabin lying when he said Israel would never deal with the P.L.O.? Had he changed his mind? If he had, when? Some said he'd been dragged into the deal by Peres, who, in turn, had been dragged into it by Beilin. Still others invoked A. J. P. Taylor's remark that the greatest acts of statesmanship were made by people who did not know what they were doing.

Rabin himself told the press that he had changed his mind after realizing that local Palestinian leaders took their orders from Arafat. "It was time to talk to the boss," he said. Abba Eban, the grand old man of Israeli diplomacy, who knows both Rabin and Peres well and, over the years, has often clashed with them on the need to deal with the Palestinians, may have suspected long ago that it could come to this: he once said it was not that governments were incapable of arriving at the right decision—it was just that they did so only as a last resort.

THE first brainstorming session began on January 21, 1993, two days after the Israeli Knesset, against the express wishes of Yitzhak Rabin, abrogated the law forbidding contact with the P.L.O. Terje Larsen's research institute, FAFO, was the host, and Mona Juul acted as liaison to the Norwegian Foreign Ministry, which was paying the bill. As a cover, the participants agreed to pretend that the meeting was a conference to consider the results of a FAFO field study on living conditions in the occupied territories. Endless phone calls to Tunis or Israel, and vice versa, had been necessary to make the meeting happen, and they gave Larsen some idea of the difficulties that would face them when real issues were to be discussed. Pundik says, "All these calls, often half a dozen a day, went through my private phone or fax machine and at my expense. My wife had a shock when she saw the first bill."

Finally, everything was set. Abu Alaa arrived at the meeting with two aides—a political adviser in the P.L.O.'s Tunis administration named Hassan Asfour, who was a native of the Gaza Strip, and an economist named Maher al Kurd, who was a graduate of the American University of Cairo, and spoke fluent English. Hirschfeld arrived with Pundik. Because nobody in Israel was paying their expenses, FAFO paid their airfare; the expenses of Abu Alaa and his aides were paid by the P.L.O.

Larsen and Juul gave careful thought to the choice of a suitable site. It had to be secluded, tranquil, and inviting. "We didn't want to place them around a table in a square conference room," Juul told me. "We wanted them to feel easy in a pleasant house." They found one some sixty miles east of Oslo, in Sarpsborg: an industrialist friend owned a country home there, and he would let them have it without asking too many questions. An austere-looking white neoclassical country house surrounded by forests, Borregard Manor was the summer lodge of Norwegian kings during the Middle Ages. The rooms are cozy, with fireplaces and simple furnishings. The participants were to sleep under the same roof and take all their meals together. Hearty Norwegian food was served, and seating arrangements around the dinner table were carefully planned to insure conviviality and ease. The staff was told that a couple of professors were writing a book together, and that they might talk for hours and order coffee and sandwiches at 4 A.M. but otherwise they must not be disturbed.

Since the meeting had to be top secret, only a handful of Norwegians were told about it. The participants were shunted through the airport by a special route and were driven separately to Borregard Manor in inconspicuous rented cars. The person charged with their comings and goings was Even Aas, a young man then at FAFO, who happened to be the trainer of the Norwegian women's speed-skating team. He said later, "Skaters do everything on edge, and the whole peace process was on edge, be-

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cause if one had made one false step it would have failed."

Larsen felt he had to pay at least lip service to the supposed "subject" of the seminar. Hirschfeld told me later, with a wicked smile, "It was the funniest conference I ever attended." Here were three Palestinians and two Israelis having to sit for a whole morning and listen to papers on sliding wage scales and rising cost-of-living indexes, when, Hirschfeld said, "they had really come to talk about other things." At lunch the first day, they were joined by Jan Egeland. The presence of the Deputy Foreign Minister lent a certain formal aura to the gathering and endowed the two Israelis with a status that might have been somewhat premature at this early stage. Egeland was certainly taking a risk. Pundik said later he had felt a little "kooky" all day: "Who was I? What exactly was I doing there? Whom was I representing?" After lunch, Egeland drove back to Oslo, and the Palestinians and the Israelis secluded themselves in a side room. Larsen and Juul patiently waited for many hours outside, checking only from time to time to see that they had enough coffee and enough of whatever else they might need. The opening music was encouraging. The participants solemnly agreed that they must never recite the past. Abu Alaa set the precedent for this by gently reprimanding one of his aides, who started off quoting past United Nations resolutions. "Let us not compete on who was right and who was wrong in the past," Abu Alaa said. "And let us not compete about who can be more clever in the present. Let us see what we can do in the future."

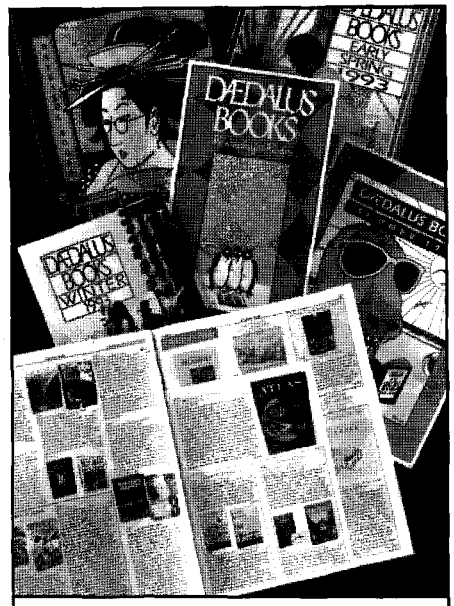
The first brainstorming session lasted some eight hours, with one or two brief breaks for meals and short walks outside. The atmosphere was intense. Larsen remembers that at one point one of the participants rushed out to the bathroom to throw up. But the five men soon came to know one another, and their sympathetic hosts as well. Both sides made a serious effort to listen.

Three weeks later, they reconvened at Borregard Manor. Both sides must have talked things over with people at home. "We reported to Beilin," Pundik says. "We did not ask for instructions, and he did not offer us any. But he urged us to continue."

Hirschfeld now had the useful idea of trying to work out, in very broad outlines, a joint program. It took the form of a joint Declaration of Principles, which in its main outline presaged much of the future accord. The declaration envisaged free elections in the occupied territories and the gradual establishment of an interim autonomous regime there, first in Gaza, and it enunciated a number of "guidelines" for a new international "Marshall Plan," which could make peace palatable to the Palestinians—especially to those in the miserable Gaza Strip.

"Agreement was not reached on all issues, particularly not on (a) jurisdiction over territory, (b) Jerusalem, and (c) arbitration," Hirschfeld wrote to Beilin in a private memorandum. "However, the Palestinians stated clearly that they knew they had to make further concessions and expressed willingness to do so in case U.S. mediation [at the Washington peace talks] would enable them to legitimize such concessions on their side. . . . They expressed great interest in proceeding as quickly as possible and they specifically asked us to encourage the Americans to discuss the outlines of the proposed agreement already at the forthcoming visit of Warren Christopher [to the area]."

To Beilin, this was unexpected news. The principle of "gradualism"—staged withdrawal of Israeli forces and gradual autonomy for Palestinians—was Hirschfeld's idea, and it was something new. It meant that during the first two or three years the process of Israeli withdrawal could be halted, or even reversed. The great surprise was that the Palestinians had accepted it. There had been no built-in gradualism in the original autonomy plan agreed to by Israel, Egypt, and the United States at Camp David in 1978. Beilin must have asked himself why this news was brought to him by two amateurs rather than by the professionals at the deadlocked Washington talks. However, that first draft was still not enough for an accommodation. It was too ambiguous regarding Jerusalem, and there was nothing in it about borders, settlements, or security. But it was not a letter to be put aside without an answer. Beilin took the draft to Foreign Minister Peres, who learned only now of the informal negotiating channel in Norway. Peres was surprised; then he was skeptical. But he thought there was little risk in letting the two freelance negotiators continue. He liked the idea of a new "Marshall



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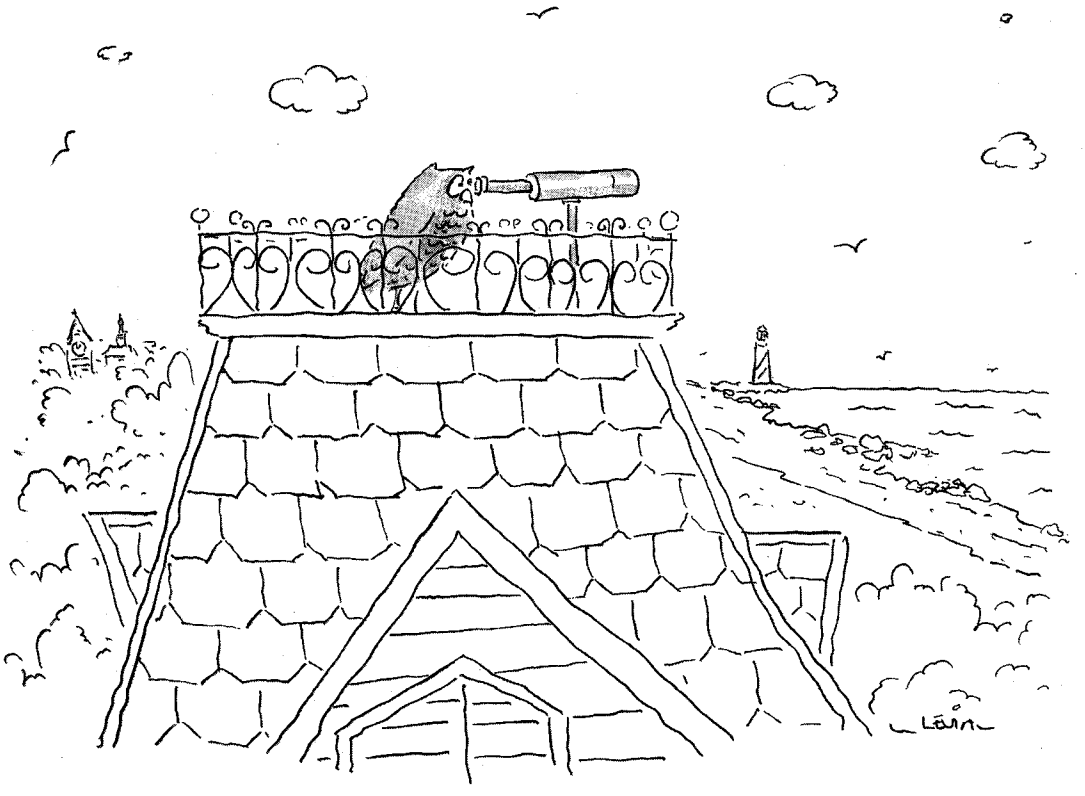
Plan"; he had been preaching a similar scheme for years. Peres informed Rabin. He referred to Hirschfeld and Pundik as "two *meshugoim*"—crackpots—who had decided to sound out the P.L.O. Rabin was even more skeptical, but he was opening up to new suggestions. His government was in trouble. Before the elections, he had promised a deal with the local Palestinians within six months to a year, but the situation had since gone from bad to worse. In the territories, the Islamic fundamentalists of Hamas, an organization opposed to peace, were gaining at the expense of Arafat's more moderate faction, Al-Fatah. Peres told Rabin that they were not committing themselves to anything. He was prepared to give the informal back channel a chance. Hirschfeld and Pundik could always be disowned as eccentric academics. The government would not be hurt. Rabin pondered this suggestion from his old archrival. Both men were getting on in years. Amos Oz, the novelist, said that they were like two elderly women in an old-age home who were constantly quarrelling but who realized that to cross a street they had to hold hands.

FIVE more informal meetings took place between February and May, usually over long weekends at Borregard Manor and other secluded country places. The main task of the negotiators was to convince themselves that the other side was serious. Abu Alaa had doubts about Hirschfeld and Pundik. At one point, he told Larsen that unless the Israelis sent someone official to negotiate he would not attend further meetings. "I don't want to be wasting my time," he said. Larsen took it upon himself to reassure Abu Alaa he was not wasting his time—Beilin had told him so on the telephone.

In early April, a moment came when Abu Alaa said, "I don't believe this anymore. Go and see Beilin personally." Larsen flew to Israel and saw Beilin. Beilin assured him that Hirschfeld was now authorized to conduct "prenegotiations." The two sides continued to exchange ideas and to improve the original draft. Yet Hirschfeld and Pundik were still more or less on their own—no committee back home was preparing position papers for them—and as the talks got more serious Pundik was beginning to wonder how soon they would be kicked out to make a place for official negotiators.

The Israelis, for their part, had doubts about Abu Alaa. They asked for proof that he was speaking for Arafat and could commit the P.L.O. in the future. "We'd never had any contacts with the P.L.O.," Beilin said later. "We didn't really know what the P.L.O. really stood for." They had only the raw data that usually go into intelligence reports, shorn of any personal experiential quality. "We knew the propaganda. We did not know the truth. Hirschfeld was the first person who checked what was more important and what was less important for them. Where were their red lines? Where could they give? Where could we? Hirschfeld's personality functioned very well in this context." This was his and Pundik's main contribution: they prepared the practical and the psychological ground that enabled the professionals to join them after the seventh meeting, early in May. By then, they had reached a point that led Peres to propose flying to Norway himself to conduct the talks. Rabin thought that this was going too far. It was decided to send Uri Savir, the newly appointed director general of the Foreign Ministry, and, later, Yoel Singer, a legal expert, to Norway. Both men were known for their dovish views. Both were new faces at the top level of the Israeli foreign service. But Israel would "upgrade" the talks only on the condition that everything remain secret.

Earlier in the year, the Norwegians began to inform the United States of the secret contacts, and in March the Americans were given a copy of the first draft of the joint Declaration of Principles, worked out by Hirschfeld, Pundik, and Abu Alaa. Although American officials were supportive, Mona Juul told me, "they did not believe we could pull it off. They weren't all that— So we stopped telling them. We felt, Why should we bother? And they didn't ask any questions." In May, the Norwegian Foreign Minister, Johan Jergen Holst, gave Warren Christopher a full report on what had been agreed to so far. Christopher is said to have had trouble getting his mind around the idea that Norway might succeed where Washington could not. But he encouraged the Norwegians to go on.



I SPENT a few days in Oslo recently, talking to some of the people who had been involved in this historic episode.

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Oslo is one of the smallest, prettiest capitals of Western Europe. For a few hours each day while I was there, the shingled rooftops and spires in the old city were cast in the golden light of a late-autumn sun. The place has a slightly fairy-tale atmosphere: the king still takes an occasional walk in town, and his palace stands on a low hill in a small park, surrounded by an old university, a theatre, a museum, and a few old-fashioned hotels and restaurants, where waiters will point out to you Nansen's and Knut Hamsun's favorite tables. A local editor calls Norway "a rich social-democratic oil emirate with some of the highest taxes and some of the finest social services on earth." Government ministries in Oslo under the current Labor Administration are filled with liberal do-gooders. They proudly tell a visitor that Norway's foreign-aid program—more than a billion dollars a year—is the world's largest in relative terms: it amounts to more than one per cent of Norway's G.N.P., or about four times the average in the United States, Japan, or the European Community. During the recent Donor States Conference in Washington, which raised two billion dollars for the Palestinians, Norway by itself committed a hundred and fifty million dollars—in similar relative terms, more than twenty times the average amount committed by other rich countries at the conference. Upon meeting so many sympathetic people of good will, I was tempted to think that if central casting were to look for apt peacemakers between nasty enemies it could find them there. The intimacy of the place suggests a large family. The Norwegian popular press has tended to play up the roles during the secret peace talks of strategically placed wives. Marianne Heiberg, the wife of the Foreign Minister, had done research at Larsen's institute. Holst himself is a personal friend of the Larsens'. The Holsts' four-year-old son, Edward, was said to have broken the ice when at one informal party he climbed on the knees of both Abu Alaa and Savir. "It wasn't a soap opera, as it was presented," Juul told me, a bit angrily. She added, with a smile, "But it was cozy."

In the Foreign Ministry, I interviewed Jan Egeland. He is thirty-six years old, and is not a civil servant but a political appointee. He and Juul had been classmates at Oslo University. Before his appointment, in 1990, he worked for the

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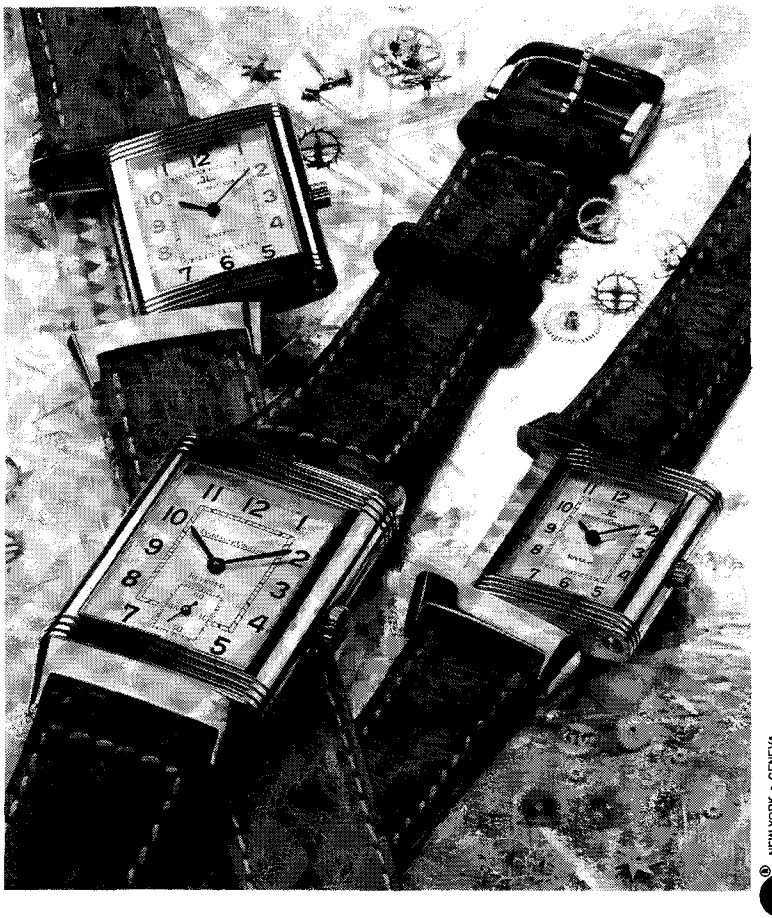

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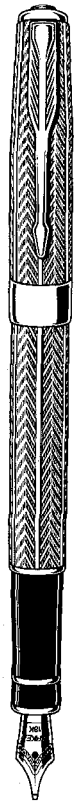

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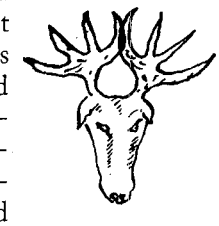
International Red Cross, and for six years was a senior official at Amnesty International. "We have a fairly dynamic foreign policy," he said, "and we believe in strong coöperation with independent, non-governmental groups—solidarity, church, academic, and environmental groups—to stimulate human rights and peace talks. I don't know if other governments would have got involved with amateurs like Hirschfeld and Pundik."

The experiment in the Middle East with two odd peaceniks, so modest at first, surprised the whole world when it turned out a success. It did not surprise Egeland. He is the author of a book, published in 1988, titled "Impotent Superpower—Potent Small State: Potentials and Limitations of Human Rights Objectives and Foreign Policies of the United States and Norway." In it Egeland tries to show that a small, rich, well-liked, non-threatening country like Norway is considerably better placed than any superpower, like the United States, or any medium power, like England or France, to broker peace accords and human rights around the world. This is so, he claims, mainly because Norway, unlike the larger countries, cannot be suspected of hidden agendas, political or commercial. Nor can it be seen as imposing on or threatening anybody. The book had been Egeland's Ph.D. thesis. Upon reading it, one of his professors, who had been a little doubtful of its claims, challenged him to go into politics and prove it.

"I did," Egeland told me. "And I remembered that we must not try to mediate. This was our strength. Both sides often spoke to Larsen, Juul, and me. They told us where they were. We acted as buffers for emotions that were often very heavy. Larsen and Juul were often able to defuse tensions by a light remark. Or by an offer to discuss the issue with them or take a walk outside. But we never sat in on the actual discussions. The Palestinians liked to work all night and sleep three or four hours in the morning. Larsen and Juul were always there, to be helpful if they could, and, if they couldn't, to be sympathetic and shut up and see that there was enough coffee. When they were asked, they said what they thought. Nothing was volunteered."

It had been a serendipitous confluence of personalities, characters, timing, personal moods, and external circumstances. The Norwegians prodded gently. Pundik says, "Larsen was wonderful—ready to be a general at one moment and at the next a corporal bringing in the coffee." Asfour, Abu Alaa's aide, says, "We all became a little Norwegian in the process." Shared meals (Hirschfeld claims he gained twenty-five pounds), a convivial atmosphere in an inviting natural setting, secrecy—all played a role. Hirschfeld, a garrulous man, later said, "Keeping our mouths shut was one of the most difficult things." If the right people on one side had not approached the right people on the other side at the right moment through the right third party, this accord would have come about much later, if at all. The third, non-threatening party was crucial; it was almost a case of "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid . . . and a little child shall lead them."



THE arrival of the Israeli officials, Savir and Singer, changed the pace and the context of the talks. Pundik half expected that as soon as the professionals arrived he and Hirschfeld would be eliminated, but Savir and Singer wanted to preserve the informal atmosphere and make use of their insights, and asked them to stay on. Legal details and technical minutiae of implementation became the main subject matter. Security measures for the conferees became even more elaborate. "On one occasion, Savir lived in our private flat," Larsen says. "It was too risky for him to check into a hotel where he might be recognized. I remember standing with him on our terrace late one night after his first meeting with Abu Alaa. He nearly had tears in his eyes, and he said, 'I will use everything I have to persuade Peres and Rabin to let us continue this negotiation.' " The talks usually began late Friday and continued, with almost no breaks for sleep, until early Monday morning. Savir could not stay longer. He was the powerful director general of the Foreign Ministry, with a full job to maintain at home. To reduce the initial tension, Larsen made a brave attempt to introduce the Israeli professionals to Abu Alaa in a light tone met by laughter on all sides. Larsen said to him, "This is your enemy No. 1," and

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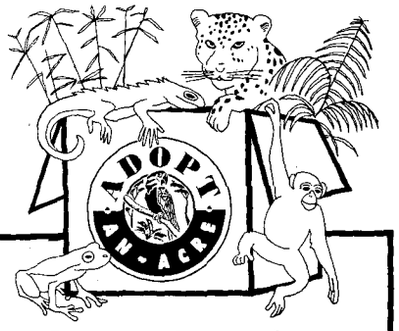
"This is your enemy No. 2." Savir later told an aide that "Abu Alaa didn't really look like an enemy at all." The world always looks different when you remove dark glasses you have been wearing all your life.

Nevertheless, the negotiations became very tough. Both sides constantly issued ultimatums, caused interminable crises, and threatened. "Brinkmanship was their negotiation technique," Larsen says. "It was outright war. They used every trick in the book, screaming, bluffing, taking risks. Fortunately, a very strong personal relationship grew between Abu Alaa and Savir—a passionate love-hate, almost. They also have this same strange sense of humor." Both men told jokes all the time and talked about their families. At the low point of one crisis, Abu Alaa announced that he was resigning. In response, Savir delivered an emotional speech that was filled with bitter recriminations against them all for having failed and missed a unique opportunity. Then Savir and Abu Alaa went into seclusion and, as Hirschfeld says, "Humpty-Dumpty was put together again." What turned the trick was an Israeli offer that the two sides announce they simultaneously recognize each other formally. This had been the major Palestinian objective since 1988, and the most difficult psychological block for the Israelis.

Then, in the early hours of August 20th, came the formal initialling of an agreement. The same, somewhat bizarre B-movie atmosphere that had marked the beginning of the talks marked their formal end. To attend the signing, Peres flew to Oslo on a previously arranged visit. No one in his entourage—not even the Israeli Ambassador in Oslo or the Norwegian Ambassador in Tel Aviv—knew the real reason for his trip. He stayed at the official guesthouse of the Norwegian government, an old villa behind the royal palace which had been built in the last century for a rich petroleum importer. Foreign Minister Holst gave a dinner there in Peres's honor. Meanwhile, in a suite on top of a nearby posh new hotel, the Plaza, the Israelis and the Palestinians were still hammering out some last problems with the wording. As the official dinner was nearing its end, Larsen and Juul convinced the other guests that Peres was worn out and wanted to retire. The Israeli and Palestinian negotiators were then smuggled out of their hotel through the service entrance and driven in a van to the official guesthouse. "We tried to give the signing ceremony a little formality. At the same time, we knew each other so well," Juul says. A famous old desk—Norway's secession from Sweden in 1905 was signed on it—was hauled upstairs to the salon. The papers were laid out on it. Abu Alaa and Savir entered through separate doors and signed. Holst signed as a witness, and Peres watched from the side. The signers hailed the historic breakthrough. Peres said nothing. "All of us nearly cried," Juul says. "It was almost like living in a movie we had designed ourselves."

The scene was, in fact, recorded on videotape. "I have seen the film and it's rather nice," Juul says. The Palestinians wanted a copy, and so did several television companies, "but the Israelis insisted that it be locked up in a safe," she says. No one knows why. Perhaps it reflected too much fraternizing. Hirschfeld, on his way home, stopped in Vienna, where his parents live. For the first time, he hinted to them that peace might be nearer than most people thought. His mother shook her head. "Son," she said. "You don't understand. Such things always take far more time."

For the veterans of the "Oslo channel," the glitzy public ceremony, three and a half weeks later on the White House lawn, came as an anticlimax. It lacked the passionate intimacy, intrigue, and melodrama of the first. Hirschfeld and Pundik were treated shabbily by the government they had served. They were not invited to attend the Washington ceremony. When Peres was asked why they had been excluded, he said blandly, "Nurses and midwives have not been invited." (To this day, Pundik says, he hasn't received even a letter of acknowledgment.) "So we took yet another independent initiative and flew to Washington on our own," Pundik says. There were still problems. They could not get into the ceremony on the list of Israeli invitees. Nor could the Norwegians get them in on their list. In the end, a good soul in the Israeli Embassy in Washington succeeded in including their names on the list of those invited by the White House to attend. Unrecognized in the large crowd, the two amateur peacemakers watched the ceremony. Abu Alaa greeted them warmly. ♦



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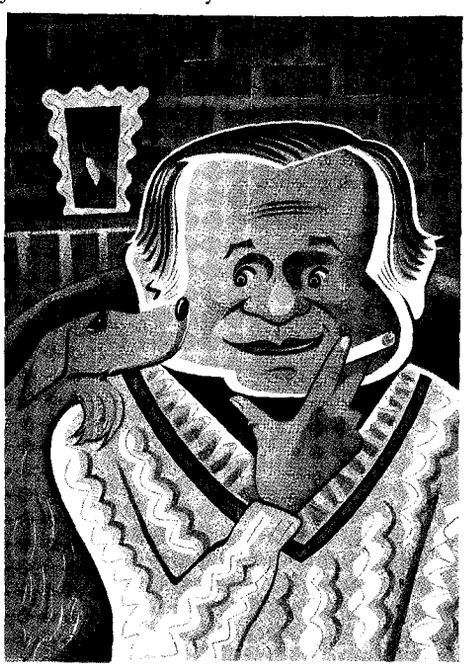
POPULAR CHRONICLES

KING OF THE ROAD

Forget Seventh Avenue. The secret of Bill Blass's fame is that he's still the hardest worker on the trunk-show circuit.

BY SUSAN ORLEAN

WHAT amazes Bill Blass is amazing. Last year, he was in La Jolla, California, and someone took him to a supermarket, which was somewhere he had never been before in his life; he found the supermarket, and especially the do-it-yourself ice-cream-sundae bar, amazing. In Nashville, where I joined him recently for a trunk show—an in-store event, when a designer's entire collection, and sometimes the designer himself, are on display—he caught me admiring a blazer, made by the designer Richard Tyler, that cost eighteen hundred and fifty-nine dollars; even though some of the ensembles in the Blass couture collection cost more than six thousand dollars, he found the price of the Tyler blazer amazing. He is someone who seems fascinated by something or other much of the time. He is a virtuoso of the high-pitched eyebrow and the fortissimo gasp. These give him a puckish air, without which he might seem irritatingly regal. Blass is classically good-looking in the manner of a country gentleman, with a wide forehead, a boxy jaw, a direct gaze, and a chest like a kettledrum. Almost any time you see him, there will be a cigarette in the corner of his mouth, bouncing like a little diving board. He usually stands with his hands poked into his pockets and his jacket hitched up around them. No matter where he is, he looks as if he might be standing on the deck of a big sailboat. He is now seventy-one years old, fond of candy, and settling into leonine stateliness; as a young man, he was long-necked, blade-thin, and so wolfishly handsome you could weep. I love to hear him talk. His voice is rich, gravelly, and carefully inflected, like a film narrator's. He also has a wonderfully intimate and conspiratorial-sounding whisper. At times, he can sound like an American schooled in Britain, but in fact he is a Depression-era kid from Fort Wayne, Indiana, who came to New York at seventeen and has never left. Like all elegant people, he curses with charming abandon and to great effect. Like most successful, wealthy people, he knows how to deploy a sort of captivating brattiness, to which other people quickly yield. One of the funniest things in the world is to sit in his office at his showroom and listen to him bellow questions to his staff without moving a muscle, or even an eyeball, in their direction.



Blass: "No matter what anyone thinks, there's still a huge part of this country that loves print dresses."

ROBERT RISKO

Universal adoration is one of the reasons Blass goes on trips to places like La Jolla and Nashville. Most stores don't buy a designer's entire collection but will hold trunk shows, during which customers can see samples and place orders. There are trunk shows going on all the time, all over the country. Sometimes the trunk show is brought to the store by a sales representative. Sometimes the de-

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signer sends along a model, who throughout the day will stroll around in outfits from the collection. Occasionally, the designer himself escorts the clothes, in which case the store often stages a fashion show and luncheon for good customers. After lunch, while the customers are trying things on, the designer may hang around and editorialize. This year, Bill Blass's collection travelled with salespeople to Boston, Houston, Dallas, Fort Worth, St. Louis, Palo Alto, Midland (Texas), San Antonio, Beverly Hills, Pasadena, Tulsa, San Diego, New Orleans, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Baltimore, and Pittsburgh; he appeared with it in Atlanta, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington, San Francisco, and Troy, Michigan. Couture clothes cost a fortune, but they have a tiny market and seldom make any money. What they do is endear a designer to those customers whose clothing choices are newsworthy, and this in turn makes the designer famous. Then, when he is famous enough, the designer can sell other companies the rights to manufacture profitable items like underpants and perfumes under the designer's name. Bill Blass was one of the first designers to travel with their collections, and he's one of those who have done it the most. He is generally regarded as the king of the trunk show. His clothes [illegible] rarely thought of as artistic or trendsetting or remarkable, but his customers have never abandoned him; they turn out at the trunk shows, and the trunk shows have kept him famous, by fashion standards, for a remarkable number of years.

At a good show, he does a lot of business; two weeks ago, at a trunk show at Saks Fifth Avenue, he sold over half a million dollars' worth of dresses, and that is the most any American designer showing at Saks has ever sold. He does bigger business, though, just selling his name and his designer's eye. Blass licenses fifty-six products, including Bill Blass belts, ties, handkerchiefs, jeans, sheets, shoes, pajamas, outerwear, evening wear, watches, and window shades. For sixteen years, Ford manufactured a Bill Blass Lincoln Continental Mark IV; Blass chose the interiors, paint colors, and trim. Blass's trunk-show philosophy: "You don't want to be on the road so much that the novelty wears off, but you want to get to know your customer and help move the clothes. If you are buying a Bill Blass dress for a couple of thousand dollars, I'd say it's an added attraction to have Bill Blass there saying, 'Babe, that looks great on you,' or 'Babe, that's just awful.' "

BECAUSE Bill Blass is popular and fashionable, I expected him to have a drifty attention span, but he is actually quite dogged. In Nashville, for instance, after declaring the price of the Tyler blazer amazing he pulled it off its hanger, inspected its seams, and pinched the fabric, and said he thought the cut and workmanship were amazing; then he asked me to try it on and told me I should buy it. This was at Jamie Inc., the Nashville store where the trunk show and a luncheon were being held. The show had just ended, and dozens of women were milling around the racks, placing orders. When he was able to tear his attention from the blazer, he remarked that he found the women's ardor and stamina amazing. Then he turned back to being amazed by the blazer. He got everyone walking by to stop and take a look at it, because it had him so amazed. When I saw him several weeks later, in Manhattan, he asked me how I'd been and then immediately asked me if I had bought the Richard Tyler blazer. His enthusiasm made me feel that I should have done whatever it took to find a spare eighteen hundred dollars. He looked utterly crestfallen when I told him no.

In Nashville, what he found amazing, to start with, was walking through the airport, looking at people's clothes. We had just got off the plane and were heading down an endless concourse, and I was following his gaze. He gestured with his chin at a man and a woman walking toward us. He said, "My God, have you ever noticed how Americans dress? They dress like it's summer all the time." The man and the woman were both wearing pale T-shirts and acid-washed jeans sutured with lots of useless-looking zippers. Blass stopped and watched them walk by. He was dressed in his usual bespoke double-breasted English suit and a loosely knotted tie, and he had a topcoat tossed over his arm. The acid-washed couple passed. Behind them was a meaty woman wearing a short red dress, red satin pumps, and a red fez. Blass lifted his eyebrows, shifted his coat to his other arm, and said, "That's an outfit." As she ambled by, he said, "I was the first designer to really go out on the road with

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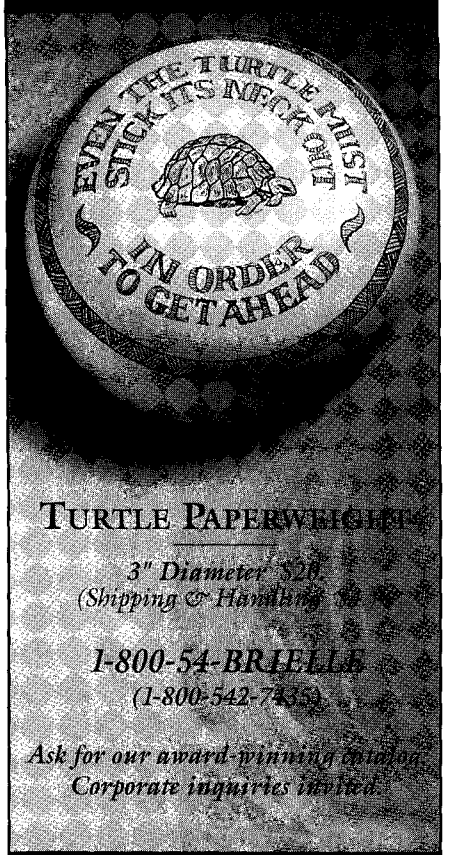

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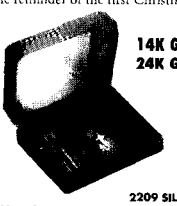

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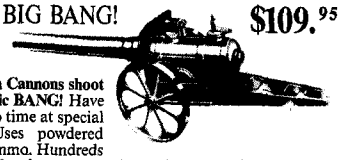

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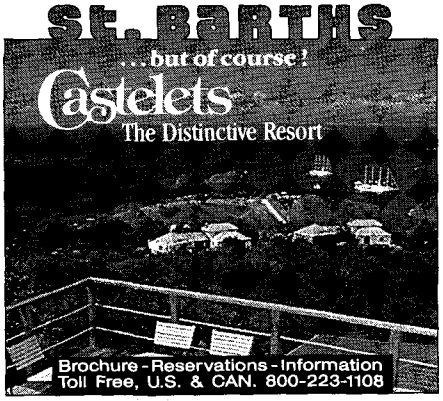

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my clothes, and I've done it for years and years and years, while the other designers were rushing back the minute they could, to go to New York parties. I didn't do that. I'd stay out on the road for days at a time and meet people and keep my name out there. It allowed me to see what's out here. And I can tell you that, no matter what anyone thinks, there's a huge part of this country that still loves print dresses."

MRS. JACK MASSEY, a friend of Blass's with whom he would be staying in Nashville, called me one afternoon before the trip. "Sunday night, when you arrive, we'll be going to dinner at the Johnsons'. It will be just a little informal gathering of friends, so you can wear—oh, little velvet pants, something like that. Monday night is dinner here at my house, Brook House, and that's not formal, either—it's not black-tie or anything, so you can just wear dressy pants or a little silk dress. At the luncheon and fashion show, you could wear a nice suit. During the day, you can just knock around in a sweater set and pants." Pause. "You know, of course, that Bill Blass is just the most entertaining man to ever walk down the pike. Everybody adores him. He is absolutely the best company in the world."

Bill Blass had never before gone to Nashville with his collection; in fact, he had been in Nashville only twice: in 1985, when he spoke at O'More College of Design, in nearby Franklin, Tennessee, and eighteen years before that, when he was the honored guest at Nashville's fanciest annual social event, the Swan Ball, to which many women in Nashville wear his dresses. There is a picture of him on page 51 of a book called "Reflections: Twenty-five Nights at the Swan Ball." The text says, "And then Bill Blass, the talented, sociable, and just-too-darn debonair designer, brought the clothes and paraded them around for everyone to die over while dining on shrimp and filet de boeuf."

Blass's own recollection of the visit: "The Swan Ball is a good event, but, my God, it's always on the hottest goddam night of the year."

A grand, formal, larger than life-size portrait of Mrs. Massey hanging in one of her parlors at Brook House depicts her in a draped gown of écru pleated silk with a petal-pink cummerbund, her blond bob swept back, her face set in an idle smile, her fingertips dandling a string of pecan-size pearls. The portrait was commissioned by her late husband, Jack, who was the venture capitalist behind Kentucky Fried Chicken, Hospital Corporation of America, and Volunteer Capital Corp. It was painted by Aaron Shikler, who has also painted Ronald and Nancy Reagan and Gloria Vanderbilt. The dress in the portrait is by Bill Blass. I know this because while he and I were walking around Brook House on the evening of the dinner in his honor, he stopped in front of the portrait to remark on how pretty Mrs. Massey looked. Then he interrupted himself with a gasp. "My God, I think that's one of my dresses!" he said. "I honestly think it is. It's one of my dresses."

There were twenty-eight guests in the house at the time. They had been having cocktails in a vast horseshoe-shaped room with French doors that looked out over a brook and a stone fountain (a boy with a frog) and a big guesthouse and some clipped lawns and hedges, and now the guests were done with cocktails and were brushing past us toward a wing of the house which was too far away to see, but I could hear the scrape and chatter of chairs being pulled out, and I was starting to smell dinner. Several butlers were shooing people toward the dining room, and one of them hesitated behind us, gesturing with a silver tray and murmuring, "Dinner is ready in the east room, sir." Blass went on eying the portrait. After a moment, he shook his head and said, "Well, I'll be damned. It is one of mine. I *remember* that dress." He popped me in the ribs with his elbow and said, "Say, that was a good dress, wasn't it?"

JAMIE STREAM, the woman who owns Jamie Inc., had met us at the airport with her limousine and a driver. Jamie is snappy and blond and forty-eight. She opened her store twenty years ago, when Nashville was on the outer edges of the fashion frontier. "We pioneered Oscar and Bill and all those people in Nashville," she once told me. "When I moved to town, I really didn't know what I'd find here. I come from the ranch country in Texas, where everything is pigskin, Hermès, and tweed." I asked her why she thought that Bill Blass had managed to remain fashionable for so many years, and she said, "Well, this isn't a

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glamorous thing to say, but Bill Blass is just . . . so . . . *appropriate*. Don't you think? Isn't that a compliment in this day and age, to say someone is always appropriate? And no one can take a little satin skirt and a little cashmere sweater and make it as glamorous as Bill Blass can. You know what I say? I say Bill Blass clothes have good bones."

In the limousine, Jamie was telling us about picking up Yvonne Lopez, the Blass fitting model, and Craig Natiello, of the design staff, who had arrived in Nashville a day earlier. Yvonne and Craig had brought the collection with them on the plane. It filled thirteen trunks. Jamie said, "I had the two of them over to the house for drinks. I said, 'Come over, but I'm warning you, I'm just wearing a sweatsuit.' "

"In which she looks adorable," Blass added.

"Well, that's what they were seeing me in, anyway," Jamie went on. She turned to the driver and called out, "Basil, can you turn up the air-conditioning back here? It's beastly." She squinted out a window. We were driving down a four-lane road in Nashville rimmed with fast-food joints and muffler shops. It looked as if it were about to rain. Jamie said, "Oh, I think we're going to have a loblolly. If it lasts for days, it means I'm going to have to hire some parkers for the luncheon. We've invited seventy-five people, and I'm being very tough—all of them have to already own Blass. That's what I'm telling people who are calling me, because I can't just be throwing invitations around. It's a legacy luncheon for the real Blass devotee."

Blass said, "It'll be intimate. Ten tables of heavy hitters."

Jamie nodded and then said, "I'm telling you, this limousine is a wreck. It's our work car. It's just like a truck. We just use it like a truck when we go up to our Adirondack camp in the summer. When we come home, we just load this thing up to the rafters with everything under the sun."

We passed an enormous pillared building sitting back from the road. Blass sat forward and said, "What's that? What's that building? My God, that's something."

"That's the Parthenon," Jamie said. "It's the world's only full-size replica of the Parthenon."

"My God, I'd want to see that. If there's a full-size replica of the

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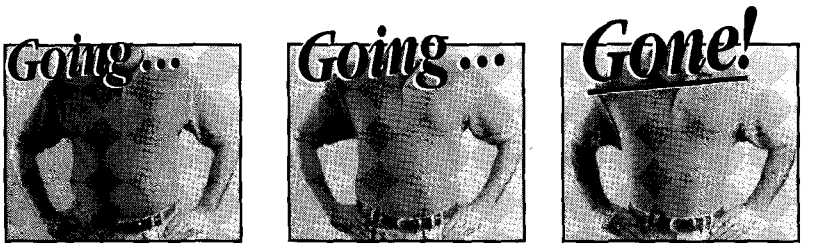

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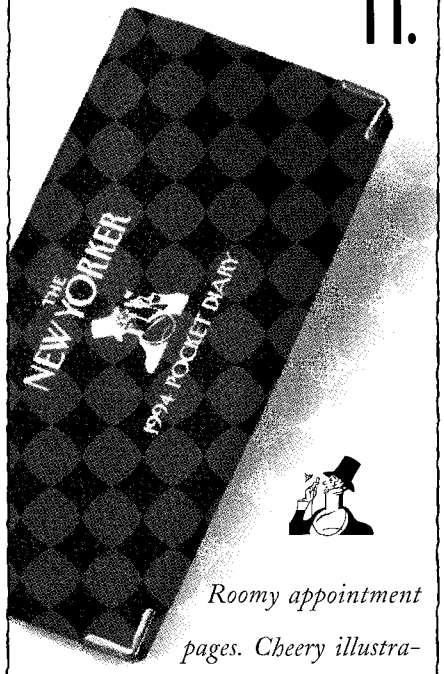

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Parthenon in Nashville, I think that's something to see, don't you?"

Jamie pursed her lips, and said, "You've got dinner at the Johnsons' tonight, and the fittings for the models are on Monday, and you've got an appearance on a local television show, and you've got dinner at Mrs. Massey's on Monday night, and the lunch is on Tuesday, so I don't really know when you're going to go."

Blass pushed his hand against the ceiling and said, "My God, I haven't been in Nashville in years, and already I'm so busy that I don't have a goddam minute to breathe."

MONDAY, 12:30 P.M., at WTVF, Channel 5: "Mr. Blass, I'm Debbie Alan, one of the hosts of the show. We'll be talking about romance and clothes. We have a good time on this show, so just cut loose, O.K.? The other segments are Thanksgiving centerpieces and a guy with some great hair-care products. Hey, would one of you tell the hair guy I'm going to ask if conditioners really cure split ends, and if we have time I'll touch on one of the other products, like maybe the curl enhancers."

A production assistant in front of us is wearing fawn-colored twill jeans, a white poor-boy sweater, and brown moccasins. Blass looks at her and says, "My God, those look like my jeans. Call her over. Those are my jeans." The woman turns and comes over to him, looking embarrassed, and says she hadn't known he was going to be on the show, and didn't wear the jeans on purpose. Blass is examining the jeans and doesn't answer. "That's a nice fabric, that twill, isn't it? It's a nice finish. It looks like suède."

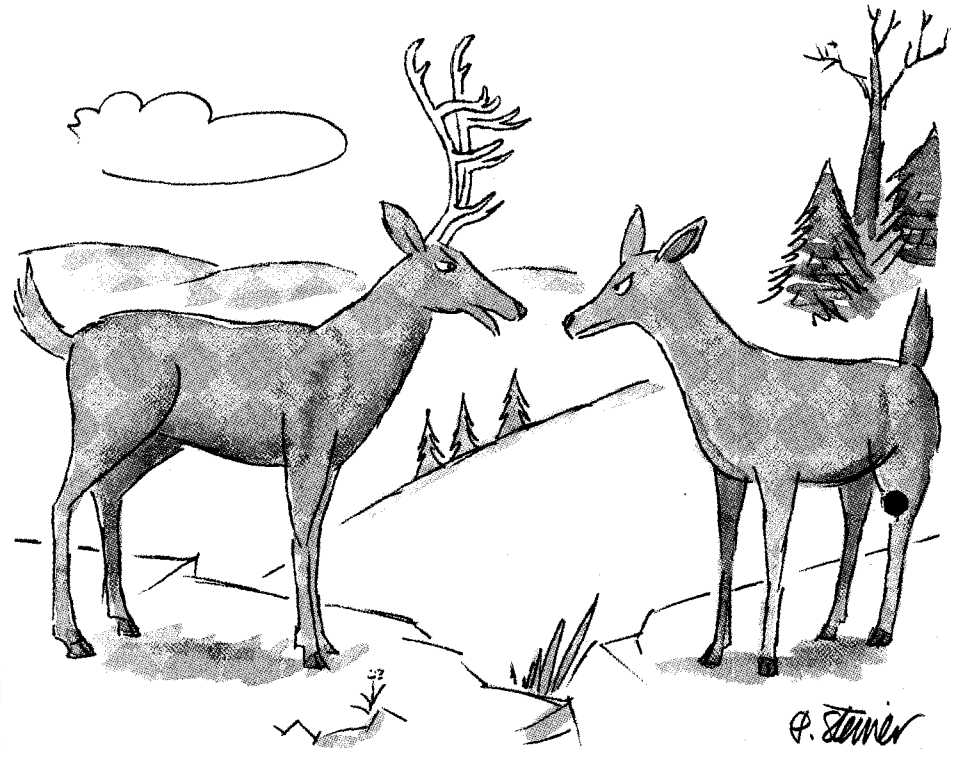
"I love them," she says.

"She's got herself up nicely, hasn't she?" he says to me. "That's a good look."

The show begins, and Debbie Alan announces that the internationally famous designer Bill Blass will be coming up after the commercial. Then she giggles and says, "I have Bill Blass underwear and perfume, because that's all I can afford, and I'm not going to tell you if I'm wearing either of them." Blass, now perched on a tall director's chair, hands in pockets, lets out a beefy chuckle. Once the commercial is over, Yvonne Lopez comes out wearing a slim-cut white jumpsuit piped in blue, followed by a model in a white-gazar-and-black-lace strapless gown. Debbie says, "Will someone scoop this up for, say, the Swan Ball?"

Blass says, "I hope so, Debbie."

Now a model is wearing a Prince-of-Wales plaid pants suit overlaid with black lace. Debbie asks whether women



"So I like rutting. So sue me."

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in Nashville dress differently from women in other parts of the country. Blass says, "There are wonderful-looking women all over this country, Debbie. I truly have a variety of customers—active, busy women who work or, like Alyne Massey, who are involved in charities, and so forth, and live all over the country."

A few more outfits are shown: a boyish blazer in a granite-print fabric, a floral, tiered minidress, and a long gown in the same floral fabric with black illusion sleeves and neck. Then the segment is over. Debbie thanks him for coming. Blass says, "Thank you, Debbie, and enjoy your underwear."

A FEW of the Nashville models had got their breasts done. No one had anticipated this. The models had been discussed before our trip to Nashville: Craig had wanted twenty, but he and Jamie settled on eleven. Blass had said that because they would be local girls he expected them to be "a little plumpy." As it happened, the Nashville models were not particularly plumpy, but they did have big breasts, one pair quite recently enhanced. When we got to Jamie's store on Monday, Craig was fitting them into the samples and doing cleavage checks while three workmen were building a little runway in the store. The luncheon would be in the front room, which has a crystal chandelier, thick taupe carpeting, gilded molding, and plate-glass windows looking out on a small parking lot and then on Harding Road and across to a Kroger's and a strip mall. The rest of the store is broken into separate nooks for different designers; there is also a shoe nook, a fine-jewelry nook, and a lingerie nook. The center of the store is a living room elegantly furnished with an ottoman, a coffee table, and two side chairs. Jamie was saying, "There just aren't any shops like this anymore. Martha in New York—gone. Lou Lattimore, in Dallas—gone. Isabell Gerhart, in Houston—gone. In Nashville, I'm it. Let's face it: in the past, we all used to fly our own planes around and spend a fortune on clothes, and we've all had to cut back. I still wanted to make this a special place. And that takes a little something. Those chairs for the living room—they're oversized French fauteuils with needlepointed leopard upholstery—cost thousands of dollars, but I think it's worth it, don't you? It gives it a homey feel, don't you think?"

Craig was helping one of the models into a gray-and-white chalk-striped sweater and morning-striped pleated skirt, saying, "Your cleavage, dear." Blass rummaged around in a box of accessories on a counter, pulled out a little shoulder bag, and said to the model, "Put this on. Across your shoulder. Across. Yes. That's good. That'll jazz it up. Craig, use more of this goddam stuff to jazz it up." He murmured to me, "I would never use a bag in the New York shows. I also left out a few of the pieces I showed in New York and added some from the resort collection—flowered things that I think will be big here. A lot of these customers go to Palm Beach for the season, so they need that sort of dress. Everything in New York has to be goddam severe. Of course, in New York they dislike everything anyway, so you give them as little to dislike as possible."

Joyce Preston, Blass's sales representative, walked in and stood next to Jamie, and Jamie said, "Joyce, I'll be disappointed if we don't do a hundred and fifty thousand dollars at the show. Most of the big people are coming, but we've got two Fortune 500s who are out of town and are going to miss the show. So that's disappointing right there."

IT had rained all day and all night, and then sputtered to a stop just moments before women began arriving for the luncheon. The runway was ready, and tables set with linens, silver, bushy centerpieces, and Bill Blass, Ltd., pencils were now arranged in a semicircle around it. Jamie was dressed in a sharp-looking black wool crêpe Blass suit from this fall. Mrs. Massey arrived wearing a suit from the same collection in red. Mrs. Johnson, who had had us over for dinner Sunday night, arrived. Mrs. Hunter Armistead, of the Tennessee Armisteads, and Mrs. Jimmy Bradford, of the J. C. Bradford brokerage Bradfords, and Mrs. James Cheek III, of the Maxwell House Coffee Cheeks, and Mrs. Neil Parrish, of the National Life and Accident Parrishes, and Mrs. Pamela Iannacio, a pencil heiress, arrived. In all, sixty-four guests were there, most of them wearing good Blass luncheon suits, with trim silhouettes, big buttons, smart details. The women were pearly, well-coiffed, unglamorous, but timelessly

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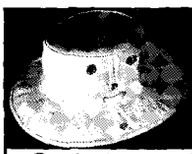

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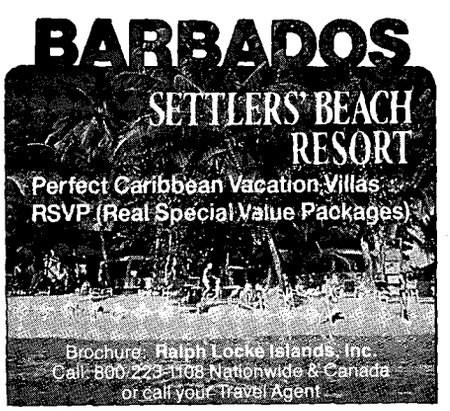

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good-looking; there were some mothers and daughters and probably a good span of generations, but for a million bucks I couldn't have guessed anyone's age. Mrs. Massey was seated at our table, next to Blass. Waiters circled the room and placed a papaya stuffed with lobster at each place, and after a few moments the show began. Yvonne came out in a black faille puff-sleeved jacket and morning-striped pants. Mrs. Massey leaned over to Blass and said, "That's very correct, very fun."

Blass said, "That's a good suit. Those are good-looking pants. That's something you ought to have." Mrs. Massey made a note on a pad of paper. Then out came one of the buxom Nashville models, in a floral suit. Mrs. Massey glanced at Blass, and he whispered, "You should have that, babe. That's very you." She picked up the pencil again.

The next model wore a short black lace dress with black lace stockings. Blass pointed at her legs and said, "Love those stockings. Two hundred bucks a pair and goddam fragile."

Mrs. Massey snorted, and said, "Darling, *never*."

As soon as the show ended, the women popped up from their seats and headed for the next room, where the sample racks were lined up. Mrs. Massey was at Blass's elbow, saying, "I need something for Palm Beach. Not too severe, because it's for Palm Beach."

People buzzed around the racks. A woman standing near Joyce said to her, "I'm giving something for the Super Bowl. What can you put me in?"

A young woman with a light-brown ponytail emerged from one of the dressing rooms wearing an iridescent, mousseline strapless gown that cost six thousand forty dollars. She said, "I can't breathe, I can't talk, I can't move, but I love it."

Blass looked her over and said, "It's very good."

She sucked in her breath and said, "I think I'll buy it."

I was bumped into one of the racks by someone grabbing my arm and saying, "There was the cutest little girl waiting on me who was Kappa Kappa Gamma at Vanderbilt. Do you know where she is?"

At this point, every dressing room was full, and Joyce, Craig, Jamie, and Jamie's sales staff were bounding from rack to room with the samples. By two o'clock, they had written orders for eighty-five thousand dollars' worth of clothes. Mrs. Massey had picked nine outfits, including a gown for the Swan Ball; they would all be tailored and delivered in a few months. Then she kissed Blass goodbye and left for Brook House.

A few minutes later, the phone in the store rang. Joyce took the call. After hanging up, she said to Blass, "That was Mrs. Massey. We have to protect her. She wants us to protect her especially on the gown and also on the suit." Blass grimaced, and Joyce said, "Bill, we have to. I promised her no one else would have that at the Swan Ball." To herself, she said, "I'm going to have to pull that plaid suit with the lace overlay, too. I could sell six, I'm sure, but I've already sold two, and this town is too small for another one."

WHEN the total of orders approached a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, Blass decided he could sneak out to see the Parthenon after all. We called for a limousine. It had a new driver. Mr. Blass looked at him and said, "Good-looking man." The driver, Jim, opened the glove compartment and handed Blass a photograph of himself modelling suits for a local store.

"Very nice," Blass said. "I think we should see the Parthenon."

"You should go see Opryland," Jim said. "The entertainment business is to Nashville what a pinkie with a diamond ring is to a hand."

Mr. Blass settled into the seat and lit a cigarette. When we got to the Parthenon, Jim told us to be sure to look inside at the statue of Athena, because it was the largest indoor sculpture in the Western world. When we saw it, Mr. Blass stopped and stared in amazement. The statue was chalk white, and was wearing a peplos, sandals, and a military headpiece. After a minute, Blass said, "Well, that's the biggest goddam fake job I've ever seen. My God, it's incredible. I've never seen anything so awful in my life. Have you ever seen anything so awful?" We went down to the gift shop, where he admired a T-shirt and then told the cashier her printed-silk bomber jacket was amusing and asked if it was for sale. She said it was. He took a second look and said, "It's a good jacket. It's amusing. But it's really not for me." ♦

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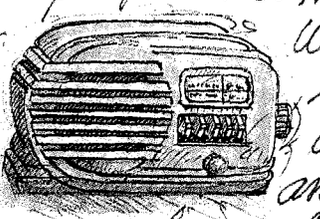
12 August

Heroic nudes watched with envy from the wall. And as the smell of rich coffee filled the air, it happened. Conceptual improv. Everyone exchanging ideas. Intelligent perspectives. The issue didn't even matter. I wondered, though: Why is conversation like this the exception and not the norm? Are we so mentally saturated with sensational crap that anything with value has to take a number and wait in line? Am I the only one who cares? Another sip of coffee and a look at my old radio made me feel better. And reminded me that there is one place where good dialogue still exists.



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IRONS IN THE FIRE

Many modern ranchers brand their cattle electrically and auction their livestock via satellite. But in the Nevada highlands cattle are still hand-branded and rustlers still roam the range. So do the descendants of the gunslingers the cattle barons once hired to protect their herds.

BY JOHN McPHEE

IN Princeton, New Jersey, where I live, I was having lunch not long ago with a friend just home from Nevada. He prospects there for precious metals, in the isolation country in the eastern part of the state, hundreds of miles from Reno and about as far from Las Vegas. Between the Horse Range and the Pancake Range, beside a crossroads café in Nye County, he had seen a bright-white vehicle with three antennas and an overhead bank of red and blue lights. On its side was the Great Seal of the State of Nevada, in the center of a gold seven-point star. It appeared to be the magnified badge of a sheriff, he said, but where he expected to see the words SHERIFF or STATE POLICE on the door, the words were not there. Instead, bold gold letters said, NEVADA BRAND INSPECTOR.

The prospector sipped the last of his coffee and, with some of his gold, got ready to pay the check. "Think what those words imply," he said.

I said, "What do they imply to you?"

"That these are the nineteen-nineties, and not the eighteen-nineties, but cattle rustling is alive and well in Nevada," he said. "I thought of you when I saw those words on the door; I thought of what you might learn if, from basin to range, you could ride around that country with the brand inspector."

I got up, said goodbye to him, and departed for Nevada.

The brand inspector's white vehicle is known to him and his family as the state pickup. One antenna is for mountaintop repeaters, another for the highway patrol, the third for district car-to-car radio. The glove compartment is packed with ammunition—for the .38 special, for the Smith & Wesson .357 magnum revolver, for the High Standard sawed-off shotgun. In a box beside the driver are pads of brand-inspection certificates, piles of miscellaneous documents, and the state government's gold-stamped, clothbound, handsomely designed "Nevada Livestock Brand Book," which describes and sketches thirty-seven hundred and forty-three brands. He doesn't seem to need it. If you crack it open and ask him to describe the brand of, say, Bertrand Paris, he says, right back, "Reverse B Hanging P Right Ribs."

It's a busy brand that might tend to blotch. He prefers simplicity, as in the Rocking Arrow of Bertrand's grandson David.

The brand inspector's name is Chris Collis. He is forty, and of middle height and limber build. He is wearing a white cowboy hat, dark glasses, a plaid short-sleeved shirt, Levi's, a belt buckle made from the horn of a ram, and cowboy boots with two-inch heels. "It's a way of life," he is saying. "It's not an eight-to-five job." We are up in the Schell Creek Range, at nine thousand feet, in a forest of mountain mahogany. Aspens are already orange in the higher draws, chokecherry bushes red. The mountain mahogany is still green. The road is just a double track, and rocky, and he takes it very slowly. Coming out of the trees onto a bone-dry slope of sage and grassland, we look twenty-five miles over Spring Valley to the Snake Range. Grasshoppers are clicking, snapping. We pass a cow and a calf, another cow and her calf. Black Angus. "Feed stays longer in the mountains," he says. "Grass doesn't burn as much."

"What do they drink?"

"There are seeps among the aspens."

Wandering around on my own a couple of days ago, I crossed a cattle guard at ten thousand feet.

"Cattle start drifting off the mountain at this time of year," he goes on. "They know where they're going when it gets cool—if they were born here."

"Back east" is where the calves are going—to weight-making pastures and feedlots—but Chris means that cattle in the mountains at the end of summer will move in the direction of the valley ranches to which they belong, will sort themselves out with a homing instinct. They are rounded up as well, "gathered off the range," and then the calves are shipped. "This country here is cow/calf country. People don't put up enough feed for calves, so they sell them before winter." Every shipment must be certified in person by the district brand inspector, or by a deputy. Chris's district is, for the most part, White Pine, Nye, and Lincoln Counties, and covers an area about the size of New York State. When Chris says that cattle are headed "back east," he usually means Colorado, or something close to Colorado. As it happens, he has never been farther east than that.

A calf is worth about a dollar a pound. "Every one of those calves is like a three-hundred-dollar bill sitting there," he says as—slowly descending—we pass more cow/calf pairs. Chris has found "strays" in southern Nye County that belong in Elko County. In other words, they strayed two hundred miles. "I think they had some help," he says gently. "Mistakes do happen." In White Pine County he has found "strays" from Roosevelt, Utah—two hundred and fifty miles measured with a string.

Stare as I will at the cattle, I have to ask him what the brands are. I'm not just suggesting that the brands are unfamil-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLIE WYETH FOX

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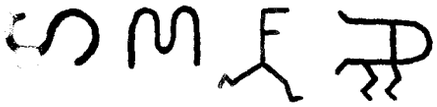
iar. I'm saying that I can't even see them. Of course, I may be looking at the wrong side. Or I may be studying the shoulder when the brand is on the hip. But by and large I see only a few disjunct lines, not whole letters and whole numbers and geometric forms. I could not tell a Lazy S from a Rolling M if my life depended on it, or a Running F from a Lazy Walking A.



I see instead what appear to be old foundations under sod. "It's getting a little cooler now," he says tactfully. "They're beginning to hair up."

With the smallest touch of frustration, I ask him, "Do *you* see the brand on that one?"

"Yes."

His characteristic "Yes" is firm but slow. It has a lazy, lingering Y.

"What is the brand?"

"H Bar," he says. "Real low behind the shoulder. See it?"

"No."

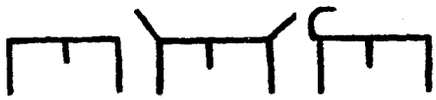
Brands are like fish in a river—visible to the accomplished eye. As a matter of fact, I'm no good at seeing fish, either. Fly rod in hand, I have stood in paralytic outrage while someone shouted, "There! Right there! Don't you see them? Here they come! They're right beside you!" If these Angus cattle had my middle name on them, I wouldn't know it.

Brands will show best in raking light. "Sunshine is the brand inspector's best friend, and sometimes a shadow," Chris remarks.

Shirley Robison, his predecessor, now retired, has told me, "You can run cattle through just almost as fast as they can go, if you got the sun with you, you know, and if you're an experienced brand inspector. A lot of people can't see irons." It helps to be a tracker. Both Shirley and Chris can look at desiccated ground and note that a light sprinkling of rain fell on it for a few minutes two days before. "How would you know if you weren't raised to know that?" Shirley said. If you can learn to see a vanished rain shower, you can learn to see brands.

"My job is to make sure that neighbors don't ship other neighbors' cattle," Chris is saying. "But, if all a rancher does is put his iron on his neighbor's slick calf, intent is hard to prove. He'll just say it was a mistake." After a time, he adds, "I shouldn't know anybody's cattle better than they know their own. If you've got a cow that doesn't belong to you, it sticks out like a sore thumb."

Especially if it's slick—unbranded. A young unmarked animal is also known as an oreana, a maverick, a long-eared calf. If you find someone else's oreana mixed in with your cattle, you might be tempted to put your own iron on it—you might be tempted just to pocket that three-hundred-dollar bill. Slick bull calves and slick heifers aren't just everywhere, though, and a truly dedicated thief will need to alter existing brands. One does not have to be a Viennese forger to see that a Lazy E could become a Lazy Spiked E or a Lazy Right Up JM Combined.



Not that anyone with those brands would ever think of such a thing. I am merely offering some random possibilities as a result of a browse through the brand book. Routinely, the Livestock Identification Bureau, in Reno, sends Chris drawings of newly approved brands that are not yet in the book. His responsibility is to make sure that neighbors' brands are not similar. Once, for example, Reno sent him a Five Eight Combined.

An established brand on a ranch near the applicant's was Bar S Combined.

"It don't take too much imagination . . ." Chris says, his voice trailing off. After hearing from Chris, the bureau told the applicant to think up another brand.

In a general way, and without accusation, he has worried about how easily a Quartercircle V could turn into a Quartercircle M or a Quartercircle Flying V Bar.

And without too much running iron a Four Box could even turn into an AG Combined.

"If it was burned heavy, the open part of the G would look like an ordinary blotch."

The running iron is the rustler's traditional tool. It might be just an iron ring, tied to the saddle, or a conventional four-foot poker. You build a fire and use it to doctor a brand. The business end of most running irons is a short simple line. It becomes a red-hot stylus for metamorphic sketching. The business end of some running irons is as broad and flat as a playing card. You use that to blot out what you can't change. Be warned, though: there is pentimento in the hide—a history readable from within. Shirley Robison explained, "You take the critter and kill it, and have the hide tanned, and turn it over, and on the flesh side every iron shows just as plain as can be. Anyone can see where it's been altered or blotched."

In California some years ago, rustlers went off with three eighteen-wheelers full of cattle—a hundred-and-twenty-thousand-dollar robbery. Few people rustle cattle on that scale in Nevada, but to steal as much as one wet-nose calf is grand larceny. People with gooseneck trailers sometimes shoot cattle, speed-winch them into the trailers, and butcher them on the spot. The brand inspector is authorized to make arrests, but in country this size there's not much he can do to catch the butchers in the act. He has some help from the Secret Witness Program. A secret witness gets fifteen hundred dollars for information leading to the arrest and conviction of cattle rustlers.

There's a maxim in Nevada: "You don't ever eat your own beef." In other words, you steal it. You burn the hide. A variant is "You have to go to a neighbor's to taste your own beef." At a wedding, the host will thank his neighbors for supplying the beef.

A short Nevada chorus:

"You don't never eat your own beef."

"No one eats their own beef."

"Old Bob, he was a nice fellow to be around, but he liked to borrow the other guy's cow and eat his meat instead of his own."

The road follows a dry creek bed

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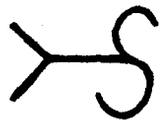
down toward the valley. The cattle we pass have split left ears and bell wattles—"marking" cuts, made during branding. They belong to a family named Eldridge, whose deeded land and range allotments include the mountains and the valley. With any change of ownership, cattle acquire an additional brand, and in the course of being sold by one rancher to another or to brokers who hold them on feedlots they come to look like living brand books, like vans covered with stickers.

"There are cattle that pack six irons."

If cattle run on a reservation, they have to carry the tribal iron with all the others—for example, the Duckwater Shoshone's Lazy Left YS Connected.



Not all brands are letters or numbers. You will see a range cow branded with a ladder, a leaf, a mitten, a mountain, a Boeing, a bow tie, or a fissioning bomb. In Minden, Nevada, the Hellwinkels' brand is COD. In Austin, Nevada, the Saraleguis' brand is COW.

As a calling, brand inspection derives from the gunfighters who were hired by the old cattlemen to protect their stock; and the detectives who were employed by livestock associations after the associations were formed, in the nineteenth century; and even the rustlers who were hired to prevent rustling. There is a little of all that in brand inspecting to this day. For the most part, the brand inspector is like a teacher taking frequent attendance in school. Much more is prevented than punished. If cattle are moved out of district or out of state, he is on hand to see each animal before it goes—even if ranchers are just trucking their own cattle between summer range and winter range, as many do. If cattle are changing ownership, the brand inspector certifies the change. When they are on their way to a sales yard, a feedlot, or a slaughterhouse, he is on hand to see them off. Otherwise, he rides around calling on people, or just punctuating the mountains and valleys with the white vehicle—making himself visible to as great an extent as possible. Where he is most visible, there is not much theft. There is not much theft within a hundred miles of his home, in Ely. He has thirteen part-time deputies. The Livestock Identification Bureau pays for itself. If the brand inspector inspects ten head, he collects six dollars; a thousand head, six hundred dollars. At all times of year, ranchers know, and are reassured to know, that he knows whose cattle are where, when they are moving, and when they should be moving. If he needs to, he will travel five hundred miles in one day to inspect them, getting up at 3 A.M. to be at a corral at daylight. There's only one auction yard in the state of Nevada. He goes to cattle gathered off the range.

Flouting the brand inspector is only a misdemeanor unless it hides a larger crime. When uninspected cattle were shipped to California one time and Chris learned of it, he drove five hundred miles, to Bakersfield, just to make sure that a major heist had not been pulled. In a feedlot there, he found a hundred Nevada cattle eating culled carrots but only a single cow that the shipper did not own. One night in Diamond Valley when Shirley Robison was brand inspector, people on horseback rounded up about a hundred cattle and put them in a remote corral, and then loaded them into two trucks, undetected. Shirley felt he had reason to believe that the trucks went to Gonzales, California—to the feedlot known as Fat City, where pens held a hundred thousand cattle. Gonzales was even farther than Bakersfield. Shirley went there and, in a steady rainstorm, waded from pen to pen up to his knees in wet manure. The rustled cattle weren't there.

Chris once went to Hyrum, Utah—more than three hundred miles—in pursuit of a single animal, a heifer with Frankie Delmue's V Bar V Connected.

He found her.

About one animal in twenty that he inspects is a horse. He uses the overhead blue and red lights when he stops trucks to ask to see certificates of inspection. Like many law-enforcement officers, he has had to put in a great many hours in court. "Defendants, they're never on trial," he says. "You're damned near naked up there on the witness stand."

Down at roughly sixty-five hundred feet, we move out onto a low alluvial fan and into Spring Valley. Far to our left, its flat horizon is flanked with mountains. Directly across the basin are mountains touching twelve thousand feet. Far to our right is a flat horizon flanked with mountains. This immense silent linear basin has a few clustered trees in it, tens of miles apart. The trees are exotic, introduced. Where you see a tree, there is something human underneath: the locus of the isolated lights you see in the basin at night. We come to an asphalt road—another pickup, headed south. We stop, get out. The other pickup stops, the driver joins us, and we talk there in the road, indefinitely. Chris introduces him as Gordon Eldridge. He is a rancher, and he runs his cattle on something like two hundred and fifty thousand acres. "It's as much as you can see," he says, in answer to a question and with an absence of grandeur or grandiosity. A typical ranch in these valleys will have as little as a hundred and sixty or as much as eight thousand acres of deeded, patented land, and the rest in allotments on federal range. Gordon Eldridge, cordially answering more questions, tells me that he has about three hundred and thirty cow/calf pairs in the Snake Range and four hundred in the Schell Creeks. He'll have them all in the valley for the winter. Unlike many others, he has springs and meadows and plenty of hay, and can afford to keep them on.

He wears a red visored cap, a blue canvas shirt, Levi's, and boots with wide low heels. He has been working nonstop, and his clothes are soiled from hat to shoes. One could say that he looks a great deal more like a mechanic than like a cowboy, except that a clear majority of cowboys here resemble mechanics. He is burly, and handsome in a large way: large lips, a thick face, alert eyes. He is about fifty and has an artificial leg. A horse fell on him in the mountains. He spent the night there freezing. He could easily have died.

His children's high school is sixty miles away.

Is there a problem about thievery in this valley?

"Oh, yes," he says. "If a cow comes up short a calf, there are several possibilities: a mountain lion got it, or it died some other way, or people got it. You see

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crows flying. A magpie. One year, we were short ten calves. We find most of the ones that die. I know when people are operating, coming through the country. This isn't my first rodeo."

He looked around for a while, called attention to a dead fox in the road, and then said, "The brand inspectors just keep the people straight. Without them, people would be hauling cattle back and forth and we wouldn't know what they're doing. If you didn't have them, everybody—lots of people—would be stealing cattle for a living. They keep people honest, just knowing they're in the country. We've always thought it was good for the country."

Other ranchers, in other valleys, amplify the sentiment. For example, Norman Sharp, in Railroad Valley: "What if *what*? No brand inspector? There'd be a lot of dead bodies."

Chet Johnson, in White River Valley: "It'd be a disaster. Oh, shit, it'd just be a free-for-all. Cattle rustling is an occupational hazard. I'm surrounded with thieves."

• •

I was spending a day with Shirley Robison, the retired brand inspector, when, in the following manner, I met Chet Johnson. In my rented Utah blue Chevy, Shirley and I were humming south on a paved road in White River Valley, under the Egan Range. A G.M.C. pickup, coming north and also moving rapidly, shot past us. Shirley said, "That's Chet Johnson. Turn around and turn on your lights." I slowed, braked, and spun around. By now, the pickup was about half a mile up the road. I switched on the lights. Immediately, the pickup pulled over. The driver, seeing a car in his valley, had been watching it. "That's ranch country!" Shirley said. "That's ranch country. You see, that's the way things work here." By the time we had closed the distance and stopped behind the pickup, Johnson was leaning his back against it, waiting. He was a tall, compelling man wearing a copper bracelet, black boots, Levi's, a small and conventional belt buckle, a brown canvas shirt, and a white cowboy hat. A longhorn Brahma bull had once hit a horse right out from under him and killed the horse. When he used the word "surrounded"—as in "surrounded with thieves"—the word had less immediacy than it would have in most contexts. His place ran about sixty miles this way and forty miles that. He said it was "damned hard to patrol." He said, "People just drive your cows on their place and brand 'em, even if they're branded already. There's not a hell of a lot you can do. Brand inspectors keep it down. Some people need a lot of watchin', even with a good brand inspector. Without the brand inspector, we'd have to go back to the eighteen-hundreds and start hangin' 'em. In fact, it's so hard to prosecute 'em we need to go back to that hangin'."

Shirley Robison, who had seen his share of mountain lions, coyotes, and defense lawyers, said, "That hangin'—we should go back to that. String 'em to the first tree."

Leaning against the pickup, I was looking due west, fifteen miles across the valley. There was no first tree.

In the great treeless valleys, pickups, with their wakes of dust, stand out like speedboats. "When you have five cows get away and come home with fresh brands on them, you have no idea how many went to Colorado," Johnson said. "There's somebody pecking at them all the time, and if you see a dust out there you go and check it out. Something's going on all the time."

Now Gordon Eldridge, in Spring Valley, reaches into a shirt pocket and removes a small ledger containing the license numbers and the makes of unknown vehicles that he has seen in the valley since who knows when. In these two hundred and fifty thousand acres, vehicles are so infrequent that he has no difficulty being thorough. "We can't watch our cattle, so we watch the people," he says. "We track the people. My dad taught me to track a coyote across the highway; it don't leave much print." He tracks lions, too. "A lion can tear a horse's shoulder off. Lions kill a lot of mustangs. They kill those big old four-point bucks. They wait in the narrows of the canyons. Coyotes kill both calves and sheep. We were lambing sheep over there in those hills one time, and coyotes were killing lambs every night. One coyote was carrying the lambs seventeen

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miles to its den. My dad tracked 'im. He found all kinds of legs there. They don't eat the legs. Dad tracked 'im seventeen miles on horseback." Gordon returns the book to his pocket, remarking that the motives and motions of people are a good deal less difficult to follow than the tracks of lions and coyotes. "There was a gold swindler in the valley, looking for investors, and he told us that he got gold in a cave in the Snake Range. People can't come out here and fool us. We're crusty old buggers."

Twenty-five miles down the valley, in late slanting light, Chris turns in at Lonne Gubler's Cleveland Ranch, where Cleve Creek comes out of the mountains and productively waters the basin. There are, in addition, so many springs and so much meadow that cattle can remain here eleven months a year. Over the wide valley they look like chocolate bugs. A while ago, the brand inspector caught Gubler transporting uninspected calves and gave him a citation that resulted in a hundred-and-fifty-dollar fine. This in no way chills the brand inspector's welcome as he greets ranch hands, opens and closes gates, and bumps on out into the middle of the basin to put us among a thousand calves and cows. He is inspecting nothing. He is just visiting the cattle. Leaving the pickup, he walks about a hundred yards, and they skittishly run away from him, alert and fearful, wise to his kind. They could not care less that he's a brand inspector, but from animals that look like him almost all of them have felt the burn of brands.

They run in groups. They run alone. They run away. But then Chris lies down on his back, and, taking his cue, I sit on the ground near him. He raises one leg in the air. All the cattle turn their heads and stop in their tracks. They watch. They are not threatened. A sudden switch from fear to curiosity has taken place in their cavernous bicameral minds. The brand inspector is now lying on his side, propped on one elbow, maintaining the leg semaphore. Cattle move some steps toward him. More join in. More. Dozens more. A hundred. They have formed a great semicircle with him as gnomon. You can read the hour in the shadow of his leg: 5 P.M. Angus, Angus-Hereford crosses, Brangus, Charolais, Simbrah—about once a minute, they take another step forward, virtually in unison. The semicircle curls around until it is nearly a full circle of yearling heifers, flank to flank and head by head, benignly staring. "It takes two years to get a calf out of them," Chris remarks in a soft voice.

"How long will they last?"

"Until their teeth break. You'll see their teeth breaking pretty good at least by ten. Few cows are over twelve here."

He reels in his foot and assumes a cross-legged sitting position. Some very big cottonwoods stand nearby. Wheeler Peak, twenty miles away, looms above this scene with the imminence of the trees. We are almost exactly a mile above

PASSION

The passion of mourning I entered maturity with
was sullen, erotic, and atheist.

"So he hasn't written? Just as well,"
my mother said. Without knowing him, she could tell.

She liked to play the malign goddess,
whipping up adverse storms and thwarting Zeus,

but a third of the earth was burned,
a third of mankind murdered,

a third of the sea turned to blood—
what did she have to work on, or complain of,

but her glimpse of a single longed for thing
that might not want to be longed for, with my longing

vaster always than explanation.
When the truth came quietly into a crowded room

months later, it couldn't be hailed or cried out for,
its features being already far too familiar—

and the demobbed man who gave me the news
only looked at me kindly, and was incurious.

I said at home: "I heard he was killed."
My mother barely paused. "Perhaps it's just as well."

"But only twenty-eight, and after five years of war,
accidentally killed? That's not unfair?

He was one of the finest, one of the best.
Everyone said. Don't you think it's a waste?"

That was the absolute history I thought might
persuade her, but a history she wouldn't admit.

So then I left her, unacknowledged,
and in private clung to my rags,

his bird-wing smile and enchanting air of belief
in me—too soon at odds with grief.

—MAIRI MACINNES

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sea level, and Wheeler Peak is a mile and a half higher than we are. Wheeler Peak and numerous summits elsewhere in this state are not much lower than the highest mountains of Colorado and California—hardly the picture that outlanders see when they imagine Nevada.

I remark, "These animals look well fed, healthy, and expensive."

He says, "Fat is the prettiest color in the cattle business."

Out in the flats, coyotes are wailing like theft alarms.

The cattle, silent, show no interest in the sound of coyotes. All take another step forward. The circle tightens. And still another step. It closes. In their curiosity, they have built around two human beings a beef corral. They occlude the falling sun and study us through twilight. As my gaze slowly moves among these candid faces, these guileless open nonjudgmental faces—from one frank stare to the next—I see behind them future shoes. These are the faces of big spotted owls, of snail darters and three-spined sticklebacks. These are, to a fare-thee-well, endangered specimens. In their soft, tanned appearance you can see the belts and briefcases. There is chewing gum in a cow, soft cartilage for plastic surgery, floor waxes, glues, piano keys. There are detergents, deodorants, crayons, paint, shaving cream, shoe cream, pocket combs, textiles, antifreeze, film, blood plasma, bone marrow, insulin, wallpaper, linoleum, cellophane, and Sheetrock.

The sun is behind the mountains. We stand up to leave. They scatter like fish.

SOME days later, and soon after school, Chris stops off at home to pick up his wife, his children, and his horses and take them to do branding at a ranch in Duck Creek Valley. The horses are Luke and Fuzzhead, sorrel geldings. They are in a pasture of about four acres beside the house and barn, on the outskirts of Ely. Neither Luke nor Fuzzhead wants anything to do with the ranch in Duck Creek Valley. They elude capture. From fence to fence they gallop, manes streaming. As Chris runs after them, they stay out of the corners. They know what they're doing. They are expressing themselves with regard to the work ethic. Christopher Collis, aged ten, crewcut, removes his spurs, hands them to his mother, and runs into the pasture to assist his father. The two of them close in on the horses. The horses slip away, and run a hundred yards. A cool wind is blowing through this scene with valley and mountains behind it. Steptoe Valley. Camel Peak, of the Duck Creek Range. A new G.M.C. pickup and gooseneck trailer stand by, empty. The trailer's neck arches into the back of the pickup and attaches to the floor of the bed. There's a basketball hoop, exactly ten feet high. A dish antenna. Two bleating lambs. Karen Collis, with the spurs in her hand, looks patient. Her father is Gracian Uhalde, who trails five thousand sheep a hundred miles, from Steptoe Valley to Garden Valley, between summer range and winter range, twice a year. Her grandfather was a Basque from the French Pyrenees. Five feet tall and trim as a wand, she keeps her hair short and has small diamond studs in her ears. The new, metal barn has four stalls and a large space containing a Buick, a Chevy pickup, and a Cadillac El Dorado, which have a combined age of fifty-nine years. The house, one story, has a wide carport running all the way down one long side. It shelters firewood. Inside, there's a stone bearing wall and a big stove and a framed sampler: "Ewe's Welcome." Inside also are Gerry, aged nine, and Eleni, six. When their mother calls, they come tumbling out, Eleni in pink leggings, Gerry in a cap that says "ROPER." The horses have been bought off with a bucket of grain, time to go.

Twelve miles up Steptoe Valley is McGill, where Chris was born—a Kennecott company town. The copper smelter is gone now, completely disassembled. His family rig—an extended-cab pickup and horse trailer—rolls up Fourth Street, the principal thoroughfare. On the uphill side of Fourth, the uniform houses are somewhat larger than the houses on the ground that dips toward the center of the valley. The house he grew up in was on the lower side, in a neighborhood known as Greek Town, which was near Austrian Town, with a buffer of Mexicans between. "Then all the white people lived above Fourth Street," he remarks, "white" apparently

"I appreciate your calling, but I'm not interested in purchasing Chinese food at this time."

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meaning comparatively well-to-do. His late father worked in the accounting office. Chris seems to have nothing but nostalgia for the beneficial Kennecott. He went to high school in Ely and college in Reno, where he studied animal science at the University of Nevada. He was teaching at the university and working toward a master's degree when, on Shirley Robison's retirement, he came home to be the brand inspector.

North of McGill, Steptoe Valley broadens, and, between its lateral ranges, goes so far beyond sight that we seem to be heading for open sea. Before long, though, we take a right, and climb over the Duck Creeks to a narrow mountain valley above seven thousand feet. This is where Chris has sixty-seven head of cattle, in rented pasture, on a ranch still owned by Kennecott. He took out a bank loan earlier in the year and bought the cattle, for the purpose of producing calves and gradually accumulating enough money to educate his children. The children are here to work, too, and in that sense will be self-educated. Ten-year-old Christopher, in his camouflage cap and Tonopah Test Range T-shirt, buckles on his spurs, mounts Fuzzhead, a big horse, and rides off to the north. His father—who calls him "pard" and "pardner"—follows on Luke. Watching them with mild interest is a six-point elk. The elk moves on. Christopher and his father round up forty-four head while his mother walks the pasture as a third party in the shaping of motion. Gerry waits. I wait. Six-year-old Eleni, in her pink leggings and matching top, waits. She sits on the high rail of a small circular corral. There is a large adjacent holding corral—a rectangular pen—and her brother, father, and mother are attempting to influence the cattle in its direction.

Cattle are indeed like fish in the way they school and spook. To move them from place to place is to use to advantage their reliable desire to get away from human beings, which is derived from instinct, enhanced by conditioned response, and informed by common sense. A bit of stick, a little shout, they hurry by. They are also clever at slipping away, like basketball players: they move well to the left and the right; they reverse-pivot; they go back door. Eleni, on the corral fence, is playing electronic one-on-one basketball on a small machine in her hand: Michael Jordan versus Larry Bird. At White Pine County High School, her father played basketball, in the backcourt. When White Pine played Rancho High in North Las Vegas, two hundred and eighty-one miles away, he was matched up man-to-man with Lionel Hollins, who went on to play for Arizona State and then for the Portland Trail Blazers and the Philadelphia 76ers and other N.B.A. teams. When White Pine played Clark High School in Las Vegas, Chris was assigned to Willie Smith, who later played for the University of Missouri and for Portland and Cleveland in the N.B.A. At the University of Nevada, Chris went out for the rodeo team and became a varsity roper.

The forty-four cattle move to the holding corral as their other options are sequentially eliminated. Lacking romals (four-foot flexible rawhide whips), Chris and Christopher snap at the cattle with the ends of their coiled nylon ropes. The ropes are forty-five feet long and thirty-five feet long, and are made of braided nylon scarcely thicker than a quarter inch. ("You want a small fast rope.") Into the smaller, tight corral they drive the cow/calf pairs, until the space is jammed with cattle. Then, riding among them, the two swiftly cut out and drive out most of the cows, leaving in the small corral a huddle that is mainly calves. Karen closes the gate. Christopher "throws a loop to catch a critter." He misses. His dad throws a loop to catch a critter. He misses. Christopher has been on horseback for seven years and has been working much of that time. His siblings, too, have been in the saddle from the age of three. Christopher, serious and competent, who rounds up wild horses on the open range, and rounds up cattle and brings them to corrals, and throws his loops, and dallies his rope, and helps to brand, and does all the rest of it, is nevertheless ten years old, a child still, a fifth grader, and at home he plays with toys. They are ranch toys—little loading chutes, and miniature trucks, and polyethylene corrals, and plastic calves—and he finds no end of absorption in them, and will play with them hour after hour, until it's time for bed, or time for homework, or time to go off to some real valley, mount a real horse, and do the real thing. He freelances. At a ranch a hundred miles from Ely, he rode roundup for the Fallinis this year. Gratefully, they gave him those two lambs he has at home, and a Hereford calf. Gerry and Eleni are not much interested in ranch toys.

In the tight corral with the bunched calves, Chris and Christopher are throwing traps so fast that they become in my scribbled notes C-1 and C-2:

> C-2, roping, misses. C-1, roping, misses. C-2 gets bull calf in one leg, loses him, drops rope. C-1 misses. Mom coils C-2's rope. C-1 ropes two legs, but loses him or her. C-1 ropes a calf, yells to wife, "Get on him!" Before Karen can get on him, the calf gets away. C-1 misses again. C-2 misses. C-1 ropes a calf by both hind legs. Mom is on her. Calf bawling. Eleni crying. Mom sits on head. Charolais heifer, stretched out. Eyes bulging. C-1 dismounts. Gerry, 9, gets on dad's horse, holds rope taut to calf. C-1 gets vaccination gun, injects calf for blackleg, malignant edema, overeating disease, and red water. Mom is kneeling on calf, holding its leg. Mom is a surgical nurse. She works in the O.R. at William Bee Ririe Hospital, Ely.

Chris is apologetic: "We mainly do this in the spring. We're kind of rusty." Most calves are branded just after they are gathered off the winter range. These slicks are the latecomers, the overlooked, the whatever. When you're heeling, or roping, you make a loop through the honda at the end of the rope, and swing it, and throw it. The thrown loop is called a trap.

"When I threw my trap on that first calf, I should have had him."

The trap is thrown between the front and the rear legs, with the loop standing. The calf in that instant walks over the bottom of the loop, and you draw it up. You dally the rope—make turns around the saddle horn. You can lose your fingers. Chris has a rope-burn scar on his thumb from last June. The rope went almost to the bone. The horse, turning, keeps the rope taut and drags the calf to the fire. At the fire, the horse turns again to face the calf, backing up to keep the line taut. Quick-eyed Gerry with the "ROPER" hat, up on Luke the horse.

The Collises' fire is propane, in a small ovenlike shield, and it is hissing beneath the branding stamps on the ends of the irons. The shafts of the irons fan out like sticks from a campfire. People who still use wood to heat irons haul the cedar, the piñon, the juniper from the mountains. There are immobilizing calf tables now, and hydraulic squeeze chutes, wherein the calf becomes the filling of a steel-bar sandwich and is hy-

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draulically rolled to the horizontal to be stencilled with a hot electric iron. Wood and propane tend not to supply uniform heat. "An electric iron gives you a consistent type of iron," Chris says. But in Nevada the predominant method is still to "rope 'em and drag 'em to the fire."

A stamp brand with scupper holes will tend to make a neat impression—like, for example, old John Ansola-' there's Lazy E Over P.

The scupper holes are a way to avoid making what Shirley Robison has called "a burnt gob on the side of a critter." When the brand, cherry red, goes on, the heat dissipates in the holes, but the holes fill in. "The better irons are simple irons," Chris says. "Some get awful fancy, but all they are is blotch. There's too much iron, too much heat." His and Karen's original brand tended to blotch. It was the Greek letter Psi.

Elegant as a chalice, it filled too often. So they registered a new and simpler brand.

"The brand is a cow's return address," Chris remarks. "That Quartercircle Standing Quartercircle can be put on by anyone. You don't want your brand to embarrass you."

While Gerry keeps the rope taut and his mom continues to kneel on the calf, his dad, on foot, takes an iron from the fire and causes a puff of smoke to rise from the calf's right hip. The two new marks appear. "That's how a fresh brand should look—buckskin color," Chris remarks, returning the iron to the fire. (A buckskin horse is a yellow horse.) Ever mindful not to touch the ground with the iron, he says, "Manure burns forever. You have to be careful." He opens a knife. The calf, which was bawling, is now staring wildly but is silent. Chris folds the right ear. Into the crease he cuts a semicircle, making a hole in the center of the ear. He moves the blade from the hole through the pink flesh to the point of the ear—a longitudinal slit—as if he were cutting fruit. In the tip of the other ear he makes a notch. These are the family's registered earmarks. Earmarking is restrained by a Nevada statute: "It shall be unlawful for any owner . . . to use an earmark which involves the removal of more than one-half of the ear . . . or which brings the ear to a point by removing both edges."

Christopher ropes two heifers—a Saler cross and then a Hereford. His mom holds them, and his dad brands them.

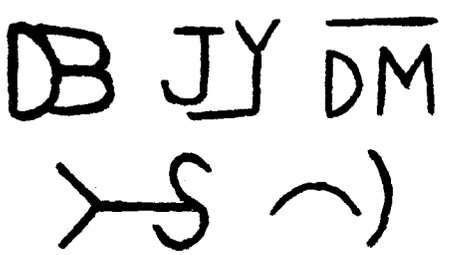
Dad sails his loop to the ground, and leaves it there for a long count, lying flat, as another Hereford heifer walks over it. He jerks the line upward and the loop closes around the hind legs. This is known as "fishing it on the calf." Mom falls on the calf's neck. The calf is bawling, branded.

Calf No. 5 is a Saler-cross bull calf. C-2 ropes him on right rear leg, drops rope. Mom picks up rope, returns it to C-2. Dad dismounts. Gerry mounts Luke. Rope comes off leg. Calf fights free. New No. 5 is full-blood Saler bull calf, roped on one hind leg, screaming. Dad lifts him, flips him, marks his ears. He slices off the tip of the scrotum as if he were scissoring the tip of a cigar. He squeezes into the light the pearl-gray glistening ellipsoid oysters. He does not cut the cords but works them with the blade—scraping, shaving, thinning until they part. The process greatly reduces loss of blood. The calf's eyeballs, having rotated backward, are two-thirds white. Mom stands attentive with an aerosol can of screwworm-fly spray. She passes it to Dad. The spray emerges royal blue, and coats the scrotal wound. Antiseptic and fly repellent, it keeps maggots from hatching there.

"Who's going to eat the oysters?" Christopher says.

Calf No. 6 is also a bull. These are not young calves, and they are hard to hold. They weigh at least three hundred pounds. At last, this one is stretched out, bawling, tongue protruding far, eyeballs largely white. From the bunched animals across the corral a cow emerges, boldly approaches the people and the prostrate calf, and smells it. Identification positive. He is hers. She goes on snuffling him but does not become aggressive. "Some cows would try to hook or butt you," Chris remarks. Six-year-old Eleni, down from the fence, has put away Bird and Jordan, and, nurselike, close to the procedure, is holding the vaccination gun and the antiseptic spray. "Get behind him," her father tells her, accepting the vaccine. He tries to hand her the oysters. She says firmly, "I don't want 'em." Soon Gerry is carrying a cup of oysters. Hereabouts, they appear on menus as entrées. "They are real rich, like sweetbreads," Chris says. "You've probably had mountain oysters before. You cook them in a Dutch oven. You brown them in oil and garlic, and bake them. They are also called fries."

The cow is carrying five brands, including the DB Combined of Donald Dee Eldridge, the JY Bar Connected of Jerry Millett, the Bar Over DM of Denny Manzonie, the Lazy Left YS Connected of the Duckwater Shoshone, and the Collises' Quartercircles.



A few more calves, and the evening's work is done. The sun is down. Eleni is now on Luke. Her pink sneakers do not reach the stirrups. She just sits up there, a small inverted Y, in her pink-and-purple-flowered outfit, looking very miniature and very competent. With Christopher, she means to get the cattle moving back to pasture. To get them out of the corral, he wants to drive them counterclockwise, but she kick-starts her horse and moves them clockwise. She directs the drive through the pens to pasture. It's just a matter of hang time.

"It takes nine months to make a calf and eight to get it to four hundred pounds, and in another five months you can almost double that weight," Chris says. "You sell pounds." In three locations, he has an aggregate of a hundred and twenty-one cow/calf pairs, and before long he will have two hundred. A cow will give him a calf a year. ("If I have a cow and she's not pregnant, she's not going to the winter range.") That should cover some tuitions. It should help the team.

There's a coyote watching as the

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Collises leave the high valley. A new moon has come into the sky, a standing sliver, right off their brand.

WILL JAMES was convicted of cattle rustling in White Pine County. He was Québécois, and his real name was Dufault. He was better at concealing his personal identity than that of the stolen cattle. Only twenty-two, he was still an amateur writer and artist but already a seasoned cowboy. The year was 1914. Near Johns Wash Well, east of the Fortification Range, he and another rider, drifting south, came upon thirty-one head and recognized from the brands that the cattle had drifted, too, and were far from their home range. Hiding in hills and moving at night, James and the partner drove them into Utah, but, since nothing much moves in this country unobserved, James spent the next year and a half polishing his artistic talent behind bars.

In a conversation with Shirley Robison, the brand inspector emeritus, I learned that rustlers are cattle as well as people—a terminological knot. "Angus-Hereford crosses are very popular—they're good rustlers," Shirley said.

I said, "They are good *what?*"

"Rustlers. They're good at finding feed and trailing back and forth between the water and the feed in these long distances out on these alluvial benches and stuff. They'll get out and rustle. Those Angus cows will go clear back up in the hills here and then come back down to water. There is cattle that are worthless. You've got to get rid of 'em. They won't go out. They'll stand and half starve to death, and won't rustle for food."

We were travelling south, over ruts that were not quite road, on the Forest Moon Ranch, in White River Valley. He was revisiting the scene of the last major crime of his tenure (he retired in 1979). In the seventies, Hot Creek was the name of the Forest Moon. Its owner, John Gurley, hired a new foreman, named Ross Rytting. As any good foreman would, Rytting at once busied himself getting familiar with the ranch terrain—every wash, draw, arroyo, dip, and depression in country where a hundred miles is as far as the eye can see. His eye, evidently, was arrested particularly by the scant remains of a nineteenth-century homestead. Under cottonwoods and a dead apple, it was in a meander bend of

CENTENARY

HARRY WARREN

BY WILFRID SHEED

IT wouldn't do to make too much fuss over Harry Warren's centennial this month. Warren's defining, and only surviving, joke was his impenetrable anonymity—even his best friends hadn't heard of him, he claimed—and his dying and going to Heaven did absolutely nothing to change this situation. The theatrical version of "42nd Street," padded like Mae West with Warren songs, ran forever on Broadway, and it sold the songs, all right, but not the composer, and after another musical, "Harry Who?," had a serious fling in San Francisco, audiences were still asking.

The evidence suggests that by the time Warren rasped his last interview the joke had worn mighty thin. It really wasn't much of a joke to begin with. In the course of a seemingly endless prime, Harry Warren more than anyone else was responsible for the "sound" of the thirties, whether comic ("We're in the Money," "Shuffle Off to Buffalo"), semi-comic ("You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me," "Would You Like to Take a Walk?"), or straight romantic ("You're My Everything," "I Only Have Eyes for You"); but then he turned out to be exquisitely right for the band sound of the forties, too, with "I Had the Craziest Dream," "I Wish I Knew," "I've Got a Gal in Kalamazoo," and that loveliest of ballads "There Will Never Be Another You," among others. And, as if to prove he wasn't a man of just two decades, Warren also wrote a quintessential twenties standard, "I Love My Baby (My Baby Loves Me)," and a couple of jolly additions to the musical stew of the fifties, including "That's Amore," one of the rare melodic clues that Salvatore Guaragna (his baptismal name) ever gave to his cultural origins.

So what do you have to do to become famous around here? Never mind. Fortunately, the songs have proved a lot more memorable than their composer. "At Last" and "We're in the Money" can currently be heard in commercials, while not so long ago "About a Quarter to Nine" was being used to sell watches. A genius for melody crosses boundaries with ease, and if he had only sung his own songs, like Hoagy Carmichael, or blown his own horn, like Irving Berlin, or simply stayed in New York, as he pined to do, he wouldn't have needed a defining joke.

Unfortunately, all the musical work was in Hollywood, where his name was routinely buried in the no man's land between the actor's credits and the producer's, so, despite an output that outweighs the total folk music of most countries and would earn him a statue in many a small capital, Warren never made it past Franklin Pangborn, let alone Guy Kibbee, in the fame sweepstakes. Not that he was personally anonymous. Although fate and the studio system had surrounded him with the two possibly fattest lyricists in history, Al Dubin and Mack Gordon—so that he was always the smallest guy in the picture—you could always *hear* Warren, because he retained what I deduce to have been the voice and style of a New York cabdriver all through his fifty-year exile in Hollywood, in protest (what else?) against a town that kept *all* its writers anonymous.

O.K., so they say he also fired his publicity man for getting his name in the papers. Warren didn't help his legend a bit. Why should he have? Salvatore Guaragna was a proud man, a Calabrian, and where he came from your deeds were supposed to do the talking for you. So Hollywood was a funny place for him to fetch up, in several respects. He must surely have been the only songwriter out there who learned his music singing Bach and Palestrina in a church choir, and who thought Puccini was God. He was certainly the only one who wound up writing a complete Latin Mass. For his own amusement, of course. This being a Harry Warren story, the Church stopped using Latin around then. And when I mentioned his name to Gay Talese, the Italian-American historian, Talese had never heard of him. So celebrate quietly this month and enjoy the music. ♦

DRAWING BY EDWARD SOREL

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the Moon River—an expansively named little spring creek—a mile and a half downvalley from the ranch buildings and fifteen feet lower in elevation: in other words, from the point of view of the ranch, hidden from sight. The homesteaders had lived in a half dugout, snuggled into a small river terrace; and around the dugout, with flat rocks, Rytting quickly built a stone corral. That, at any rate, was Robison's reconstruction of events. He first saw the scene, of course, after the fact—saw the tracks, the treads, the manure, the corral, and a crude stone chute. A foreman who rustles should think in small numbers—think six at a time will never be missed. Six can bring as much as two thousand dollars. Six fill a gooseneck and do not need a large truck. A large truck coming into the valley at an odd time would attract only a little less attention than would the QE2 coming up the Moon River.

With the impressive new foreman in place, John and Mrs. Gurley went off on vacation. Scarce had the dust settled behind them when Rytting got into his pickup, drove down to the old homestead with a horse trailer, loaded six calves he had sequestered there, and headed for Utah. Heifers and steers, they were six months old. They had not travelled ten miles when someone in White River Valley saw the trailer, saw that it had cattle in it, wondered what that was all about, and telephoned the brand inspector to let him know. When Shirley tells the story, he relishes the irony that the Gurleys that evening had checked into Ely's Hotel Nevada—a saloon with beds, dating from the nineteen-twenties, with ancient brands all over a wall—and "if Gurley had looked out a window he could have seen his own calves going by in his own trailer." Up the long spare valleys with their far-spread lonely lights, Shirley tracked the cattle by telephone. Not for him the posse chase. There was method, though, in this relaxed approach to police work. Nevada is not a palimpsest of roads. A vehicle in motion in Nevada is like a ship on a set course. This one seemed to be going out of state, and that is where Shirley hoped to track it. He talked with a deputy brand inspector in Wendover (on the state line), and his instructions were simple: "Let him go."

Shirley had developed a preference for federal courts. "A little judge can be bought off," he will say. "A federal court, the politicians can't get at it." Never mind that "the U.S. Attorney wouldn't know a cow from a pig."

There was a regular livestock sale in Ogden. Ogden was more than a hundred and fifty miles from Wendover, but that was where the calves would be going. Shirley called the brand inspector there. "I told him to put the biggest padlock in Utah on those cattle, that they were stolen. And then I called the F.B.I. in Salt Lake. The F.B.I. said, 'We'll take over.' " Rytting, arraigned, was released on bail.

Three F.B.I. agents were assigned to the case—a ratio approximating one pound of agent per two pounds of beef. Shirley told me, "They confiscated the calves, loaded 'em up, and then one agent

LULLABY

Birth I gave you in a desert
not by chance,
for no king would ever hazard
its expanse.

Seeking you in it, I figure,
won't be wise
since its winter cold is bigger
than its size.

As you suck my breast, this vastness,
all this width,
feeds your gaze the human absence
it's filled with.

Grow accustomed to the desert
as to fate,
lest you find it omnipresent
much too late.

Some get toys, in piles and layers,
wrapped or bound.
You, my baby, have to play with
all the sand.

See that star, at terrifying
height, aglow?
Say, this void just helps it, eying
you below.

Grow accustomed to the desert.
Uniform
underfoot, for all it isn't,
it's most firm.

In it, fate rejects a phantom
faint or gross:
one can tell for miles a mountain
by a cross.

Paths one sees here are not really
human paths
but the centuries' which freely
through it pass.

Grow accustomed to the desert:
flesh is not—
as the speck would sigh, wind-pestered—
all you've got.

Keep this secret, child, for later.
That, I guess,
may just help you in a greater
emptiness.

Which is like this one, just everlasting; and
in it love for you shows where
it might end.

Grow accustomed to the desert
and the star
pouring down its incandescent
rays, which are

just a lamp to guide the treasured
child who's late,
lit by someone whom that desert
taught to wait.

—JOSEPH BRODSKY

(*Translated, from the Russian, by the author.*)

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drove the pickup and two agents followed—one in front, one in back. They didn't want that chain of evidence to be broke. Those calves were gone three days. They never did get out of the trailer."

At Shirley's request, Chet Johnson, whose place abutted Hot Creek Ranch, rode with some hands into Hot Creek grazings to search out and round up tight-bagged cows. Easily, they found the mothers, and took them to a Hot Creek corral. The ranch structures under old cottonwoods are neat in appearance, shaded, and cool. They stand in the morning shadow of a limestone butte capped with quartzite—freestanding in the basin, like a floating vessel, sheer, eight hundred feet high. Into this milieu came Shirley Robison with three F.B.I. men and six calves. He had connected with them in Ely. Shirley continues the story: "We undone those calves, and we put them in with the big-bag cows, and the agents had a movie camera, see, and we took movies of the whole thing: the calves matin' back up and suckin', you know. And a cow don't allow—a range cow, especially, don't allow—another calf around. We matched 'em all. We had 'em all suckin' within fifteen minutes. We made movies of each calf as it mothered up to its mother and started to suck."

Some time later, Shirley was the recipient of a threatening phone call from a man who did not identify himself, a man who had a voice like a tuba. He said, "You smart brand-inspector son of a bitch, you better pull off before you're in trouble."

Shirley said, "Who are you, Mister?"

The man said, "Look, you brand-inspector bastard. Pull your God-damned horns in before it's too late."

Shirley in his youth was a Golden Gloves boxer. One of six brothers, he grew up near the Sinks of Baker, in a basin so remote that his high school had two rooms, two teachers, and thirty students. He played basketball there, and the name of every player on the team was Robison. He always had his own boxing gloves, and wore out a pair a year. He learned to fight by fighting his brothers. Shirley—six feet, solid—has a trim trapezoidal mustache, a squarish handsome face, and hair enough on either arm to cover anyone's head. Holding his telephone, he felt some of the hair move, and he said to the caller, "You cowardly dog! You come to my face and say that. Let me know who you are. You're a coward."

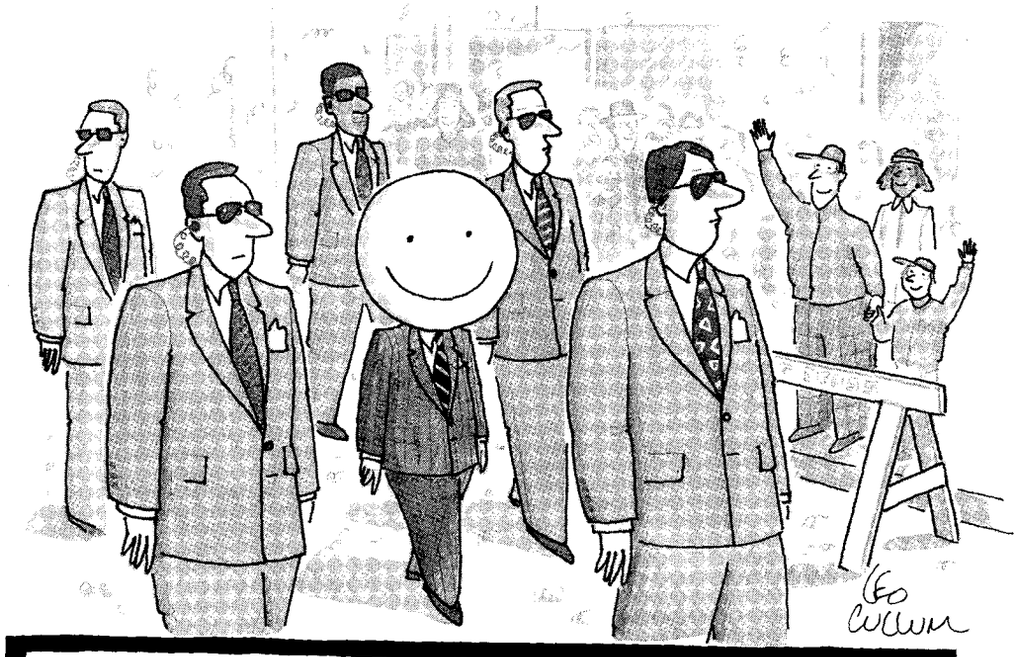
"It could have been anybody," Shirley says, telling the story.

Several months went by before the federal court in Reno heard the case of the Hot Creek cattle. When Ross Rytting took the stand, Shirley was looking at Rytting for the first time ever, and he lied like a tuba. But Shirley had what it took to put him away. "He got four years. Which isn't enough. They used to hang 'em, you know."

SHIRLEY was not often able to chase down a rustler by telephone. He had to get up in the ranges and out in the basins—far from Ely, his home and base as brand inspector, far from much of anything—to gather his evidence and, when necessary, capture cattle-rustling women and men. Being far from Ely was, after all, his birthright geography. When his family said that something was "in town," they meant Ely. It was sixty miles away. "I bought my clothes by mail order from National Bellas Hess, Montgomery Ward, and Sears. I never went to Ely until I was a grown kid. You betcha. My granddad came into this country, alone, in 1873, when he was thirteen."

Shirley's most complicated case involved a woman and two men who were thought to be preying on the cattle of the brothers Sharp. The Sharps lived in Railroad Valley, in Nye County, a long distance from a telephone, and a much longer distance from the nearest railroad, there never having been one anywhere near Railroad Valley. The Sharps were "good boys," in Shirley's view. "Good old country boys. Very economical ranchers. Don't spend anything." One of the things they didn't spend was a great deal of time keeping track of their cattle—patrolling their ranchlands and range allotments, which were comparable in size to a modest sea. And so—over two or three years—the clandestine rustlers were able to take something on the order of twelve hundred head. "That's how they made their living. They just about had the Sharp brothers flat on their back."

When Shirley's help was finally sought, he was before long inconvenienced to discern that there seemed to be a couple of masterminds behind the rustling operation, for he thought that one of the masterminds was the head of what is now the Livestock Identification Bureau, in Reno, while the other was



THE RETURN OF GUARDED OPTIMISM

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John Casey. "The worst two words you can say in the state of Nevada are John Casey," Shirley remarked one day while we were driving toward Baker with his wife, Marge. "You betcha. Those are the two nastiest words you can say to any rancher. John's still alive. They had him on TV, and made a special thing about thieves here, a while back, and he looked just like a rattlesnake, slippery as an eel."

Marge said, "He's not to be trusted."

Shirley was not overwhelmed by the fact that his boss might be implicated. You can't judge a crook by his cover. The first rustler that Shirley ever caught had been someone he grew up with. There is an intimacy in Nevada in inverse proportion to the great open space. You betcha, he was undeterred—just cramped somewhat—but he sent word up an ancillary grapevine to Governor Paul Laxalt, in Carson City, who sent a plane to fetch him (Nevada One) and flew in District Brand Inspector Arshal Lee, from Lincoln County, as well. Laxalt told them that they were now reporting to him and to "go and get the job done."

They narrowed their attention to a spring creek in the mountains at the nose of the Quinn Canyon Range. There was an abandoned ranch—the old Bardoli place—and the rustlers were believed to be there. Across the mountains to the east was Garden Valley, into which came a wash called Cherry Creek. Up Cherry Canyon, at a place called Adaven, they began their careful and stalking approach. (Adaven—its population long since zero—had been named by somebody who figured out what that spelled backward.) Above seven thousand feet, they stashed the state pickup behind Cherry Creek Summit, and proceeded on foot down the Ox Spring Wash and nearly a mile past Burnt Canyon. They stopped where they could look down a west-facing slope half a mile to a small corral. The spring creek was there, and—two hundred yards from the corral—"a shacky frame house, little more than a cabin." They saw a watchful gaggle of domestic geese; they saw dogs. They waited. Day after day, they waited. They camped in Sawmill Canyon, on the far side of the crest of the range, and returned each morning, six miles, in the same manner. They could work only in daylight. They would have to see the brands. At last, a small truck appeared, carrying cattle, and followed by a pair of riders. Two men. The driver of the truck was a woman. They left the cattle in the corral and went to the house.

Shirley went down to read the brands. He walked, crawled, and slid the half mile. He used cedars and piñons for cover, completely conscious that he could be killed if discovered. Where he had to cross open ground, as he did most of the way, he lay on his back and inched downhill.

"If I tried to get on my hands and knees, there'd be too much of me exposed. I stayed as low as I could into the brush."

Nearing the corral, he managed not to arouse the dogs, and he skirted the pit-bull geese. But the rustlers also kept a flock of sentinel pigeons.

"And I got past the dogs and I got past the geese—they were away from me now, they were a hundred and fifty yards over here, but a dog can usually pick you up, you know, and so can a goose—but the damned pigeons spotted me, and they dive-bombed me. They'd come right down over me. And I figured they'd give me away. But I finally got in back of the corral and got out of sight, really, until things settled down and they flew on away."

Looking through the corral fence, he saw three long-eared calves, three Hereford cows, and two brands.

Both the Cross L Combined and the Quartercircle Lazy E were registered under the names of Norman and Gerald Sharp.

You can't read a brand on the far side of a cow, and the uncoöperative cows just stood there presenting their unbranded sides.

"You have to wait for 'em to turn around. I would flip rocks in so I didn't make much movement, you know, so anyone would see me; I would flip rocks in so I could get 'em to turn around till I could read the brands, see?"

Creeping, sliding, hiding his way uphill, Shirley retreated.

Later, he and Arshal watched the rustlers take the cows away, leaving the calves. They took the cows to a field. Shirley and Arshal approached on foot, and hid near the field behind trees.

"Those guys . . . We were down so damned close. We got down onto 'em close enough to hear 'em fart."

They were hearing Barney Simpson and John Casey, Jr.

Casey and Simpson had a .22 pistol and used it on the brains of the cows. At the firecracker ping of the first shot, numerous pigs, appearing out of nowhere, came running.

"Bang—they'd shoot 'em in the head. And, when they banged, pigs of all sizes—from big old mature sows to little bitty pigs—come ascreamin' and asquealin'. If there was one, there was sixty. They knew they were going to get fed. And we sit there and watched Barney Simpson and John Casey, Jr., and they used big knives and would slice on the shanks and the belly and open everything up so the pigs could get right in. The pigs ate it all but the paunch. I mean, we're that close enough to watch this. I mean, we're right against them, see? They didn't see us. We made damned sure they didn't. If they'd have known we were there, they'd have cut us up and fed us to the pigs. We'd have just been skull out there, rolling around with the pigs. They were unkind people. They were giggling. They were proud of what they were doing. They were fe[illegible]in' those pigs off'n the cows and stealin' the long-eared calves, see? And they were pretty slick at it, I'll tell you. But they have no godliness. They have no godliness."

Not far from this scene, a week or so before, Shirley had discovered a burning ghat for bones. "I mean, big stacks of burned bones, as deep as my arm. They were all sawed up." The rustlers were cutting the brands out of the cowhides and burning the brands as well. He also discovered that they were taking the calves to a secret corral in White River Valley, where the calves were fattened to ready them for market. When the brand inspectors found the corral, it contained fifty-three long-eared Hereford calves.

At dawn on the ninth day, weapons in hand, they returned to the mountain ranch to make the arrest.

"We knew John Casey, Jr., was there—him and his wife, Alice, and this other guy. We found the woman. She come out and done everything but spit in my face. We found the other man—Barney Simpson. We couldn't find John Casey, Jr."

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Shirley "took tracks." He went around the house "trying to cut his tracks, anywhere." No tracks. He made a wider circle around the house. No tracks.

"I made three circles, trying to pick up a track where he'd got out of there. He didn't get out of there. We knew he was there. We got back in and lifted up a trapdoor and found him under the floor. He wasn't armed. Barney Simpson had a gun, laying on a little nightstand there, a little stool. He reached for it. I said, 'You will die if you grab that gun.'"

Simpson elected not to die, and the two men were removed to Nye County Jail. "All we ever got Simpson and John Casey, Jr., was five years," Shirley told me ruefully. "Simpson was put on probation. We put Casey in the Nevada pen."

"We wanted you both to know—we've adopted a humpback whale."

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"No godliness," Shirley said again, finishing the story. "This man John Casey, I sit in his house one day, in Little Fish Lake Valley. I was down there inspectin' cattle for him, and was washin' my face, gettin' ready to go have dinner. And he said, 'You know something?' He's layin' back on a couch—he's a big man, about six feet two. And he said, 'You know, my dad always told me, "Never make a deal that you can't make over."' That meant he wouldn't honor a contract, or anything. He made it over. That's the way he lived. He didn't make a deal that he couldn't make over."

Marge said, "And they lived like animals. With their cute little girls."

Shirley said, "In the Kawich Mountains, in Nye County—I was down there with a federal vet—we seen this dust going up this canyon. We go up the canyon to see what's going on. There is Casey with two of his daughters—say, thirteen and fifteen, pretty little girls—and a truck backed up to a corral. The girls had had no food and were hungry. While their father was loading cattle, I handed 'em a can of peaches. When you load cattle, you know, you're right up back of 'em, poundin' 'em, tryin' to get 'em in the truck. They pooped all over him. And he got up with his pocket knife—pulled it out, and scraped it all off, and sat down, and wiped his knife, and then he opened the can of peaches and stabbed a peach and handed it to his daughters."

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Shirley's roll call of rustlers includes the late Beverly Hooper, of Newark Valley, under the Diamond Range. Hooper had a corral there veneered in rustled rawhide, so that it more or less resembled a leather boxing ring. Shirley believed that Hooper was stealing cattle and selling the meat to a café in Eureka.

"He was a handsome big man, about six foot one, very intelligent, but he was a bad one, a horribly dishonest, ungodly human being. I had had him in court once—but just for selling uninspected meat was all I could get him for. It was illegal meat. I knew it was somebody else's beef. But I couldn't prove it. I had him in and got him fined a hundred and fifty bucks. You betcha. He had studied some law and was a sharp guy, for that matter, but he couldn't lay in bed straight. He had taken these hides and cut 'em to where you couldn't find the brands. To get rid of the hides, he just cut strips and wrapped his whole corral. He wrapped it around and around and around like that. In the corners he wrapped them around the other poles and made them tight. Rawhide when it dries is tight. A cow could hit that and it would not break. I went there at night—I come in out of Elko County, so they wouldn't know I was there—and I found this vantage point down to where cattle, other cattle, were mixed together. And I seen his car come around the point of the mountain over here two miles, go down into the flat. All of a sudden, I see a flash of fire, and then I heard the report of a gun, you know—so I knew they had killed something. And before long I seen 'em—with binoculars—go to the back of the car and put something in. And when they come back they didn't turn and go back to the ranch, they turned toward me. I had no place to go. I couldn't get turned around. So I decided to tough it out. It was stupid on my part to do such a thing. Because I'm alone out there. But I had a two-way radio. When they drove up to me, I had my red light right here in a spotlight. I flipped that on. It burned out. It made one flash and burned out. So I flipped my headlights onto 'em, and I got out of the car and motioned for 'em to come back up, and I had

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the radio right up to my mouth and they didn't know who I was in contact with. I got 'em out of the car. Five of 'em, four men and a boy—Hooper was one of 'em. And I had 'em lay face down on the oil and keep their legs apart, and told 'em to stay where they were. And they didn't know—me with that microphone—who I was in contact with. When they seen that red light flash, they knew it was law, and they didn't know how many I had out in the brush. They didn't know that. But it was a foolish thing to have done. I had Hooper get up and open the back of the car. What did he have in there? A jackrabbit. That's all he had. I had to let him go. He had the laugh on me."

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In Hamlin Valley, answering a call for help one day, Shirley picked up three long-eared calves. He later matched them to their mothers in a neutral corral. Then he and another man staked out the corral.

"We sat on 'em with a tommy gun, with a .45 automatic, waiting for the thieves to try to steal the evidence. Over Thanksgiving, we sat on 'em day and night."

One of the rustlers they caught was the deputy sheriff of Millard County, Utah.

"We put him in the penitentiary. He was a man I knew all my life. His name was Art Loper. He was a one-eyed man. He had a hell of a horse. He could rope a calf and snub 'im up tight in the saddle, you know what I mean, against his right leg, and go up to the back of a truck, and this horse would jump in and pull the calf right in the truck with him. Roan horse. Loper was trying to help feed a family. He had a big family. And there was damned poor pickin's for 'em, I'll tell you. But if he was stealin' someone else's cows he had to be stopped."

Shirley reflected for a while, and then he said, "If you run on the open range, you'd better have a brand. The law don't require you to brand anything under six months of age, no, no, but anybody in their right mind would have a recorded iron and have every animal branded, because you're asking somebody to take an oreana—you know, a long-eared critter—off from ya. I mean, if he doesn't have an iron on. Possession is nine points

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of the law. If you didn't catch him at it, he could steal everything you had."

LATE in April, not long ago, a pickup hauling a horse trailer pulled in under the cottonwoods and the Chinese elms of Nyala, also called Cross L Ranch, where cattle are branded Cross L Combined.

This was in Railroad Valley, which somehow seems more vast, austere, remote, silent, and empty than almost any other Nevada valley. The ranch and its range allotments measured fifteen by thirty-five miles—three hundred and thirty-six thousand acres—and many slick calves were known to be scattered about it. The ranch had a reputation for being more casual than others, unscientific. ("They let things take care of themselves.") If an animal fell dead, it might be left for some time where it was. A manure fire there had once burned for weeks. The location, even by Nevada standards, was described as "backcountry." The trailer was sizable, and had some plywood in it and a horse. As two men got out of the pickup, they were greeted by Norman Sharp.

He had been in a hayfield when the trailer approached. He was bearded, in his fifties, patient and pleasant in manner—a bachelor, like his brother and partner Gerald. In Shirley Robison's description: "They are topnotch people. They wouldn't ship anybody else's critters for anything in the world. You betcha. They're straight as dies. No way they would take anything from anyone. They're good ranchers, in a way. I mean, they're conservative, and that's what makes them good. Makes 'em a success. They came back from almost bankruptcy after the Caseys were stealin' from 'em. They're good business people, but they've lived out in the backwoods so doggone long they're countrified."

Now, on that April day, Norman Sharp invited the two men—Leo Stewart and Wayne Lee—into his house for a glass of iced tea. The pair had been there six weeks before, when the Sharps traded them five calves for one horse. They had taken three calves. Now they had come for the two others. Tea swirling, cubes rattling, they mentioned that they would also like to trade that horse in the trailer for five more calves. If all this sounded like a Las Vegas shuffle—a way of exchanging a hundred-dollar bill for ten ones, six tens, and nine fives—it may have been. They wanted the calves for roping practice. Wayne Lee and Leo Stewart were, among other things, professional ropers. They performed together in pair roping—two against the clock, taking, say, 4.8 seconds to rope horns and then feet and have a steer stretched out. They could win as much as ten thousand dollars in such events, in Panaca or Caliente or Pioche or Ely or Tonopah—wherever the little rodeos would be.

Norman Sharp—in his denim, his suspenders, his grange demeanor—thought that Wayne Lee had "a touch of the slick" about him, that "he looked like a cowboy." Lee was lean, tall, rough, and rugged-looking, in the potato-chip hat, the Levi's, the boots, and the spurs. His belt buckle was inlaid with silver and gold. He made his home in Las Vegas.

Leo Stewart's buckle was also inlaid with silver and gold, but he was from Alamo, in Lincoln County, and he looked more like a farmer—like Gordon Eldridge or, for that matter, Norman Sharp. The son of a range cowboy, he was huskier and shorter than Wayne Lee. He was red-faced, heavy-jowled, quiet, and friendly. The two had been partners scarcely six months.

Lee was a breaker of horses. Large letters on the gooseneck trailer said "WAYNE LEE HORSE TRAINING." He was a second cousin of Shirley Robison's colleague Arshal Lee, and as descendants of John D. Lee they belonged to one of the first families of the Great Basin. Their distinguished forebear had participated in the murder of the occupants of an emigrant wagon train in what historians call the Mountain Meadows massacre. Of Wayne Lee's several occupations, the primary one was breaking, gentling, and training horses. But he also held still another job, even more pertinent to this story. He worked for the State of Nevada under the supervision of Chris Collis. He was a deputy brand inspector.

Norman Sharp had a good opinion of Wayne Lee as a trainer, but he rode the horse that had come in the trailer and said he was not interested in making the trade.

"It's a broke horse, a good horse."

"No, not at this time, thank you. It needs more training to be worth the price of five one-year-old heifers."

The two calves that the Sharps owed to Stewart and Lee were in a corral. They were Herefords, the only breed the Sharps run, and, like nearly all Cross L Ranch calves, they were small for their age, with good heavy horns, and hair lighter than most Herefords'. Before they could go, they would require brand inspection. "We'll get Carl Hanks to do it," Norman said, mentioning a deputy brand inspector who lived not far up the valley.

Wayne Lee said, "We don't need him. I can do it." He soon handed Sharp a brand-inspection certificate for the two calves, naming Stewart as the buyer. While he and Stewart were putting the calves into the trailer with the horse, one calf got away. In 4.8 seconds plus a couple of minutes on either side, they had roped the calf and hauled it to the trailer. When they departed, they had been at Nyala two hours.

They went off to the southwest about twenty miles, their dust out of sight over the curve of the earth, and then they headed east toward the mountains, still on allotted Cross L range. Beside a deep wash under high red bluffs, they climbed the mountain bench on a two-rut road, passing any number of Cross L cow/calf pairs. They went high, near the roadhead, turned around in the brush, and backed into a smaller wash, where they parked and took the horse out of the trailer. If they had started roping at the bottom, they would have driven cattle above them up and out of the country.

One of them mounted the horse and went up into the brush northwest, where he threw his loop and a calf crashed on its side, into the black sage. Over the gravelly ground they hauled it to the trailer, and used a lot of muscle forcing it in. Then one man stayed with the truck while the other rode downhill to rope a second calf. Truck and trailer joined the scene. There was another big scuffle as the calf was pulled to the road.

They were not heeling the calves, and heaven knows they weren't fishing for them. They were roping them around the horns or the neck. In Chris Collis's

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words, "You rope around the horns, the cow will go better. You get closer. You take your dallies, and you drag that steer where you want him to go. Roping them around the neck, you shut off their air and they go down."

The most difficult animal was roped in the black sage near an overtowering butte. It was not about to be dragged to the road, so they drove the trailer through the brush some hundreds of yards to get it. In this manner, calf after calf, they packed the trailer as they worked their way downhill. To the west-northwest they could see fifty miles to the Monitor Range—over intervening summits and, in the foreground, the immense treeless valley. There was a big dry lake bed, white, in the valley. In all that landscape they could see no sign of as much as one human being; and, as far as is known, no one observed them. Nor did they ever tell this story. After shoving the horse in among the calves, and obscuring the nature of their cargo with plywood, they left, along the bench, on the rarely travelled road to the south.

After a time, a plume of dust belonging to Gerald Sharp came up the same road in the opposite direction. Gerald had been running an errand, and had passed Lee's rig, and now, along the escarpment near a water hole called Eds Well, he saw tire tracks on a spur that climbed the bench toward Red Bluff Spring. Minutes later, at Nyala, Norman told him about Lee and Stewart's visit.

"How long ago did they leave?" Gerald asked.

Norman said, "Six hours."

WAYNE LEE was interesting but incidental—a late-appearing walk-on with spurs. If there was one rustler that Chris Collis had ever hoped to convict, it was Leo Stewart, this quiet unpretentious roper with, as Chris put it, "a reputation that wouldn't quit"—a man suspected of so much cattle theft that Chris eventually kept an eight-by-ten color picture of him as a souvenir. From the day that Shirley Robison retired and Chris assumed the title of District Brand Inspector, he was beset with complaints, hearsay, suspicions, and innuendo coming at him from all directions about Leo Stewart; yet, if all these things were true, the evidence was cunningly kept beyond reach, and years went by while Chris waited for an unambiguous chance.

The Sharps, for their part, "for years and years" had thought that Stewart looked upon them as prey. Their Cross L Combined brand had much in common with the H Over L used at that time by one of Stewart's relatives, and even more in common with H Hanging L Combined, which he could easily pass off as his relative's brand. Looking at these brands, in that order, one could almost see a scribe bent over his table in Beijing building a composite character.

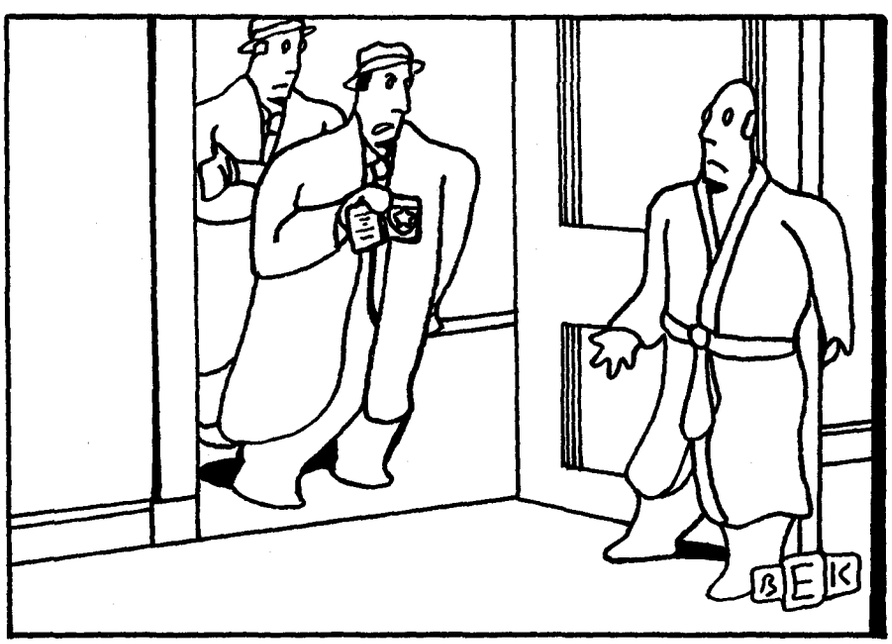
The Sharps had attempted to collect evidence and deal with Stewart on their own—in part because they looked upon him as a friend—but they had failed. Their fiscal blood count was once again turning white. Exasperated, they agreed to call the brand inspector. Lacking a telephone, as they still do, they would have to use one that was twenty-five miles away.

Next morning, soon after daybreak, Gerald drove there, and called Chris in Ely. Anxious not to reveal his purpose to anyone listening in, Gerald kept his voice slow, flat, and detached. He didn't say why he was asking Chris to come and visit. Chris knew where the phone was, sensed urgency, and departed for Nyala.

When a brand inspector writes a certificate, he draws a slanting line through any unused space, closing the certificate, and limiting it to the listed cattle. He collects money and sends the white original to the state. A yellow copy stays in his certificate book, a blue one goes to the buyer, and a pink one to the seller. At Nyala, as the Sharps told him their story, they showed him the pink certificate written by Wayne Lee to cover the calves they owed him. In one glance, Chris saw less than he needed to know but more than enough to make him active. There was no slanting line. There was free space for additional entries. Not drawing the line is known as "leaving it open."

With Gerald, he went down the bench to Eds Well, but when he saw the multi-wheeled tracks going into and coming out of the brush, and "the horseshoe prints in the dirt where the horse was pulling something heavy," and the story of roping and loading written into the sage, he decided to go no farther. "The chain of evidence has to be maintained or the evidence is no good," he explains. To read and record tracks and sign as thoroughly as possible, he wanted another pair of professional eyes to go with him into the brush. He called the Nevada Division of Investigations and, within a few hours, was joined by an agent named Steve Nevin.

Chris rode on the hood of Nevin's



"Just answer the question, sir. Is it true that you're not planning to watch 'It's a Wonderful Life' this holiday season?"

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pickup as they climbed the mountain bench at a rate that could have been reckoned in yards per hour. Where he signalled, they stopped. They made notes and photographs. They collected and labelled tufts of hair. They picked up the story from the end to the beginning, working on the last roping first, and then moving uphill to the penultimate roping, and so on, in order not to risk obscuring things with their own equipment. From the manner in which treads covered treads they could read the directions in which the truck-and-trailer had moved. The horse-trailer tracks were "shallow going up, coming back they were real deep." When Nevin's pickup came to a place where a calf had been roped or where the trailer had been stopped and loaded, Chris could see what had happened: "You could see where the calf crushed the sage. There was red hair on the brush. Where the gravelly ground was really disturbed, you could tell it was a calf, roped. There were scuff marks all over the road where a calf balked getting in." All were Hereford calves. At each place where the trailer had been opened, hay and manure had fallen out in a straight line. This was not in summer dust. The moisture of an April rain, a few days old, added clarity to the tracks and to Steve Nevin's photographs. "I don't claim to be a real good tracker," Chris says. With a short pause for reconsideration, he continues, "Well, I read tracks pretty good. When I see them, it's as if somebody turned on a light switch." He could see the size of each animal roped and removed. He could see the roper, after roping a calf, "take a few dallies and maneuver the calf onto its feet and to the road—either one of them could do it." The narrative of the calf ropings by Lee and Stewart in Red Bluff Canyon would derive entirely from this investigation, which continued into the next day. The highest line of hay and manure that Nevin and Collis found was in the wash where Lee and Stewart had removed the horse from the trailer.

The rustled cattle could have been taken (1) who knows where, (2) to Stewart's place, in Alamo, (3) to Lee's, in Las Vegas. Chris had to make a quick decision and go. Stewart was the ranking rustler, Lee the neophyte, he reasoned, but Stewart was also a cattle rancher with plenty of roping calves, while Lee not only had no ranch but was not even from Nevada. He was, as Nevadans see it, from Las Vegas, a foreign country. "I just know we'll find 'em there," Chris said. "If we're lucky, we'll find his brand-inspection book there, too."

Lee lived on Rosada in northwest Vegas. In corrals there Collis and Nevin saw, from the street, about a dozen Hereford calves, small for their age, with good heavy horns, and hair lighter than most Herefords'. They soon returned with a search warrant, a gooseneck trailer, and a black-and-white unit. In a black-and-white unit, a cop is behind the wheel. Lee was in Fallon at a roping. His brand-inspection-certificate book was in a vinyl briefcase on the dining table. Lee had added ten animals to the certificate left open at Nyala. In the corrals outside, all the calves were freshly branded.

Chris hardly needed to refer to his book. Lazy H Seven Combined was registered in the name of Leo Stewart, Alamo, Nevada 89001. Chris loaded the calves into the trailer and followed the black-and-white unit into downtown Las Vegas. Before he left Railroad Valley, he had told Carl Hanks to go up to Red Bluff Spring and gather tight-bagged cows. Hanks had gathered three. After seeing the calves at Lee's, Chris had called Hanks and told him to take the cows to Horseman's Park in Las Vegas, where Clark County Animal Control had some holding corrals. In the dark of evening, he was now headed for the park himself with the impounded calves, and the heavy traffic was confusing, the noise intense, the lights of the casinos chatoyant. At the park, a horse show was under way in blazing light. This was close to Sam's Town, the big casino. "Imagine cows in downtown Las Vegas. They had never been hauled before. The cattle were stressed. The truck ride had been a shock to the animals' systems. They were older calves. Turned into the holding corrals, they were running, trying to leave, hitting fences. You could just not expect a normal mothering-up response." And none came when cows and calves were placed together.

At each stop in Vegas, almost everyone he encountered was a friend of Wayne Lee. The warmest greeting he received was "You better be sure. You better know what you're doing." Then, slowly, in the dead of night, the animals calmed down, and so did the turgid city. In the morning, two of the three big-bag cows had been sucked. The teats were clean. The hair around the bags was curly. The bags were no longer tight. It wasn't a sprawl of evidence, covering countless examples, but it would do. If your game is icebergs, you might have to settle for tips.

Stewart and Lee pleaded not guilty. Theirs was the longest criminal trial in the history of Nye County. Chris was on the stand for four days. The defense said it was not possible to rope more than one calf in two hours. Lee and Stewart were convicted on five counts of grand larceny of cattle. Each was fined sixteen thousand dollars. Each got twenty-five years, but the judge put them on probation and did not send them up. Chris slowly shakes his hat as he finishes the story, saying, "They were convicted on grand larceny and spent not one day in jail."

While I'm out with Chris in the basins and ranges on his long, unplanned rounds, we find ourselves on a small dirt road in Railroad Valley, heading north. "Was this the road that Lee and Stewart used?" I ask him.

The muffler comes loose under the state pickup. It falls, one end clanging. He stops, gets out, looks at the muffler, and hunts the bed of the pickup for baling wire. In several hundred square miles of sage basin and rising ground, no structure is in sight to any horizon. "Not this road," he answers. "They were travelling the backcountry."

He secures the muffler and drives on. Baling wire, he informs me, is Mormon buckskin. We stop in at Nyala, an authentic oasis. Karen Uhalde grew up just across the eastern mountains, and went to high school with Chris in Ely, a hundred and twelve miles north. The Sharps' ranch has the waste-nothing aspect of bush Alaska. All about in deep profusion are tractors, swathers, choppers, feed wagons, dump wagons, a corn harvester, a baler, a combine, stock trucks, a welder, a cement truck, old disks, plows, land planes, an old pump jack, irrigation pipe, sprinkling equipment, wheel-line parts, gated pipes, siphoning tubes, cor-

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rugators, markers, and seed drills. In the background are great mounds of hay, quonsets of hay. Norman and Gerald Sharp, their brother Melvin, their sister Marian, and her husband, Ed Ylst, nod to Chris and swiftly form a huddle around me, in which they let me know without ambiguity that the federal government is an almost pure evil. I sense, in the huddle, that I am standing in for the federal government. Compared with the federal government, moreover, they'd call Leo Stewart the lesser rustler. "Leo had been a problem since he was fifteen," Norman says. "For him, rustling was a way of life, not a necessity. Some people steal because they're hungry. Others for a lark. And for a third group it's a way of life. If it wasn't for Chris, they could come in to the desert here, load up, and be in Kansas in a few days. Both Lee and Stewart were good ropers. They probably met at a roping show. It isn't a closed society. In Nevada, if you don't know someone, you know about them. Leo and Wayne had been here. Strange as it may seem, you know they're doing this, but they're still friends. Leo is not an unlikable person. But when they start doing it every three weeks you know it's a business. If I stood on your toe, you might tolerate it for a while, but eventually you say, 'Enough of this shit.' "

SOON after daybreak on a cold October morning, sprinkler fields are frozen in Steptoe Valley. We go south and past them to Three C Ranch. This is private pasture, some thousands of acres, where the basin is no more than ten miles wide, gently concave under the fans of its flanking ranges. There's an eight-foot fence to keep elk out—also antelope and mountain sheep. Far out there in the deepest ground—in the axis of the valley, collected—are fourteen hundred head of cattle. Half are about to go east. The ranch belongs to Bidart Brothers, a company in California. The brand is the Long Tail B.

The cattle, massed and choral, are a mile away—a unit slowly seething, now to the left, now to the right, with dust around them, among them, above them, like fog. Four cowboys on horseback and one in a pickup are trying to move them into a long fenced lane that comes up to the corrals. Their sound, in its concentration, is orchestral, and large in volume despite the distance. The punctuating soloists, whose contributions would be prominent nearby, are blended into the total vibration. If you could not see the animals, you would not know what you were hearing. They sound like baritone whales. They sound like jets passing overhead without Doppler effect. They sound like an all-tuba band warming up. They seem to be creating the serious music of the twenty-first century.

"Too many cows and not enough cowboys," Chris remarks as we wait. When the cattle finally begin to move toward us, they stop, jam, rebel, retreat, and start again. A dart leader goes out in front, and the rest follow for a hundred yards, but then they stop, jam, struggle backward. "They hesitate coming up the lane because they turn around looking for their calves," he explains. "When they hear calves bawling, they stop and look for their own. If you rope a calf and drag it in front of them, they'll follow."

The cowboys shout. They pop their chaps with their romals. On their heads are baseball caps. As they draw close to the corrals, in the oncoming rise of dust, we can hear the *patrón* switching from Spanish to English to Spanish. His name is Melchor Gragirena. The cowboys tie their horses to a fence of the outermost corral and work the cattle forward on foot. This is a complex of large rectangular corrals flanked on two sides by an alley. With their stock whips in motion, fast on their feet, they move the cattle up the alley and separate cows from heifers from steers. To the greatest extent possible, they try to be gingerly and calm. "The least amount of working, the least shrink," Chris remarks. The calves are on their way to a scale. Shrink is loss of weight, up to and for the most part including manure. The calves here will be worth about a third of a million dollars. In one sudden burst of fear and flight, they can leave a thousand dollars on the ground.

Cows go into one corral, heifers next door. Steers remain in the sorting alley. Ingenious combinations of swinging gates make it possible to separate cows from calves and sex the calves at the same time. A lot of ranches do not have such facilities, and have to run their calves a second time to sex them, resulting in more shrink.

Chris is in the alley counting. He is up against the fence as the steers race past him, and he writes with a pen on the palm of his hand. He is facing east, into the early sun, because the Long Tail B is on the right ribs and the steers are running to his right. There is no adjusting these less than ideal factors. I have watched him inspecting cattle in a large rectangular mountain corral where he took a position with his back to the sun while a cowboy sent before him, clockwise, a stream of calves branded on their left hips. (The cowboy, in fringed-buckskin chaps, was a moonlighting Baptist minister.) Now, in this confining alley, Chris is compelled to squint, but he can see the Long Tail B, even if I cannot. The steer calves look slick to me—most of them, anyway—while Chris seems to have electronic eyes that are reading hair-covered bar codes. He assembles the steers in groups of eighteen, recording their numbers on his skin. He says, "I use a lot of three-by-five cards when I run out of space on my hand."

The female calves, in their corral next to the alley, have spontaneously lined up in ranks, shoulder to shoulder, ignored for the moment and suddenly placid, staring toward the alley with their grandmotherly, contemplative eyes. Brockle-faced heifers, coon-eyed heifers, redneck heifers (the touch of Angus), they are learning a lot in a hurry. The dust is so dense it tastes. From the cows' corral comes a din of foghorns.

Cows are mounting cows in the cows' corral. Roan cows. Brockle-faced cows. Hundreds of cows are crowded together, wailing, crying, sobbing, bawling—and riding one another. The hair is wet on the calves' noses in the alley and the heifer pen, so recently have they been sucking. Among them there seem to be no dogies—leppies, orphans.

Chris flicks his fingers as he counts the running steers, as if he were shaking off water. "*Diez y seis!*" he calls to a cowboy. The cowboy nods. As the steers approach, Chris first checks the ears. The right ears have been marked by being halved down the middle. (The heifers' right ears are notched.) He checks also for strings—the long strands of dangling hair that are the only sign that a calf is male. Then he looks for the brands as the animals pass him. He looks again at

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the ears when they have gone by. He writes with a ballpoint. His hands—palms and backs—are now covered with ink. Why does he write on his hands? "It's easier. *Diez y siete! Diez y ocho!*" The cowboy shuts a gate. Chris opens another gate, and the steers, en bloc, go onto the scale: seven thousand five hundred and eleven pounds at ninety-seven cents a pound.

I have two apples in my pocket. Does he want one?

"No, thanks!" he shouts. "I've got a mouthful of Copenhagen!" He lives on Copenhagen, by his own description. He has nothing but coffee in the morning. He seems to forget to eat lunch. There's a circular protuberance in his shirt pocket, in his jaw a pillow of snuff.

Now, in the alley, he is stopping six, his legs in the shuffle of defense. Like a basketball player, he has moved on experience and without thinking—because his glance has fallen upon an underbit in one calf's ear. He separates her from the steers.

A slick bull calf shows up in the alley—born too late for the branding. Chris cuts him out, too.

Cattle are auctioned by satellite now, in truckload units of fifty thousand pounds—but few from Nevada. The buyer has a dish antenna, and sits at home watching videotaped cattle in the egret flats of Alvin, Texas, on the Red River plain of Louisiana, against the velvet greens of Jane Lew, West Virginia, and back to the pastures of Easterly, Texas, where mahogany steers against a stand of trees are up to their hocks in grass. "They walk on more feed than these cattle out here get a chance to look at," Chris remarked one afternoon when we were watching his set. It's not a bad way to see the country, four hours, coast to coast, cow to cow—in one afternoon, thirteen million five hundred thousand dollars' worth of cattle sold. In this part of Nevada, more often than not, the middleman is Denny Manzonie—order buyer, livestock dealer, broker—who buys cattle, takes them to his lots in Nye County, and resells them to many forms of client, from other ranchers to Super Fresh and Foodtown. Lacking a personal satellite, Manzonie is, in his words, "busier than a fart in a skillet."

Six big semis have come to the Three C. They are eighteen-wheelers, made of aluminum to improve the weight ratio of cattle to truck. They are multilevelled and multichambered. You can get fifty thousand pounds of living beef into an extremely small space, as Delta once whispered to United. More than a hundred and fifty tons of calf are ready for the semis now. After the scale, they enter still another corral, next door to their bawling mothers. Their destination is Wilsey, Kansas, which impresses the brand inspector, who says, "They're really going east."

He counts them all again as they are loading. They go up a chute in eights and tens, balking, twisting, sometimes forcing their way back, and the truck drivers lean over the side of the chute holding four-cell electric prods. The prods are now and again effective, but less so than the brand inspector, who closes a small gate at the bottom of the ramp and follows each pulse of cattle upward, leaning hard into them with one shoulder, his legs driving.

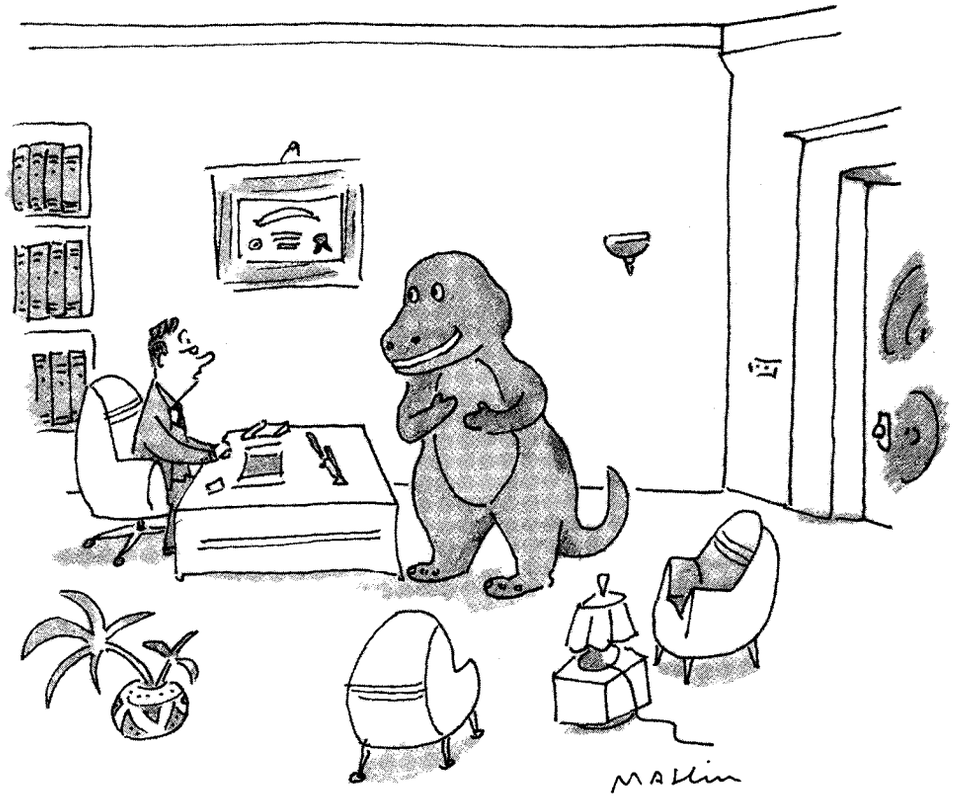
"I've seen inspectors who don't get out of the pickup," a truck driver remarks.

The calves, six and eight months old and averaging four hundred pounds, back down on the brand inspector and pin him against the gate. They seem to be crushing him, but he muscles back, shouts "Hey hey hey hey hey, calves!" and piercingly whistles through his teeth. They turn and climb for Kansas.

"A lot of brand inspectors sit on the fences, but it makes a long day," he has said to me. "It's just something I've chose not to do. If you're going to do that, there's no sense to even go."

A hundred and sixteen climb into the first truck, a hundred and twenty-six into the second. After the door closes on the seven-hundred-and-fifth calf, he writes his brand certificate, and collects the four hundred and twenty-three dollars he has earned for the State of Nevada. The trucks are free to go. In the cow corral, the sound is more intense than ever. Weaning by semi. The sound of the gears is lost in the din as the semis pull away.

The cows are released from their corral and allowed to mill about. They are not driven back to the fenced and distant pastures. They would break down fences to get back to the corrals where their calves were shipped. Tomorrow, beside the corrals the powder will be a foot deep as cattle walk the fence line looking for their calves. ♦



"Trust me—'I love you, you love me, we're a happy family' will never hold up in court."

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POSTSCRIPT

IDOL

BY MATT GROENING

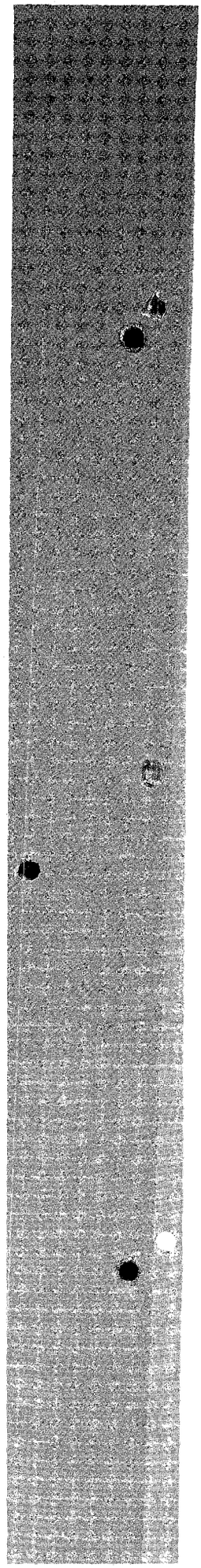
FRANK ZAPPA, who died last week, at the age of fifty-two, became my hero in 1966, when I was twelve: I plucked his first LP, the Mothers of Invention's "Freak Out!," from a variety-store bin in my home town, Portland, Oregon. The album was snotty and disturbing, and its gleefully mocking rock and roll warmed my warped preteen heart. Zappa himself oozed sarcasm, with that droopy mustache and wedgy little goatee, and the liner notes to "Freak Out!" began, "I was born in Baltimore, Maryland, December 21, 1940, and grew up in California. I am a self-taught musician, composer, blah, blah, blah." I was hooked.

Zappa provided the soundtrack to the antiwar-demonstrating and cruising-for-burgers teenagehood of me and all my friends. Each new record—from "Absolutely Free" (with its thrilling lyric "She's only thirteen and she knows how to nasty") to "The Yellow Shark"—has been an event, to be savored on headphones over hundreds of listenings for inside jokes and secret messages. I'll never forget lying in the basement at 2 A.M., directly beneath Homer and Marge's bedroom, listening to "Sleeping in a Jar": "It's the middle of the night, and your mommy and daddy are sleeping . . . sleeping . . . sleeping in a jar . . . (the jar is under the bed)." It was quite spooky.

Two years ago, I met the whole Zappa clan: Zappa and his wife, Gail; their kids, Moon Unit, Dweezil, Ahmet, and Diva; their pets, Doggus and a spiderlike Siamese cat called the Gweech. They are an affectionate and relaxed family, and all share the bemused, uncensored wit that was central to Frank's personality. By then, the sad news that he had prostate cancer was quietly rumored. Zappa could be forthright about his health when he wanted to be, but mostly he seemed to dwell on the things that truly absorbed him: his work and his family. A typical visit with Zappa might start with an extended listening session to assorted works in progress, followed by a look at a Dweezil-and-Ahmet rock video; it usually ended up with a pizza chowdown in the kitchen. Musicians dropped by to have their instruments sampled for Zappa's vast Synclavier sound library; neighbors popped in for Margaritas and conversation; and a steady stream of journalists pointed microphones at Frank and asked pesky questions. Zappa had none of the eager-to-please staginess of many celebrities, nor did he carry himself with the delusional arrogance of the rock-and-roll guitar hero. Recently, his remarks were characterized by a seriousness unusual even by his own cerebral standards. I'll always miss his challenging presence.

Few moments in my life have been as electrifying as an evening last spring when I sat in Zappa's dimly lit basement in Laurel Canyon listening for the first time to "N-Light," a twenty-three-minute Synclavier masterpiece that he had been working on for something like five or ten years. (He couldn't remember when he'd begun it.) "N-Light" is a powerhouse of Zappaesque musical ideas, thrown off one after the other in a relentless, complex rush, which sounds at times like several robot orchestras gone berserk, yet always conveys a sense of over-all compositional control. On another night, in Zappa's studio, I watched him conduct the Ensemble Moderne, a contemporary-music group from Frankfurt, in an extended orchestral improvisation that featured the recitation of a letter to the editor of *PFIQ*, a fetishistic body-piercing magazine. All this went on while a didgeridoo—a long, tubelike instrument of the Aborigines—was blown into a coffeepot full of water, yielding insane blorpy sounds that caused Frank to clap his hand over his mouth in order to keep from cracking up. I asked him afterward about the watery didgeridoo. He said, "It's one of my better ideas."

There has probably been more nonsense—both gushy and whiny—written



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD AVEDON

Frank Zappa, in New York City, October 26, 1967.

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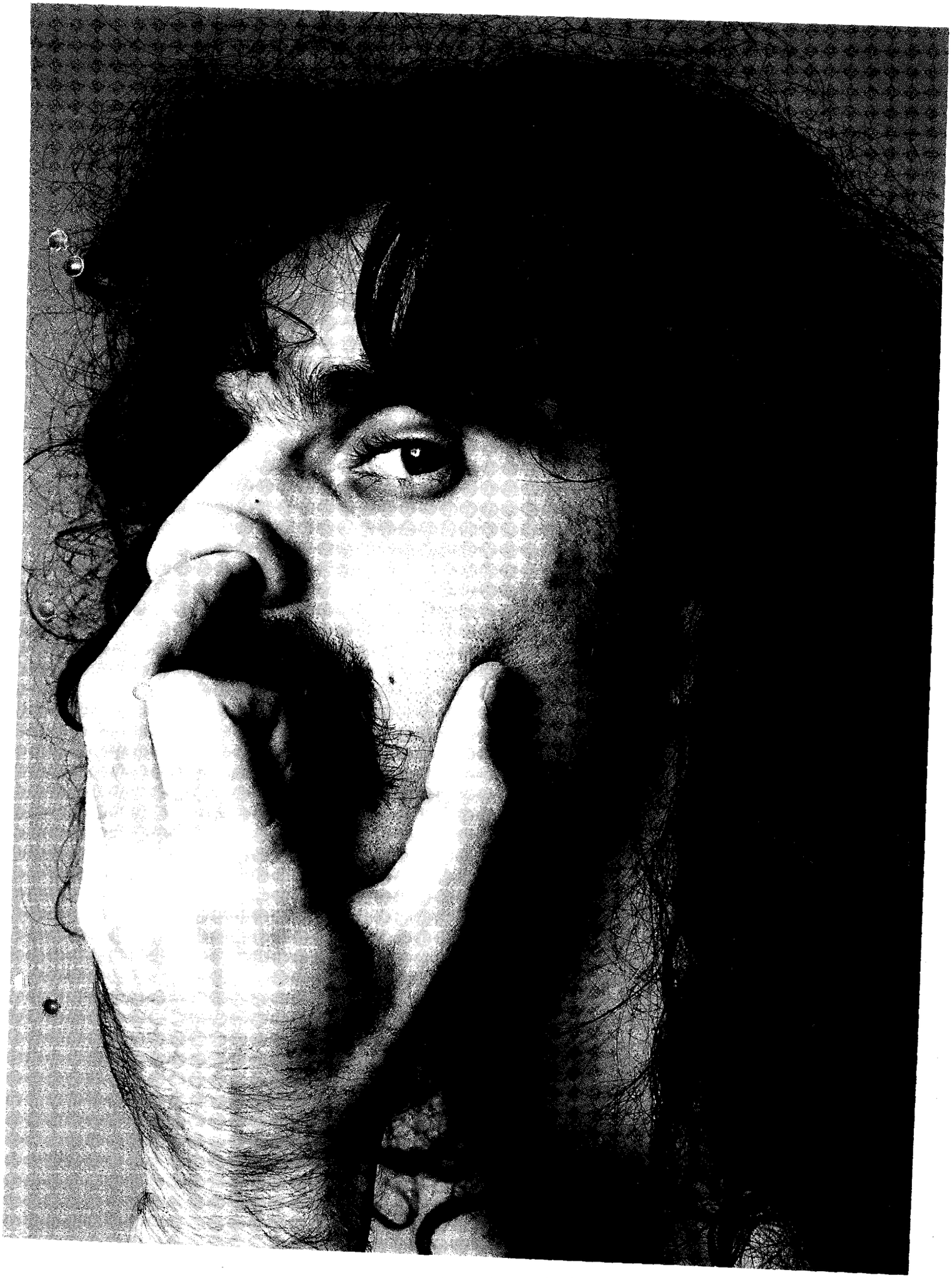

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about Zappa than about any other popular contemporary composer. This must be because the scope of Zappa's music is beyond most of his admirers—and because his ungroovy impertinence always confirmed the worst suspicions of his dismissive critics. (He once said, "Rock journalism is people who can't write interviewing people who can't talk for people who can't read.") But Zappa's personality was only one aspect of his prodigious output. At the time of his death, he had a number of albums in the can, including "Civilization: Phaze III," which features "N-Light."

What kept me and so many other people percolating to Zappa's music for the past twenty-seven years was the thrill of hitching a ride with a critical mind that was always pushing into uncharted territories. Zappa's work was jammed with inspirations and insults; he subverted mood after mood with nimble editing, sudden halts, unexpected tempo changes, and comic snorks. Often, when faced with a dilemma in my own work, I ask myself, What would Zappa do? It took Zappa to think up—and execute—a fusion of deeply felt R. & B. with the rhythmic and harmonic rigors of Igor Stravinsky and Edgard Varèse. Who but Zappa could dig both Muddy Waters and Anton Webern, both Howlin' Wolf and Conlon Nancarrow? His records and movies chart the progress of a funny and disgruntled composer tackling one musical problem after another—the ongoing education of a genius workaholic. ♦

REVOLUTIONARY

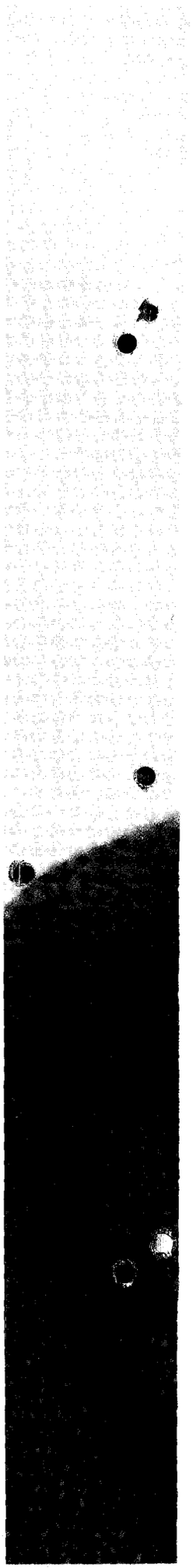
BY VÁCLAV HAVEL

FRANK ZAPPA was one of the gods of the Czech underground during the nineteen-seventies and eighties. It was an era of complete isolation. Local rock musicians and audiences were hounded by the police, and for those who refused to be swept aside by persecution—who tried to remain true to a culture of their own—Western rock was far more than just a form of music. At that time, Frank Zappa hung somewhere high up in the heavens, a star as inaccessible as the many others whose influence was felt in the local scene, like the Velvet Underground and Captain Beefheart. I never dreamed that I might meet him one day, but shortly after the revolution, when I was already President, Zappa turned up in Prague. He arrived during a period still vibrant with revolutionary energy. He jammed with local musicians and paid me a visit in the Castle, and we went out drinking together. He was the first rock celebrity I had ever met, and, to my great delight, he was a normal human being, with whom I could carry on a normal conversation. He was eager to learn everything he could about the radical changes taking place in the countries of the former Soviet bloc. He was curious about what this sudden collapse of a bipolar world might bring. He wanted to know what we thought about the future position of the Soviet Union in world politics, and he probed us about the negative as well as the positive aspects of the "velvet" course we had set for ourselves.

What fascinated and excited him was the idea that the artist had a role to play in active politics. He gave serious thought to offering unofficial assistance to our country, in both cultural and economic spheres, and I learned later that he had discussed the matter in detail with several ministers. Perhaps his illness prevented him from taking on this kind of work, but his sincere concern for our country made a deep impression on me. So did his appearance with Michael Kocab and his band, Prague Select, at a gala concert in June of 1991 to celebrate the final departure of the Soviet troops from Czechoslovakia after an occupation of almost twenty-three years. He was seriously ill at the time, but he took part all the same. It was one of his last appearances as a rock musician.

I thought of Frank Zappa as a friend. Meeting him was like entering a different world from the one I live in as President. Whenever I feel like escaping from that world—in my mind, at least—I think of him. ♦

(*Translated, from the Czech, by Paul Wilson.*)



Frank Zappa, in Los Angeles, March 31, 1993.

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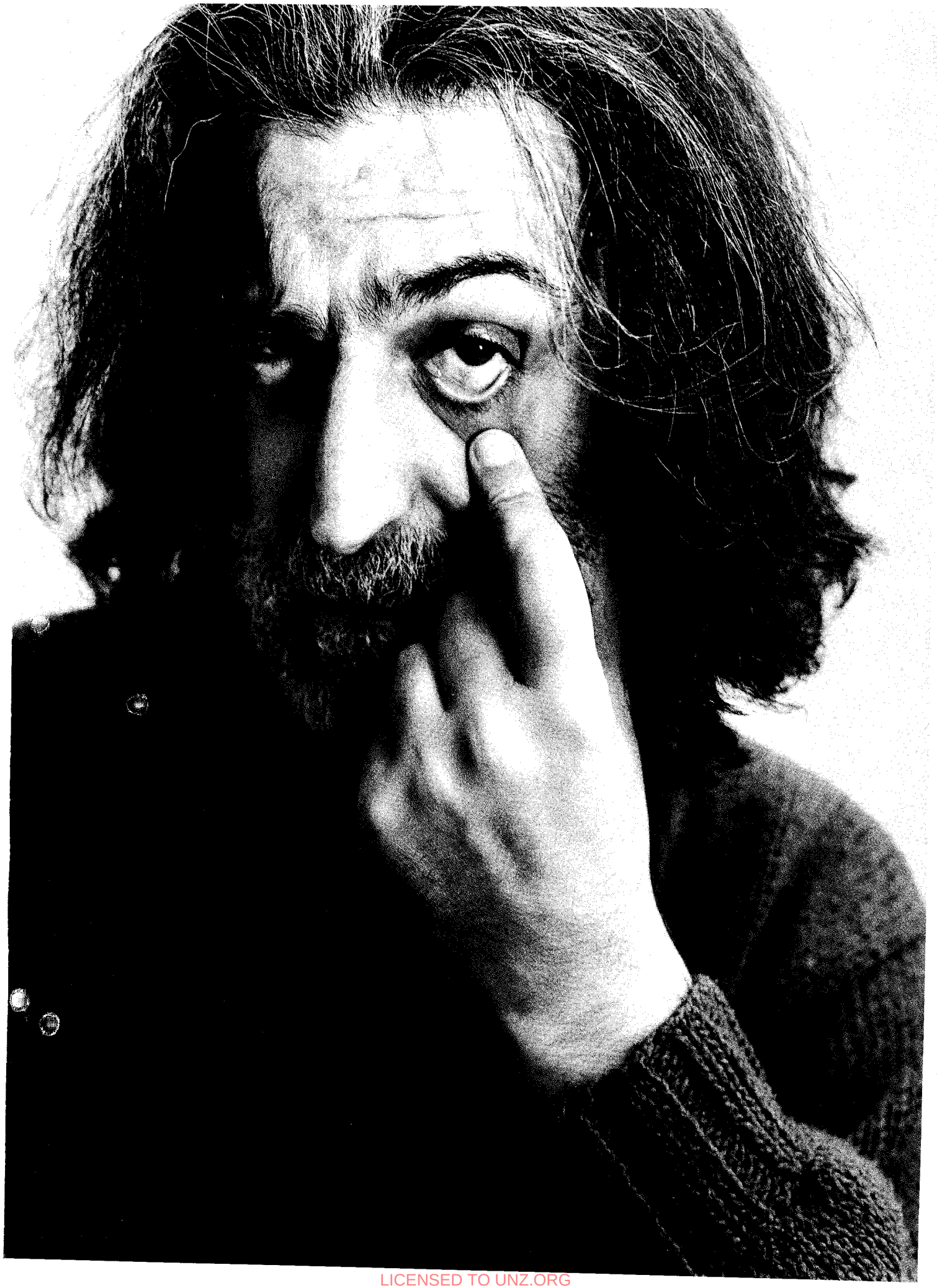

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FICTION

A DAY

BY WILLIAM TREVOR

In the night Mrs. Lethwes wakes from time to time, turns and murmurs in her blue-quilted twin bed, is aware of fleeting thoughts and fragments of memory that dissipate swiftly. Within her stomach, food recently consumed is uneasily digested. Briefly, she suffers a moment of cramp.

Mrs. Lethwes dreams: a child again, she remains in the car while her brother Charlie visits the Indian family who run the supermarket. Kittens creep from beneath inverted flowerpots in the Bunches' back yard, and she is there, in the yard too, looking for Charlie, because he is visiting the Bunches now. "You mustn't go bothering the Bunches," their mother upbraids him. "People are busy." There are rivers to cross, and the streets aren't there anymore; there is a seashore, and tents.

In her garden, while Mrs. Lethwes still sleeps, the scent of nightstock fades with the cool of night. Dew forms on roses and geraniums, on the petals of the cosmos and the yellow spikes of broom. Slugs creep toward lettuce plants, avoiding a line of virulent bait; a silent cat, far outside its own domain, waits for the emergence of the rockery mice.

It is July. Dawn comes early, casting a pale twilight on the brick of the house, on the Virginia creeper that covers half a wall, setting off white-painted window frames and decorative wrought iron. This house and garden, in a tranquil wooded neighborhood, constitute one part of the achievement of Mrs. Lethwes's husband, are a symbol of professional advancement conducted over twenty years, which happens also to be the length of this marriage.

Abruptly, Mrs. Lethwes is fully awake and knows her night's sleep is over. Hunched beneath the bedclothes in the other bed, her husband does not stir when she rises and crosses the room they share to the window. Drawing aside the edge of a curtain, she glances down into the early-morning garden and almost at once drops the curtain back into place. In bed again, she lies on her side, facing her husband because, being fond of him, she likes to watch him sleeping. She feels blurred and headachy as she always does at this time, the worst moment of her day, Mrs. Lethwes considers.

Is Elspeth awake too? She wonders that. Does Elspeth, in her city precinct, share the same pale shade of dawn? Is there, as well, the orange glow of a street lamp and now, beginning in the distance somewhere, the soft swish of a milk dray, a car door banging, a church bell chiming five? Mrs. Lethwes doesn't know where Elspeth lives precisely, or in any way what she looks like, but imagines short black hair and elfin features, a small, thin body, fragile fingers. An hour and three-quarters later while still conducting this morning ritual Mrs. Lethwes hears bath water running, and later still there is music. Vivaldi, Mrs. Lethwes thinks.

Her husband wakes. His eyes remember, becoming troubled, and then the trouble lifts from them when he notices, without surprise, that she's not asleep. In another of her dreams during the night he carried her, and his voice spoke softly, soothing her. Or was it quite a dream, or only something like one? She tries to smile; she says she's sorry, knowing now.

At ten, when the cleaning woman comes, Mrs. Lethwes goes out to shop. She parks her small, white Peugeot in the Waitrose car park, and in a leisurely manner gathers vegetables and fruit, tins and jars, pork chops for this evening, vermouth and Gordon's gin, Edam, and Normandy butter because she has noticed the butter is getting low, Comfort, and the cereal her husband favors, the one called Common Sense. Afterward, with everything in the boot, she makes her way to the Trompe l'Œil for coffee. Her makeup is in place, her hair drawn up, the way she has taken to wearing it lately. She smiles at people she knows by sight, the waitress and other women who are having coffee, at the cashier when she pays her bill. There is some conversation, about the weather.

In her garden, later, the sound of the Hoover reaches her from the open windows of the house as the cleaning woman, Marietta, moves from room to room. The day is warm, Mrs. Lethwes's legs are bare, her blue dress light on her body, her Italian sandals comfortable yet elegant. Marietta claims to be Italian also, having had an Italian mother, but her voice and manner are Cockney and Mrs. Lethwes doubts that she has ever been in Italy even though she regularly gives the impression that she knows Venice well.

Mrs. Lethwes likes to be occupied when Marietta comes. When it's fine she finds something to do in the garden, and when the weather doesn't permit that she lingers for longer in the Trompe l'Œil and there's also the pretense of letter writing or tidying drawers. She likes to keep a closed door between herself and Marietta, to avoid as best she can the latest about Marietta's daughter, Ange, and Liam, whom Ange has been contemplating marriage with for almost five years, and the latest about the people in the house next door, who keep Alsatians.

In the garden Mrs. Lethwes weeds a flower bed, wishing that Marietta didn't have to come to the house three times a week, but knowing that of course she must. She hopes the little heart-leafed things she's clearing from among the delphiniums are not the germination of seeds that Mr. Yatt has sown, a misfortune that occurred last year with his Welsh poppies. Unlike Marietta, Mr. Yatt is dour and rarely speaks, but he has a way of slowly raising his head and staring, which Mrs. Lethwes finds disconcerting. When he's in the garden—Mondays only, all day—she keeps out of it herself.

Not Vivaldi now, perhaps a Telemann minuet, run Mrs. Lethwes's thoughts in her garden. Once, curious about the music a flutist plays, she read the information that accompanied half a dozen compact disks in a music shop. She didn't buy the disks but, curious again, she borrowed some from the music section of the library and played them all one morning. She sees Elspeth as thirty-six, or just a little younger, unmarried of course and longing to bear the child of the man she loves: Mrs. Lethwes is certain of that,

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since she has experienced this same longing herself. In the flat she imagines, there's a smell of freshly made coffee. The fragile fingers cease their movement. The instrument is laid aside, the coffee poured.

It was in France, in the Hôtel St.-Georges during their September holiday seven years ago, that Mrs. Lethwes found out about her husband's her woman. There was a letter, round feminine handwriting on an airmail envelope, an English stamp: she knew at once. The letter had been placed in someone else's key box by mistake, and was later handed to her with a palaver of apologies when her husband was swimming in the Mediterranean. "Ah, *merci*," she thanked the smooth-haired girl receptionist, and said the error didn't matter in the very least. She knew at once the instinct of a barren wife, as she afterward called it to herself. So this was why he made a point of being down before her every morning, why he had always done so during their September holiday in France: she'd never wondered about it before. On the terrace she examined the postmark. It was indecipherable, but again the handwriting told a lot, and only a woman with whom a man had an association would write when he was on holiday. From the letter itself, which she read and then destroyed, she learned all else there was to know.

There are too many of the heart-leafed plants, and when she looks in other areas of the border and in other beds she finds they're not in evidence there. Clearly, it's the tragedy of the Welsh poppies all over again. Mrs. Lethwes begins to put back what she has taken out, knowing as she does so that this isn't going to work.

"'SILLY girl,' I said, straight to her face. 'Silly girl, Ange, no way you're not.'"

Marietta has established herself at the kitchen table, her shapeless bulk straining the seams of a pink overall, her feet temporarily removed from the carpet slippers she brings with her because they're comfortable to work in.

"No, not for me, thanks," Mrs. Lethwes says, which is what she always says when she is offered instant coffee at midday. Real coffee doesn't agree with Marietta, never has. Toxic in Marietta's view.

"All she give's a giggle. That's Ange all over, that. Always has been."

This woman has watched Ange's puppy fat go, has seen her through childhood illnesses. And Bernardo too. This woman could have had a dozen children, borne them and nursed them, loved them and been loved herself. "Well, I drew a halt at two, dear. Drew the line, know what I mean? He said have another go, but I couldn't agree."

Five goes, Mrs. Lethwes has had herself: five failures, in bed for every day the third and fourth time, told she mustn't try again, but she did. The same age she was then as she imagines her husband's other woman to be: thirty-six when she finally accepted she was a childless wife.

"Decent a bloke as ever walked a street is little Liam, but Ange don't see it. One day she'll look up and he'll be gone and away. Talking to a wall you are."

"Is Ange in love, though?"

"Call it how you like, dear. Mention it to Ange and all she give's a giggle. Well, Liam's small. A little fellow, but then where's the harm in small?"

Washing traces of soil from her hands at the sink, Mrs. Lethwes says there is no harm in a person's being small. Hardly five foot, she has many times heard Liam is. But strong as a horse.

"I said it to her straight, dear. Wait for some bruiser and you'll build your life on regrets. No good to no one, regrets."

"No good at all."

Of course was what she'd thought on the terrace of the Hôtel St.-Georges: a childless marriage was a disappointment for any man. She'd failed him, although naturally it had never been said; he wasn't in the least like that. But she had failed and had compounded her failure by turning away from talk of adoption. She had no feeling for the idea; she wasn't the kind to take on other people's kids. Their own particular children were the children she wanted, an expression of their love, an expression of their marriage: more and more, she'd got that into her head. When the letter arrived at the Hôtel St.-Georges she'd been reconciled for years to her barren state; they lived with it, or so she thought. The letter changed everything. The letter frightened her; she should have known.

"We need the window cleaners one of them days," Marietta says, dipping a biscuit into her coffee. "Shocking, the upstairs panes is."

"I'll ring them."

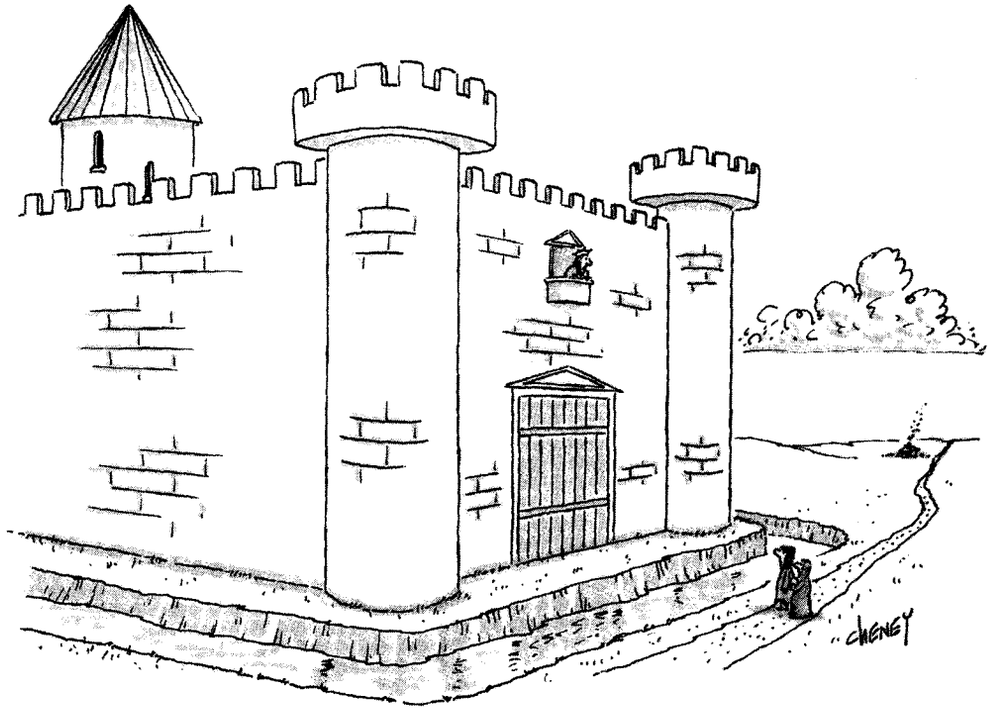
"Didn't mind me mentioning it, dear? Only with the buildup it works out twice the price. No saving really."

"Actually, I forget. I wasn't trying to—"

"Best done regular I always say."

"I'll ring them this afternoon."

Mrs. Lethwes said nothing in the Hôtel St.-Georges and she hasn't since. He doesn't know she knows; she hopes that nothing ever shows. She sat for an hour on the terrace of the hotel, working it out. Say something, she thought, and as soon as you do it'll be in the open. The



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next thing is he'll be putting it gently to her that nothing is as it should be. Gently because he always has been gentle, especially about her barren state; sorry for her, dutiful in their plight, tied to her. He'd have had an Eastern child, any little slit-eyed thing, but when she hadn't been able to see it he'd been good about that too.

"Sets the place off when the windows is done, I always say."

"Yes, of course."

He came back from his swim and the letter from a woman who played an instrument in an orchestra was already torn into little pieces and in a waste bin in the car park, the most distant one she could find. "Awfully good, this," she said when he came and sat beside her. "The Way We Live Now" was the book she laid aside. He said he had read it at school.

"I'll do the windowsills when they've been. Shocking with flies, July is. Filthy, really."

"I'll see if I can get them next week."

There hadn't been an address, just a date: September 4th. No need for the address, because of course he knew it, and from the letter's tone he had for ages. She wondered what that meant and couldn't think of a time when a change had begun in his manner toward her. There hadn't been one, and in other ways, too, he was as he always had been: unhurried in his movements and his speech, his square, healthy features the same terra-cotta shade, the gray in his hair in no way diminishing his physical attractiveness. It was hardly surprising that someone else found him attractive too. Driving up through France, and back again in England, she became used to pretending in his company that the person called Elspeth did not exist, while endlessly conjecturing when she was alone.

"I'll do the stairs down," Marietta says, "and then I'll scoot, dear."

"Yes, you run along whenever you're ready."

"I'll put in the extra Friday, dear. Three-quarters of an hour I owe all told."

"Oh, please don't worry—"

"Fair's fair, dear. Only I'd like to catch the twenty past today, with Bernardo anxious for his dinner."

"Yes, of course you must."

THE house is silent when Marietta has left, and Mrs. Lethwes feels free again. The day is hers now, until the evening. She can go from room to room

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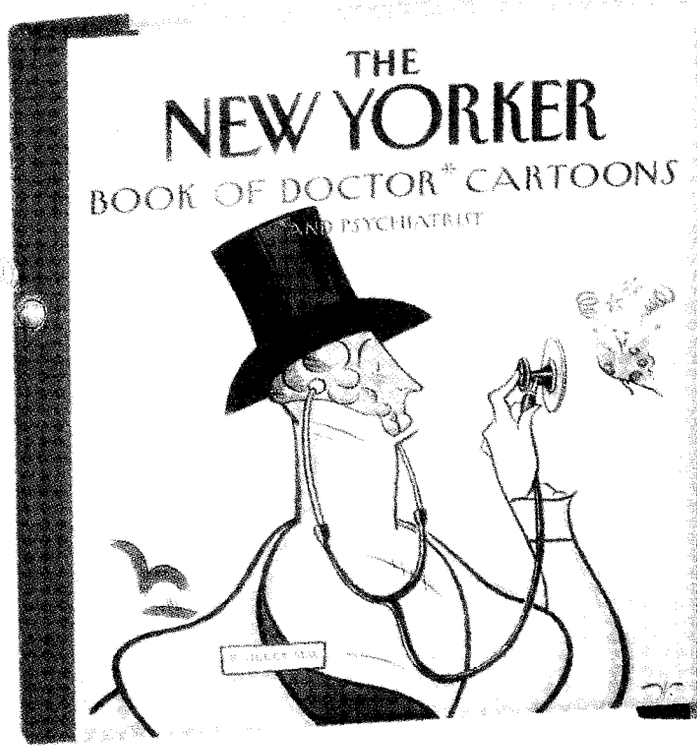

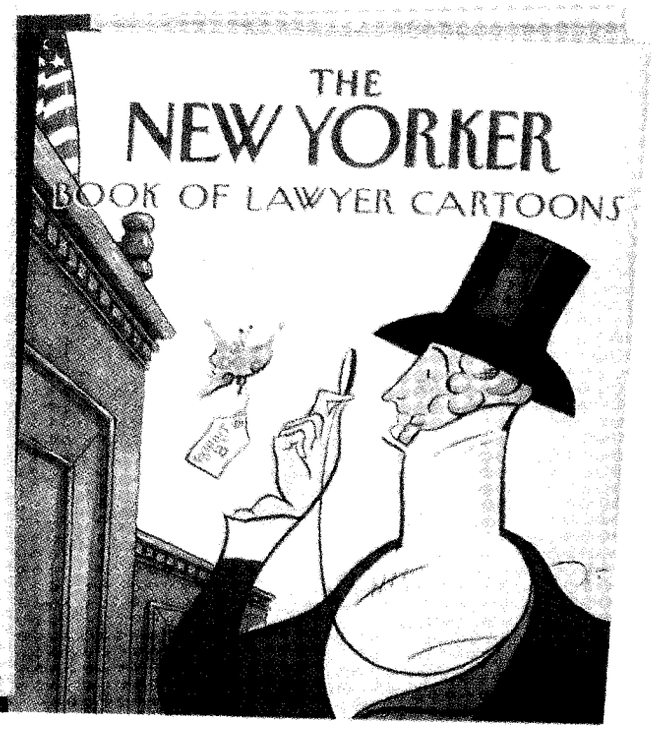

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in stockinged feet, and let the telephone ring unanswered. She can watch, if the mood takes her, some old black-and-white film on the television, an English one, for she likes those best, pretty girls' voices from the nineteen-forties, Michael Wilding young again, Ann Todd.

She doesn't have much lunch. She never does during the week: a bit of cheese on the Ritz biscuits she has a weakness for, gin and dry vermouth twice. In her spacious sitting room Mrs. Lethwes slips her shoes off and stretches out on one of the room's two sofas. Then the first sharp tang of the Martini causes her, for a moment, to close her eyes with pleasure.

Silver-framed, a reminder of her wedding day stands on a round inlaid surface among other photographs nearby. August 26, 1974: the date floats through her midday thoughts. "I *know* this'll work out," her mother—given to speaking openly—had remarked the evening before, when she met for the first time the parents of her daughter's fiancé. The remark had caused a silence, then someone laughed.

She reaches for a Ritz. The soft brown hair that's hardly visible beneath the bridal veil is blonded now and longer than it was, which is why she wears it gathered up, suitable in middle age. She was pretty then and is handsome now; still loose-limbed, she has put on only a little weight. Her teeth are still white and sound; only her light-blue eyes, once brilliantly clear, are blurred, like eyes caught out of focus. Afterward, her mother's remark on the night before the wedding became a joke, because of course the marriage had worked out. A devoted couple; a perfect marriage, people said—and still say, perhaps—except for the pity of there being no children. It's most unlikely, Mrs. Lethwes believes, that anyone much knows about his other woman. He wouldn't want that; he wouldn't want his wife humiliated, that never was his style.

Mrs. Lethwes, who smokes one cigarette a day, smokes it now as she lies on the sofa, not yet pouring her second drink. On later September holidays there had been no letters, of that she was certain. Some alarm had been raised by the one that didn't find its intended destination: dreadful, he would have considered it, a liaison discovered by chance, and would have felt afraid. "Please understand. I'm awfully sorry," he would have said, and Elspeth would naturally have honored his wishes, even though writing to him when he was away was precious.

"No more. That's all." On her feet again to pour her second drink, Mrs. Lethwes firmly makes this resolution, speaking aloud since there is no one to be surprised by that. But a little later she finds herself rooting beneath underclothes in a bedroom drawer, and finding there another bottle of Gordon's and pouring some and adding water from the bathroom tap. The bottle is returned, the fresh drink carried downstairs, the Ritz packet put away, the glass she drank her two cocktails from washed and dried and returned to where the glasses are kept. Opaque, blue to match the bathroom paint, the container she drinks from now is a toothbrush beaker, and holds more than the sedate cocktail glass, three times as much almost. The taste is different, the plastic beaker feels different in her grasp, not stemmed and cool as the glass was, warmer on her lips. The morning that has passed seems far away as the afternoon advances, as the afternoon connects with the afternoon of yesterday and of the day before, a repetition that must have a beginning somewhere but now is lost.

He is with her now. They are together in the flat she shares with no one, being an independent girl. At three o'clock, that is Mrs. Lethwes's thought. Excuses are not difficult; in his position in his office he would not even have to make them. Lunch with the kind of businesspeople he often refers to, lunch in the Milano or the Petit Escargot, and then a taxi to the flat that is a second home. "Surprise!" he says on the doorstep intercom, and takes his jacket off while she makes tea. "I'll not be back this afternoon," is all he has said on the phone to his bespectacled and devoted secretary.

They sit by the French windows that open onto a small balcony and are open now. It is a favorite place in summer, geraniums blooming in the balcony's two ornamental containers, the passersby on the street below viewed through the metal scrolls that decorate the balustrade, the drawn-back curtains undisturbed by breezes. The teacups are a shade of pink. The talk is about the orchestra, where it is going next, how long she'll be away, the dates precisely given because that's important. In winter the imagined scene is similar, except that they sit by the gas fire beneath the reproduction of "Field of Poppies," the curtains drawn be-

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cause it's darkening outside even as early as this. In winter there's Mahler on the CD player, instead of the passersby to watch.

Why couldn't it be? Mrs. Lethwes wonders at ten past five when a film featuring George Formby comes to an end. Why couldn't it be that he would come back this evening and confess that there has been a miscalculation? "She is to have a child": why shouldn't it be that he might say simply that? And how could Elspeth, busy with her orchestra, travelling to Cleveland and Chicago and San Francisco, to Rome and Seville and Nice and Berlin, possibly be a mother? And yet, of course, Elspeth would want his child, women do when they're in love.

Vividly, Mrs. Lethwes sees this child, a tiny girl on a rug in the garden, a sunshade propped up, Mr. Yatt bent among the dwarf sweet peas. And Marietta saying in the kitchen, "My, my, there's looks for you!" The child is his, Mrs. Lethwes reflects, pouring again; at least what has happened is halfway there to what might have been if the child was hers also. Beggars can't be choosers.

At fifteen minutes past five, fear sets in, the same fear there was on the terrace of the Hôtel St.-Georges when Mrs. Lethwes still had the letter between her fingers. He will go from her. It is pity that keeps him with a barren woman; he will find the courage, and with it will come the hardness of heart that is not naturally his. Then he will go.

Once, not long ago—or maybe it was a year or so ago, hard to be accurate now—she said on an impulse that she had been wrong to resist the adoption of an unwanted child, wrong to say a child for them must only be his and hers. In response, he shook his head. Adoption would not be easy now, he said, in their middle age, and that was that. Some other day, on the television, there was a woman who took an infant from a pram, and she felt sympathy for that woman then, though no one else did. Whenever she saw a baby in a pram she thought of the woman taking it, and at other times she thought of that girl who walked away with the baby she was meant to be looking after, and the woman who took one from a hospital ward. When she told him she felt sympathy he put his arms around her and wiped away her tears. This afternoon, the fear lasts for half an hour; then, at a quarter to six, it is so much

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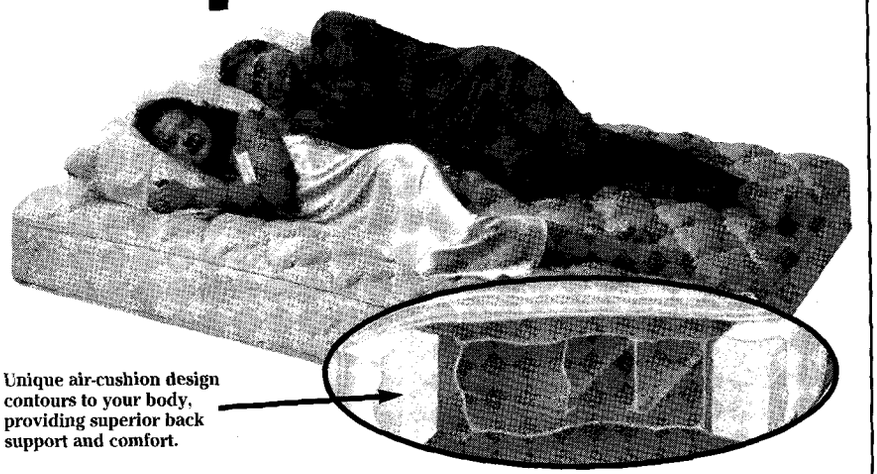

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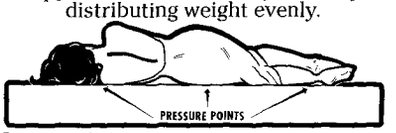

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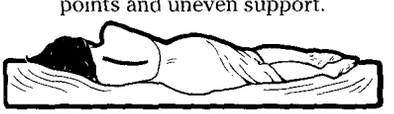

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THE FAMILY PLOT

There are a few sad graves in our family,
but none for fire murderers, none for childhood struck
and broken off like the granite tree trunks
set in old days above a stripling's resting place.
Old age mostly took them out, and if they were bitter,
and if they raged as my grandfather did
against failure, still they had time for hot spring days,
for love, sappy or dignified, for the excellence of action,
and for rest. You couldn't say they didn't get their share.
There's a dead baby beside my grandmother,
a boy born dead, exhausted before he arrived here,
too tired to live, but he'll never know what he missed.
And off there near the flowering camphor tree
my cousin, who blew his head apart, lies a brief distance
from the others, across a grassy gap
his parents will someday occupy. He was the saddest case,
mad, a boy starving at the feast, unable
to leave home, resourceless, impounded
by fear. Under creamy granite
carved with a Bible verse, he mans the frontier of our plot,
first of a generation, last of a line of thought,
keeping his uncomplicated vigil before the cannons of the dark.

—CHARLIE SMITH

nonsense. Never in a thousand years would he develop that hardness of heart.

"I have to go now," he says in his friend's flat. They cease their observation of the passersby below. Again they embrace and then he goes. The touch of her lips goes with him, her regretful smile, her fragile fingers where for so long that afternoon they rested in his hand. He drives through traffic, perfectly knowing the way, not having to think. And in the flat she plays her music, and finds in it a consolation. It is his due to have his other woman: on the hotel terrace she decided that. In the hour she sat there with the letter not yet destroyed everything fell into place. She knew she must never say she had discovered what she had. She knew she didn't want him ever not to be there.

Lovers quarrel. Love affairs end. What life is it for Elspeth, scraps from a marriage he won't let go of? Why shouldn't she tire of waiting? "No," he says when Elspeth cheats, allowing her pregnancy to occur in order to force his hand. Still he says he can't, and all there is is a mess where once there was romance. He turns to his discarded wife and there between them is his confession. "She travels, you see. She has to travel, she won't give up her music." How quickly should there be forgiveness? Should there be some pretense at anger? Should there be tears? His friend set a trap for him, his voice goes on, a tender trap, as in the song: that is where his weakness has landed him. His voice apologizes and asks for understanding and for mercy. His other woman has played her part although she never knew it; without his other woman there could not be a happy ending.

She sets the table for their dinner, the tweed mats, the cutlery, the pepper mill, the German mustard, glasses for wine because he deserves a little wine after his day, Châteauneuf-du-Pape. The bottle's on the table, opened earlier because she knows to do that from experience: it's difficult later on to open wine with all the rush of cooking. And the wine should breathe: years ago he taught her that.

In the kitchen she begins to cut the fat off the pork chops she bought that morning, a long time ago it seems now. Marietta's recipe she's intending to do: pork chops in tomato sauce, onions and peppers. On the mottled Formica working surface the blue tooth beaker is almost full again, reached out for often. The meat slides about although, in actual fact, it doesn't move. It is necessary to be careful with the knife; her little finger is wrapped in a Band-Aid from a week ago. On the radio there is applause, and another round of a musical quiz gets under way.

"Of course," Mrs. Lethwes says aloud. "Of course we'll offer it a home."

AT five to seven, acting instinctively as she does every evening at about this time, Mrs. Lethwes washes the blue plastic beaker and replaces it in the bathroom. Twice, before she hears the car wheels on the tarmac, she raises the gin bottle directly to her lips, then pours herself, conventionally, a cocktail of Gordon's and vermouth. She knows it will happen tonight. She knows he will enter with a worry in his features and stand by the door, not coming forward for a moment, that then he'll pour himself a drink also and sit down slowly and begin to tell her. "I'm sorry," is probably how he'll put it, and she'll stop him, telling him she can guess. And after he has spoken for twenty minutes, covering all the ground that has been lost, she'll say, of course, "The child must come here."

The noisy up-and-over garage door falls into place. In a hurry Mrs. Lethwes raises the green bottle to her lips because suddenly she feels the need of it. She does so again before there is the darkness that sometimes comes, arriving suddenly today just as she is whispering to herself that tomorrow, all day long, she'll not take anything at all and thinking also that, for tonight, the open wine will be enough, and if it isn't there's always more that can be broached. For, after all, tonight is a time for celebration. A schoolgirl on a summer's day, just like the one that has passed, occupies the upper room where only visitors sleep. She comes downstairs and chatters on, about her friends, her teachers, a worry she has, not understanding a poem, and together at the kitchen table they read it through. Oh, I do love you, Mrs. Lethwes thinks while there is imagery, and words rhyme.

ON the Formica worktop in the kitchen the meat is where Mrs. Lethwes left it, the fat partly cut away, the knife still separating it from one of the chops. The potatoes she scraped earlier in the day are in a saucepan of cold water, the peas she shelled in another. Often, in the evenings, it is like that in the kitchen when her husband returns to their house. He is gentle when he carries her, as he always is. ♦

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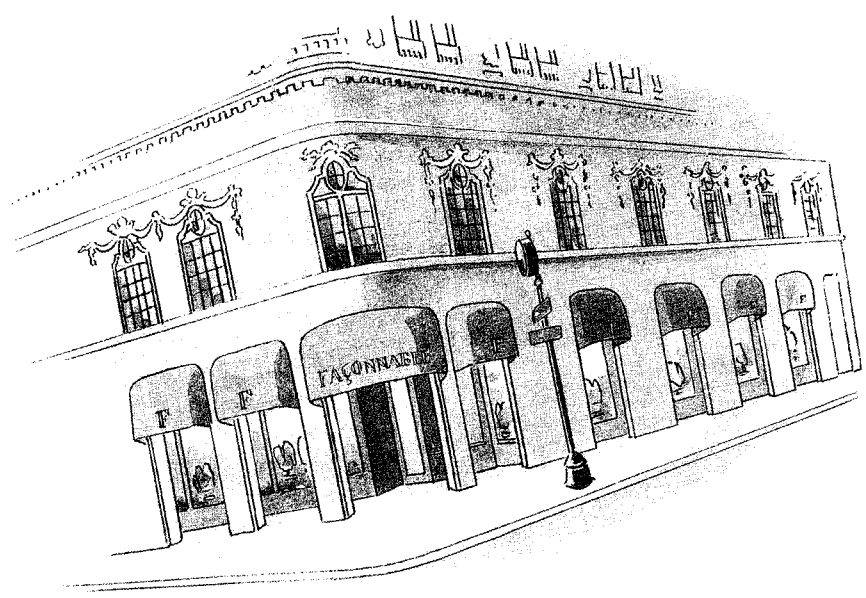

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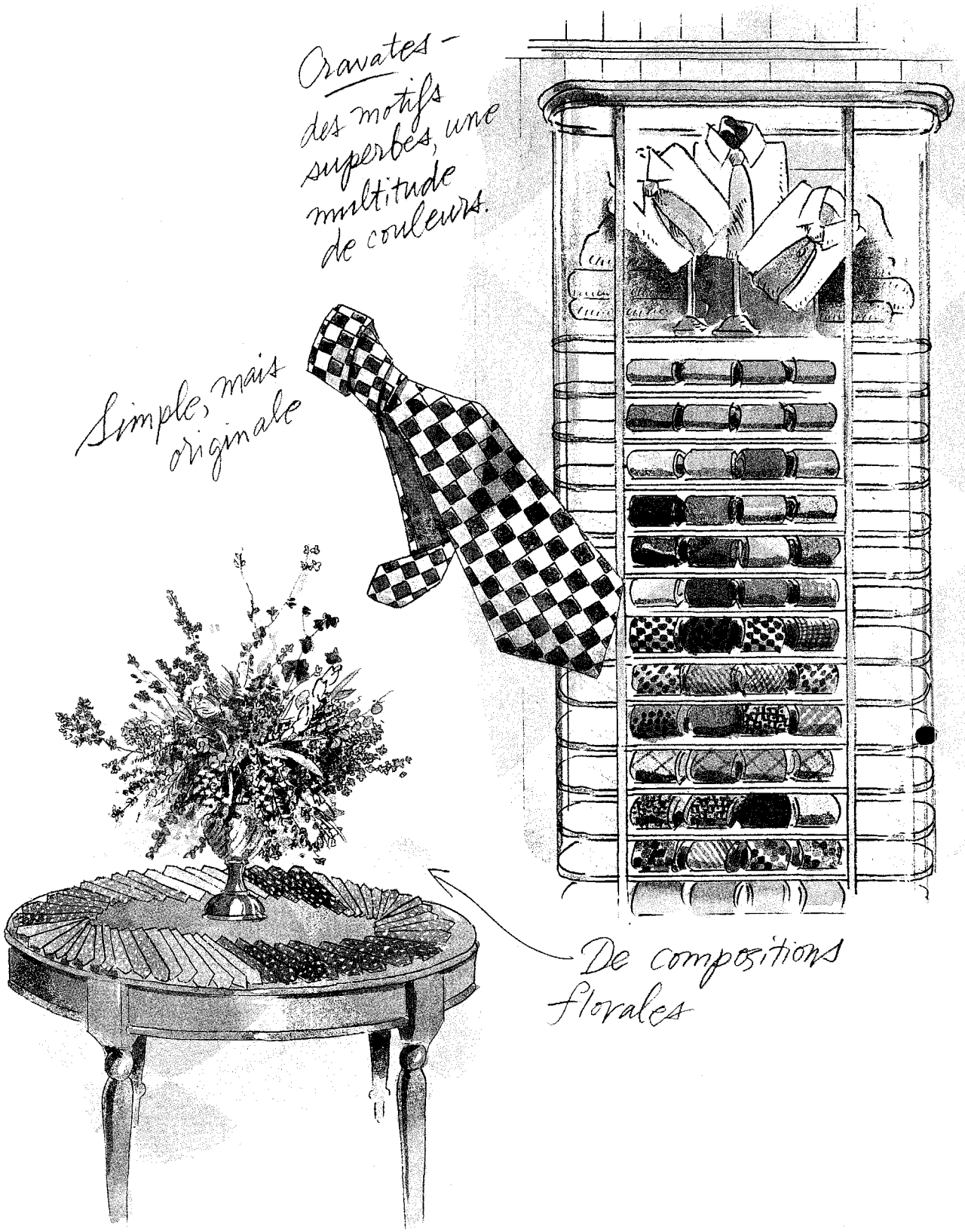

It has long been a dream of mine to open a Façonnab

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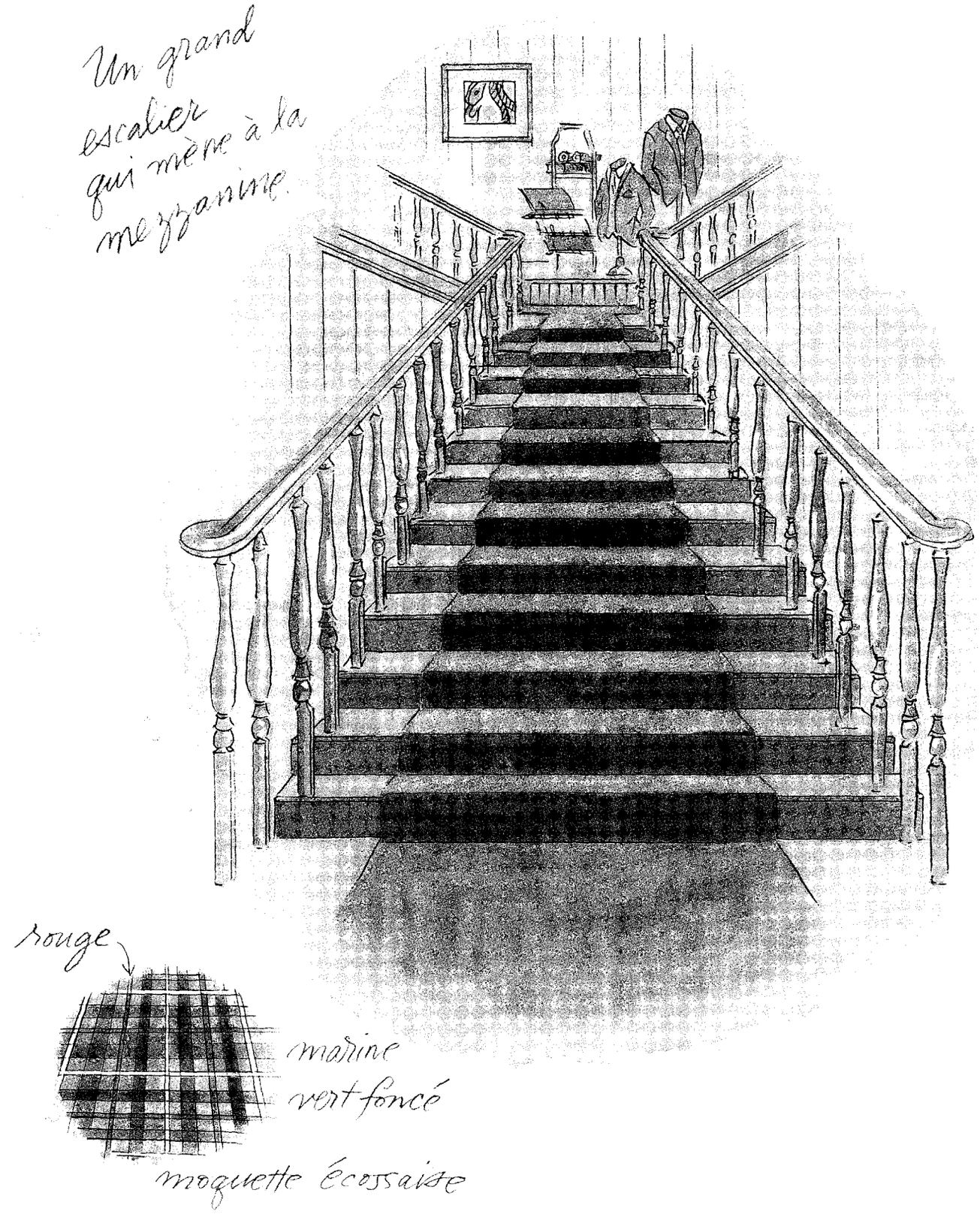

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— ALBERT GOLDBERG

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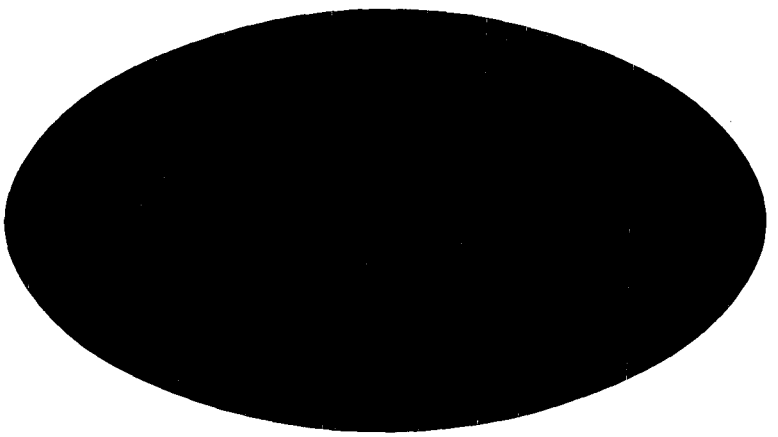

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THE CRITICS

THE CURRENT CINEMA

A MAN OF TRANSACTIONS

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

STEVEN SPIELBERG'S "Schindler's List" is a great movie, and, like all great works, it feels both impossible and inevitable. In the opening pages of the 1982 book (of the same name) on which the film is based, the author, Thomas Keneally, tells the reader, "This is the story of the pragmatic triumph of good over evil, a triumph in eminently measurable, statistical, unsubtle terms," and then confesses to an odd sort of trepidation: "It is a risky enterprise to have to write of virtue." The writer's admission is staggering, because "Schindler's List" is a true story about the Holocaust: you would think that an artist who has taken on the task of portraying that unimaginably monstrous event wouldn't consider the representation of virtue his most daunting challenge. But the story of Oskar Schindler—a dashing and resourceful German Catholic businessman who saved over a thousand Polish Jews from almost certain annihilation—is extraordinary even by the standards of Holocaust literature, in which every kind of human behavior *except* the merely ordinary can be found. And, in a sense, Schindler's goodness really is more mysterious—tougher to account for intellectually—than the Nazis' evil, because his actions seem not to have been determined by anything resembling a conscious political, religious, or social principle. He wasn't an idealist (much less an ideologue), but he took the sort of risks that a fanatic or a willful martyr might take, and never troubled to explain himself. According to Keneally, many of the people Schindler rescued still say, "I don't know why he did it."

KRAWCYZK

In "Schindler's List" Steven Spielberg captures images of experiences that most of us probably thought we would never see represented adequately on the screen.

The triumph of the book is that Keneally's faithful, exhaustively detailed chronicle of Schindler's wartime activities never fully answers the question "Why?" and, besides, persuades us that it would be foolish to try: heroism of this magnitude is, at its heart, inexplicable. Spielberg (working from a script by Steven Zaillian) also respects the mystery of Schindler's personality, and part of what makes the film so moving is that an ambiguous, complex hero is something entirely new in this director's work. The sheer unexpectedness of Spielberg's rigorous refusal to simplify his protagonist's motives seems to connect him, in a minor but distinct way, to Schindler himself; this character is, after all, a man whose dedication and commitment to righteous action simply could not have been predicted from the evidence of his prewar life. That's the beauty of the story. What Schindler does during the years of Nazi oppression appears to constitute a kind of self-transcendence, but it's really more like an improbable self-fulfillment: in the unique, deranged circumstances of occupied Poland, his shortcomings, and even his vices, somehow turn into instruments of virtue.

Spielberg introduces Schindler with a scene of his preparations for an evening out in Kraków. Before we're shown the hero's face, we see his elegant clothes and the swastika pin that gleams in his lapel. Schindler (Liam Neeson) arrives at a swank night club filled with Nazi officials and expensively dressed

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women, and looks as if he were right at home. He's handsome, confident, and worldly—the very image of the man of affairs. It doesn't take him long to become the center of attention: he drinks and laughs with the Nazis, and appears to be having the time of his life. The only hint that there might be something unusual about this prosperous-looking backslapper is provided by a handful of closeups of Schindler's watchful face in the moments just before he moves in on the Nazis. He gazes at them coldly, clinically, and it's impossible to tell whether the look in his eyes reflects deep-seated disdain or merely the pragmatic attitude of a businessman plotting his social tactics as he prepares to initiate a potentially advantageous contact. The uncertainty about the protagonist's character which Spielberg creates in this superbly directed sequence establishes the tone of the movie's treatment of Schindler, and, precarious as it is, it's precisely the right tone. Schindler, having failed at several businesses in Germany, has come to Kraków with the intention of making some easy money in the wartime economy. Poland, he feels, offers tremendous opportunities for someone like him—an energetic entrepreneur who knows how to get things done and isn't burdened by an overscrupulous sense of business ethics. The best opportunities, of course, have been created by the Reich's systematic destruction of the Jewish community, and in the film's first hour we see Schindler, apparently without qualms, buying a Jewish-owned factory for next to nothing, staffing it entirely with Jewish workers (because their labor costs far less than that of Polish Gentiles), and taking possession of a large, airy apartment vacated by a family that has been forced to move into the city's ghetto. And in these swift and sometimes darkly funny early passages Spielberg gives us glimpses of several other somewhat unsavory aspects of Schindler's character: the movie's hero, we learn, is also an enthusiastic participant in the city's black market and an inveterate philanderer. (His wife has remained in their prewar home, in Moravia, and, prudently, doesn't pay him many visits while he's in Poland.)

Schindler, nestled in a fur-collared coat, strides through this ugly world with a curious air of innocence. He's a war profiteer, but he obviously sees no harm in the way he's making his fortune. He treats the workers at his factory, which makes pots and pans for the German Army, reasonably well, and although they're basically slave labor, their employment provides them some tangible benefit: they can be considered essential to the war effort, and therefore (they hope) a little less likely to be deported to a concentration camp. Schindler is the sort of wheeler-dealer who closes even his most outrageous business propositions with a cheerful "And everybody's happy!"—and seems to actually mean it. The grotesque disparity in the degrees of "happiness" enjoyed by the Nazi occupiers and his Jewish employees doesn't appear to trouble him much; he's not gifted with a keen sense of irony. And, besides, he's just an entrepreneurial capitalist, doing what such men have always done—making money according to the conditions of whatever social system happens to obtain, without passing judgment on the system's fairness.

The hero's evolution from an unreflective profiteer to a conscious and daring rescuer of the Jews is portrayed, both in the book and in the film, with extraordinary subtlety. Keneally provides more detail, but Neeson's quietly brilliant performance makes up for the movie's elisions: this is nuanced and utterly unsentimental acting—exactly what the role requires. Schindler, who is no philosopher, never delivers the sort of high-minded speech that tells us how he made the decision to use his friendly relations with the Nazis for the purpose of resistance rather than of profit. A speech of that sort would violate the nature of Schindler's heroism, which is instinctual, unpremeditated; like a soldier in the heat of battle, he's just responding as quickly and as effectively as he can to the chaotic events around him.

In the movie, however, it's possible to identify a turning point in the hero's consciousness—not because Spielberg crudely signals a change but because he uses the resources of film so powerfully that we, in the audience, feel a profound transformation in our relation to the historical drama we're witnessing. About an hour into the film, Spielberg stages the liquidation of the Kraków ghetto, and in this turbulent and almost unbearably vivid fifteen-minute sequence the Holocaust, fifty years removed from our contemporary consciousness, suddenly becomes overwhelmingly immediate, undeniable. Spielberg, using his prodigious visual skills with an urgency and an imaginative intensity that he hasn't shown in a long time, creates images that have the force of intimate experience, the terrible clarity of

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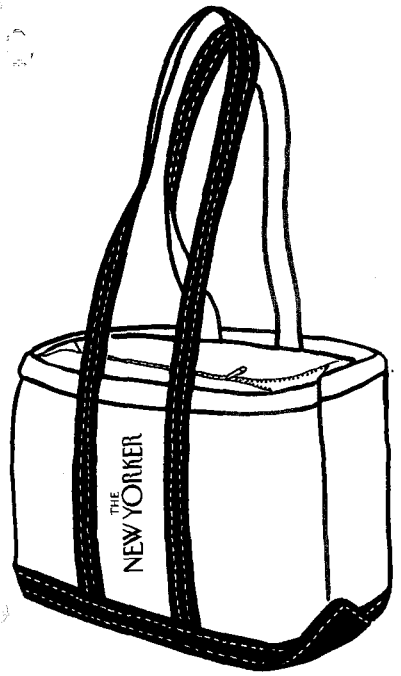

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your own most indelible memories. Summary executions are performed, in chillingly objective medium shots, on Kraków's beautiful streets; the narrow corridors of the ghetto's tenements become nightmarishly claustrophobic as the Jewish families rousted out of their apartments try to move quickly enough to satisfy the armed, shouting S.S. men; flashes of machine-gun fire light up the dark stairwells; abandoned suitcases litter the alleys and courtyards; soldiers fire into walls and ceilings, to dispose of anyone who might be hiding on the other side; thousands of Jews are herded brutally through the old city, and Schindler, watching from a hilltop, tries to track the progress of a little girl in a red coat as she makes her way, alone, through the smoke-filled streets. Sights like these make us feel—viscerally, and in the most concrete terms—the obscenity of the Reich's treatment of the Jews, and the strength of our own reactions tells us that this must be the moment in which amiable Oskar Schindler begins to entertain the idea of subverting the system that has enriched him.

For the rest of the film—which runs better than three hours and doesn't seem a minute too long—Schindler's cunning manipulations of high-level Nazis play out against the background of the increasingly horrific experiences of Kraków's Jews. As the Final Solution gathers momentum, the people who survived the liquidation of the ghetto are sent to the Plaszów labor camp, and there they live under the constant threat of slow death from exhaustion or hunger, and of sudden, violent death at the hands of their captors: the camp's sadistic commandant, Amon Goeth (Ralph Fiennes), takes target practice from the balcony of his villa, picking off prisoners at random as they walk across the compound. Schindler puts his disreputable talents to good use, cozying up to the psychotic Goeth and bribing and cajoling him—one man of the world to another—into granting the businessman the most unlikely concessions. Not only is Schindler allowed to continue operating his factory, with the same workforce, but he obtains permission to turn the plant into a sub-camp and move "his" Jews onto its premises. And, late in the war, when deportations to the extermination camps are occurring at an accelerated rate, Schindler contrives to establish a new factory, in Czechoslovakia, and to have eleven hundred Jewish work-

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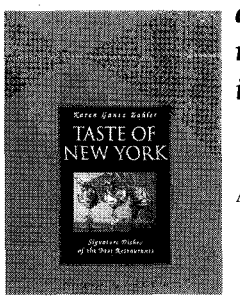

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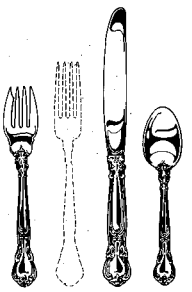

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ers who were scheduled for transport to the camps diverted to his facility. He purchases the reprieve of each of the Jews on his list individually, out of his (rapidly dwindling) profits; and then he has to pay yet again, to liberate three hundred women who wind up, mistakenly, at Auschwitz-Birkenau. "It was Oskar's nature," Keneally writes, "to believe that you could drink with the devil and adjust the balance of evil over a snifter of cognac. It was not that he found more radical methods frightening. It was that they did not occur to him. He'd always been a man of transactions."

The irony of Schindler's methods is that his temperamental indifference to ethical niceties is precisely what makes him an effective champion of the powerless Jews he employs. If he had been a more scrupulous man, he couldn't have done what he did. An idealist would never have dreamed, in the first place, of setting up a business to profit from the misfortune of the Polish Jews; and an idealist would have been sickened to the point of incapacity at having to spend so much time drinking and schmoozing with the likes of Amon Goeth. The people who work for Schindler are lucky to be under the protection of a man who combines the recklessness of a pirate and the oily mendacity of a confidence man; a Gandhi couldn't have served them nearly so well. What's genuinely inspiring about Schindler is that in one crucial respect he did diverge, spontaneously and unquestioningly, from his instincts as "a man of transactions": when his financial interests stopped coinciding with the single, urgent interest of his workers, which was survival, he chose to dedicate himself to *their* interest. By the end of the war, he had spent so much money implementing the ever more elaborate schemes necessary to save the Jews that he was totally wiped out. From the perspective of our own rapacious times, a businessman who values his workers' lives over his own profits seems almost inconceivably noble.

What Spielberg achieves in "Schindler's List" is nearly as miraculous. (His accomplishment is less inspiring than his hero's only because art is less important than life.) It is by far the finest, fullest dramatic (i.e., nondocumentary) film ever made about the Holocaust. And few American movies since the silent era have had anything approaching this picture's narrative boldness, visual audacity, and emotional directness. Throughout the film, Spielberg captures images of experiences that most of us probably thought we would never see represented adequately on the screen. There's an astonishing sequence of a "health action" at Plaszów, in which naked inmates run in circles before the eyes of camp doctors who are looking to weed out those no longer strong enough to be productive workers; the prisoners' desperation as they push themselves to the limits of their diminished capacities and then beyond is all but unendurable. And, late in the film, Spielberg's camera takes us even further, straight into the heart of darkness: we follow the women who wound up at Auschwitz-Birkenau into the showers. They've heard stories of what happens in such places; naked, shivering, their heads shaved, they crowd in; they look up at the sprinkler heads that may spray either cold water or lethal gas; the lights go out, and a collective scream rises up, a shattering, unearthly sound—you feel as if you were somehow hearing, in the space of a few seconds, the distinct, individual voice of every woman in that bleak room. It is the most terrifying sequence ever filmed.

All but a few minutes of "Schindler's List" are in black-and-white. (The cinematography, by Janusz Kaminski, is wonderfully expressive, with delicate textures and lucidly defined contrasts.) The film's monochromatic look evokes the feeling of a documentary—a feeling that is reinforced by the naturalistic style of the acting and by the use of Polish locations. (Schindler's apartment and his Kraków factory are not sets but the actual sites in which the action took place.) The black-and-white imagery also recalls the older, grander filmmaking style that Spielberg, improbably, has revived in this picture, as if it were the only style capable of doing justice to the epic scope and human richness of the story. The pictorial beauty and the honest emotionalism of his work here are worthy of D. W. Griffith, and scene after scene in "Schindler's List" has the quality that James Agee described in writing of a battle scene in "The Birth of a Nation." "It seems to me," he wrote, "to be a perfect realization of a collective dream of what the Civil War was like, as veterans might remember it fifty years later, or as children, fifty years later, might imagine it." In "Schindler's List" Steven Spielberg imagines the Holocaust with that sort of visionary clarity. ♦

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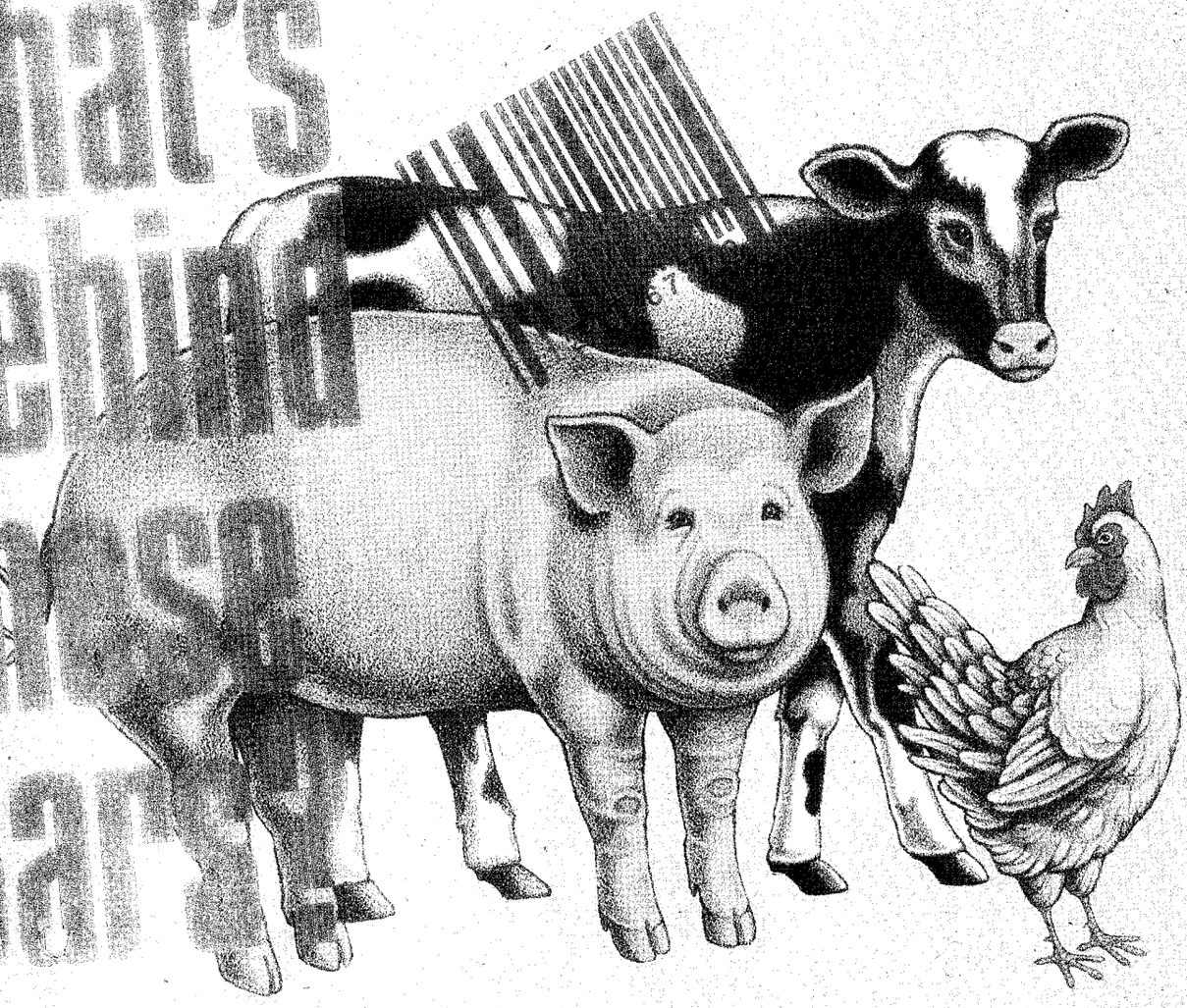

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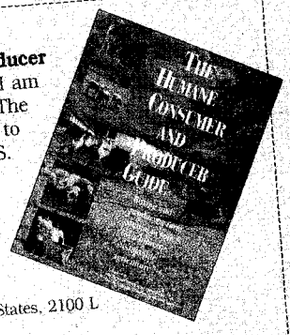

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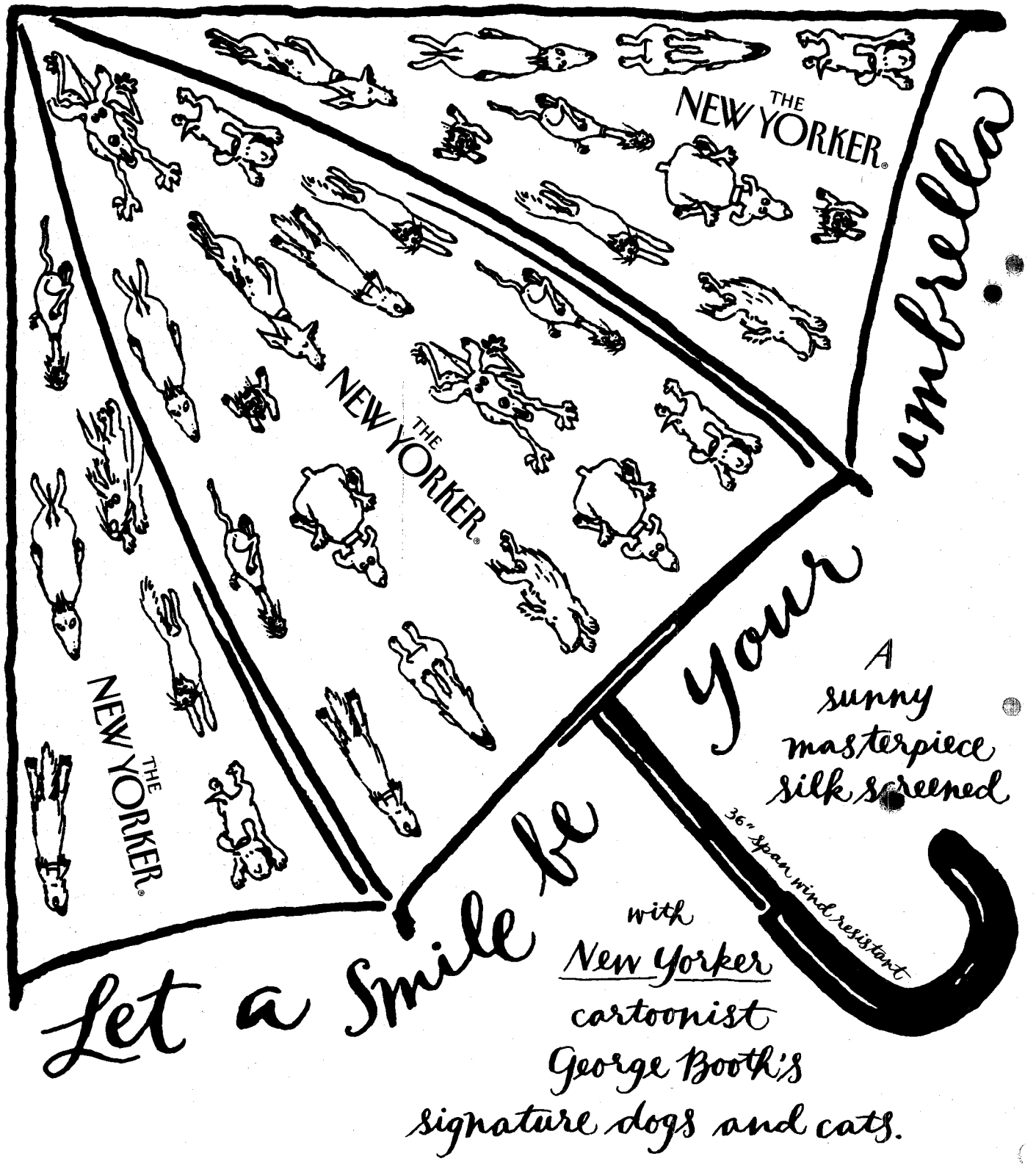

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THE THEATRE

SHTICK BALL

BY JOHN LAHR

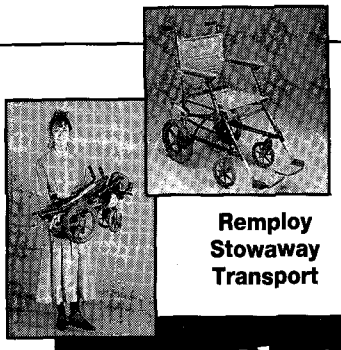
"FUNNY is money," says one of the joke writers who feed a TV monster called Max Prince in Neil Simon's "Laughter on the 23rd Floor," at the Richard Rodgers. On this principle the bulwark of American entertainment was built. No one has been more successful at mining the mother lode of the culture's avidity for distraction than Simon himself. "Laughter on the 23rd Floor," which was sold to the movies at its first staged reading, is Simon's twenty-seventh Broadway play. He has also written nineteen movies that he acknowledges. On any given day of the year, in both the Western and the Eastern Hemispheres, an audience is gathered together to hear Neil Simon's version of funny. Sometimes, if he stops to think about it (which he rarely does), his gift puzzles him. "I said five funny things to my wife last night that made her nearly fall off the bed laughing," Simon told me, over lunch this summer in Los Angeles, where he lives. "I don't know how they come so quickly. We were playing poker last night. Somebody said, 'Pinky Lee died recently. How old was he?' And I said, '*Th*eventy *Th*even.' They broke up laughing. I told that to my wife. She said, 'How'd you think of that so fast?' My line came directly on 'How old was he?' The message that is sent from your brain to your tongue is so swift it amazes me." This freakish talent, which turns envy, rapacity, aggression, egotism, and revenge into joy, is the subject of "Laughter on the 23rd Floor." The play puts the audience back in the closed world of the Writers' Room, where Simon, along with Larry Gelbart, Mel Brooks, and Mel Tolkin, collaborated with Sid Caesar in writing "Your Show of Shows." Here Simon is doing what he does best—telling jokes about the making of laughs.

In his new play Neil Simon is doing what he does best—telling jokes about the making of laughs.

BILL NELSON

The premise of "Laughter on the 23rd Floor" calls out of Simon an affection and a passion that put the play in the circle of his finest comic efforts, along with "The Odd Couple" and "The Sunshine Boys," which are also about combative and largely male domains. (Carol, the sole female jokesmith in the new play, admits, "I don't want to be considered a woman. I want to be considered a writer.") Simon brings us news both of the golden age of TV comedy and of the process of comedy-writing itself. The jokes are played out against a backdrop of public and private panic. Outside, in 1953, the McCarthy hearings are taking place; inside, the TV show is under siege from the network. Critics of the play, who claim that it doesn't illuminate the period, miss the point of Simon's bankable laughter: to turn denial into a form of delight. Divorce, illness, witch-hunts—in fact, all loss—are the stuff that these professional funnymen are trying to evade. In the writer's life, the room is the universe. "I remember walking down the street with Mel Brooks. We were walking toward the office," Simon told me. "And I said, 'Are we going to our life, or is our life when we go home?' "

The hubbub of outrageousness in the Writers' Room is a kind of comic vamping, a way of extending the ecstatic mo-



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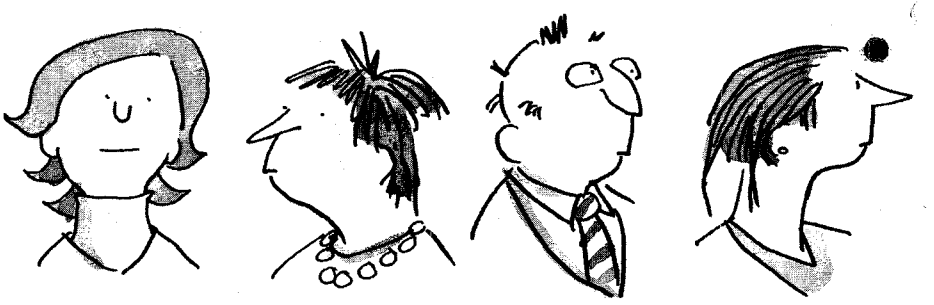
ment. "Those were the best days I ever had," Simon said. "Oh God, you laughed so hard at each other. We would get furious at Mel Brooks. We got in at ten in the morning. At a quarter to one, Mel still hadn't been in. We'd start a sketch. We'd say, 'Goddammit, that's it with Mel. We're just gonna have it out. Either he comes in on time or some punishment has to be meted out to this guy.' And then Mel would come in with a straw hat, throw it across the room, and say, 'Lindy's made it!' We'd just laugh our heads off and forgive him, because he was so hilarious." The noise, the competition, the ad-libs, the crazy oxygen that these wise guys generated in the room is as exhilarating to Simon as it is to the audience. "I had the idea a number of years ago," he told me. "I said to myself, 'How am I gonna write a play where *everybody* in the room is funny?' Here everybody is funny, but not in telling jokes. They're funny in other ways—in self-deprecating ways, in abusive ways, in ignorant and witty ways. I really had to go to some deep places and say to myself, 'Am I gonna deal with Sid Caesar's drinking and his taking tranquillizers?' I talked to Sid, and said, 'Sid, I'm writing a play about "Your Show of Shows" and I'm gonna deal with that stuff.' He said, 'You do what you have to do.' I said, 'All right, but I'm gonna show you the play before I ever put it on.' He loved it. We all hated the movie 'My Favorite Year,' because it had nothing to do with the life of the writers. People always used to say, 'I wish I were in that room.' Moss Hart dropped in. Paddy Chayefsky dropped in just to watch how the show was written. We'd pair up, go away, and work on a sketch. Then everybody would congregate in the room and tear the work apart. There'd be fighting. Mel Brooks would say, 'Take this shit out of it. This is pure shit.' Then the castigations would come. I remember coming home one night to watch the show. My wife said, 'That's your line—I can tell.' And I said, 'I swear I have no idea if it was mine or not.' You yelled and you didn't remember what it was that you yelled. You just threw it in. Sid would sit at this table facing Michael Stewart, who acted as kind of a stenographer. We'd be around him in a semicircle—the Sun King and his courtiers."

Significantly, "Laughter on the 23rd Floor" begins and ends with jokes about food. Even Tony Walton's set features food, with a coffee urn and an assortment of bagels, rolls, sliced pound cake, and Danish at the front of the stage. Nourishment is part of the metaphor of comedy. "When I walk in here, Max Prince laughs," Milt says, justifying his funny outfits to the rookie Lucas. "And if Max Prince laughs my kids eat this week." But joke writing is about psychic as well as physical survival. Simon's collection of lunatics and card-carrying narcissists use jokes as a way of feeding themselves—as a way of insuring a regular diet of pleasure, attention, and stimulation, which the funnymen can't trust the world to provide. In the opening minutes, the Russian-born Val (the superb Mark Linn-Baker), who is the paranoid Mel Tolkin character, holds up a bagel and proclaims, "Look at this. Already sliced. *This* is why my father brought us to America." Milt (the irrepressible Lewis J. Stadlen, looking and sounding like Groucho with a Durante spin) adds, "Mine came for chocolate pudding. In Poland they could make it but they couldn't get it in the cups." Max, even when he's drunk, finds it difficult to ex-

CHRISTOPHE; THE EARLY WORKS



DON NELLY

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press love directly. "Whoo! Boy! Why is that so hard?" he says. "We never said it in my family. . . . We said *Eat!* . . . *Eat* was love. Potatoes was love. Brisket of beef was a *lot* of love."

As Max, Nathan Lane prowls the stage in a whirlwind of isolated energy. His hair slicked back, his face a little fist of fury, he gives the character the dynamism and danger that the script calls for. "He exudes great strength," the stage directions read. "His strength comes more from his anger than from his physique." Simon superbly captures the loopy solitude of comic genius. "Sid's syntax was insane," Simon told me. "He would say all the wrong things. He'd speak in shorthand sometimes." The play has great fun dramatizing Caesar's articulate inarticulateness. "Mug," says Max, pacing and suffering one of his "Wolf Man" headaches. "Mug." He means coffee, no cream, four sugars. Max is never more hilarious than when he's earnestly trying to rally his troops to fight the network's cuts. He invokes "Spartacus in the war against the Byzantimums," and sounds the call to battle with "Remember what Churchill said? 'Never have so many given so much for so long for so little for so few for so seldom.' " The star comedian is a law, and a psychology, unto himself. He is noble and infantile at once. Max enters and immediately takes off his suit jacket and pants, so they can be cleaned and pressed. Later, he puts his fist through a wall, then orders a Tiffany frame and plaque to surround the hole. "Does Max have any enemies?" Lucas asks. Kenny (John Slattery), the Wasp in Simon's collection of ethnic voices, chimes in, "Nobody hates Max the way Max hates Max." It's a throwaway comment, but a shrewd observation, borne out by Max's fulminating and erratic behavior. When one writer suggests that they reason with the NBC people, Max launches into a wacky monologue. "NBC is not a people," he says. "They're not like us. They wear black socks up to their necks. Crew neck socks. . . . They come home from work and before dinner they dance with their wives. . . . They put up wallpaper in their garages. . . . You can't talk to them."

In this atmosphere of real and stage-managed combat, memorable comedy was born. The play serves as a kind of lexicon of comic maneuvers. When the tall-talking, Hollywood-bound Irish gag writer, Brian (well played by J. K. Simmons), comes on, his entrance is writ-

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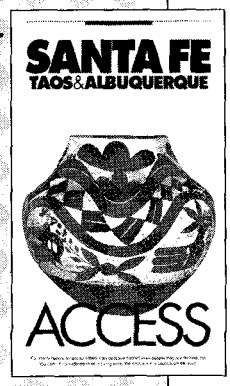

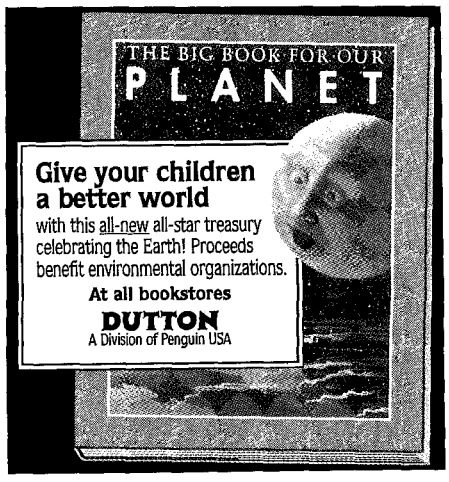

ten with an old pro's sense of economy and character. "I'm sorry. I just stopped to—" Brian coughs, and starts again. "I stopped to—" He stops again, coughing uncontrollably. Finally, he gets his breath and says, "I stopped to get some cigarettes." Brian and the hypochondriacal Ira (played with terrific brio by Ron Orbach) are forever baiting each other. "You Goddamn Leprechaun!" Ira taunts him. "*Catholics* are not funny. . . Protestants are not funny. Methodists are not funny. Baptists are funny but only underwater." They have a funny-name contest, which ends with Ira heaving Brian's and his own shoes out the window. A similar kind of craziness fuels the creative competition over Max's parody sketch of Marlon Brando in the film "Julius Caesar." As Max looks up at a "clustah of stahs in da heavens," a character asks him what the cluster is called. "It is called Stelluh," he says. "Stelluh! . . . Stella for Stahlight!"

The sweet literacy of the parody soon became a thing of the past in commercial comedy. As the play demonstrates, "Your Show of Shows" fell victim to the homogenizing of public taste. "America wanted comedy closer to their own lives," Lucas says toward the end. " 'Julius Caesar' wasn't as familiar to them as kids named Beaver and fathers who knew best." Meanwhile, the stripling Lucas makes the writing team; Milt gets divorced; Carol gets pregnant; Val, with elocution lessons, gets to say "Go fuck"—not "fock"—"yourself"; and Brian gets to Hollywood. "I'm telling you guys, Hollywood is great. You'll love it," he says at the finale. To which, Val replies, "Listen! If you're a Jew, you end up in the desert no matter what." Good joke. Good timing. Good meat-and-potatoes direction from Jerry Zaks, who keeps the fun machine ticking over and the actors crisply hitting their punch lines. "Laughter on the 23rd Floor" will start no aesthetic revolutions. But it's too easy to dismiss Simon. Like the "low comics" of an earlier generation, he is too popular to be considered "art" and more subtle, especially when writing about comedians and comedy, than the public fondly thinks. Time will sort out the critical assessment. But in this outing, anyway, Simon is certainly artful. And, within its limits, "Laughter on the 23rd Floor" is well written. "Oh, I had a lot of fun writing it," Simon told me. "I want to keep doing it. I've started to think about a sequel." ♦

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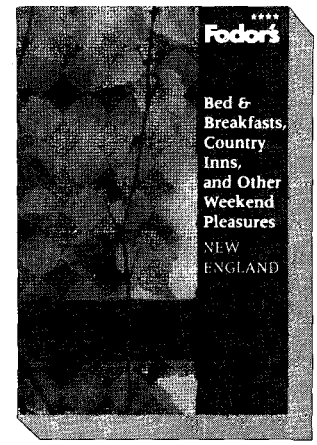

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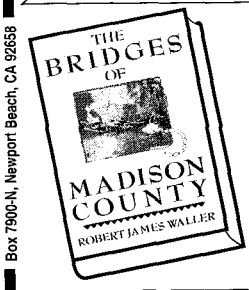

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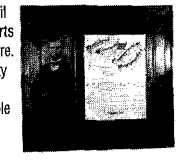

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BY GEORGE STEINER

ANITA BURDMAN FEFERMAN'S "Politics, Logic, and Love: The Life of Jean van Heijenoort" (A. K. Peters; $29.95) introduces an unlikely hero:

> Academically, Jean was completely confident. How could he not have been, given his rigorous preparation and record of excellence at the *collège* in Clermont? Besides his major studies in mathematics and philosophy, he had taken chemistry and physics, seven years of Latin, four of Greek, and four of German, as well as French history, literature, and language. Independently, he had read widely, and he had even taught himself Russian, because he had a vague notion that, one day soon he might go to the Soviet Union for a visit.

Who *is* this? Some patrician prodigy hothoused in a prestigious academy and coached by private tutors? Arriving in Paris on a state scholarship at the age of eighteen, in 1930, Jean van Heijenoort came from the humblest, most blighted of backgrounds. His widowed mother had clawed her way through poverty. His stepfather labored in a café-restaurant in the backwaters of Saint-Quentin. The First World War and political prejudice against Dutch immigrants—Jean's father had been born in Delft—had harried the family. No matter. Identified as intellectually brilliant, Jean was granted a complete bursary: bed and board in school, books, pencils, paper, laundry fees, and shoe polish. He was on a public escalator that could carry him to France's highest honors.

In Trotsky's shadow: Jean van Heijenoort and his mentor at the Dewey hearings in Mexico in 1937. A new book recounts the mathematician's extraordinary life.

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I would have liked to devote the rest of this review to a desolate contrast with what the United States (Europe is following suit) has made of public primary and secondary education. I would have liked to compare in some detail the syllabus taught to Jean van Heijenoort by secondary-school masters, often bitterly poor but profoundly respected, with that on offer in the electronic supermarkets of our current graduate schools. But van Heijenoort's story moves on at too rapid and singular a pace.

The young mandarin went on to the Lycée Saint-Louis, one of the Parisian thresholds for advanced work in the arts and sciences, but didn't complete his training. Temperament and chance encounters involved him with the Ligue Communiste, a minute splinter group of fervent Trotskyites who were committed to rescuing the Russian Revolution from Stalinist hijacking. Street battles, the distribution of tracts, interminable theoretical discussions on the impending collapse of capitalism, a love affair with a comrade: the tale is familiar, and is briskly told by Ms. Feferman. The Stalinist tactic of allying official Communism even with Nazism in order to eradicate the Trotskyite and social-democrat foe determined Jean van Heijenoort's life. Abstract algebra, complex variables, and the *grandes écoles* would have to wait. Leon Trotsky, exiled on Prinkipo Island, in the Turkish Sea of Marmara, needed an additional bodyguard and amanuensis. In October, 1932, Jean set sail.

The next seven years saw Jean's exis-

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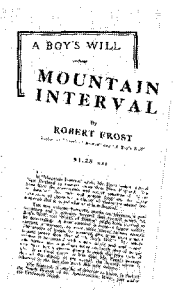

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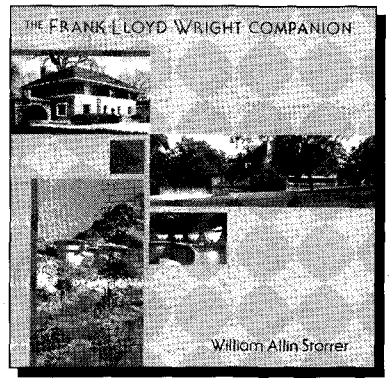

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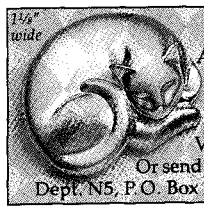

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tence assimilated to that of the Old Man. Trotsky's genius towered despotically over all who came into his circle. Hunted from country to country, anathematized by Fascist, Nazi, capitalist, and Stalinist opinion, and the object of more or less constant attempts at assassination, Trotsky fought on. His hosts in Norway all but sold him to his pursuers; mobs threatened to storm his refuge outside Paris; Stalin's agents and hacks denounced him and the breakaway Fourth International as venal instruments of Hitler. Trotsky riposted with a veritable deluge of articles, pamphlets, interviews, and books. Under extreme pressure, and literally on the run, he dictated monumental analyses of the Russian Revolution, of social Fascism, of Marxist-Leninist theory. He composed his murderous study of Stalin and wrote his autobiography. As Feferman shows, van Heijenoort's devotion was total. He became the coolest of the heavies who surrounded Trotsky's every move. He acted as untiring secretary, translator, and courier. When visas were to be extracted from hostile bureaucracies, when journalists were to be thrown off the scent, when safe houses were to be prepared, Jean proved invaluable. His linguistic skills, his discretion, his amused elegance in moments of danger gave him legendary status among the faithful. Though he had a wife and son in France, Jean embarked for Mexico in December, 1936. Personal life meant next to nothing when Lev Davidovich had summoned him. His true home was the entrenched villa at Coyoacán.

The picaresque, tragic story of Trotsky's Mexican epilogue has been told before and in detail. This glowing biography of a minor player quickens it to renewed life. The politics of world crises mesh inseparably with farce. Diego Rivera and his formidably gifted, sexually turbulent wife, Frida Kahlo, are at first ministering angels. Trotsky embarks on a liaison with Kahlo. (Jean will follow his example.) Siqueiros—Rivera's rival in Mexican art, and a Stalinist to boot—led an onslaught on Trotsky's den. Bullets riddled the walls. Visitors, spies, louche personages of every sort came and went. During the famous simulated "trial" of Trotsky chaired by John Dewey—a trial that cleared him of all the charges hurled at him during the Moscow purges—van Heijenoort and the small staff worked at fever pitch. Documents and testimonials had to be prepared and published to the world. Trotsky rehearsed his impassioned dicta with his intimates. Out of unreality—what difference could acquittal make?—a final intensity was born. To the end of his life, Jean remained convinced of Trotsky's personal integrity. "Needless to say," he wrote, "nothing was falsified, nothing was hidden." There was, he felt, a killing mania in Stalin, a homicidal blood lust, and Stalin, he argued, ought to have been eliminated. Trotsky opposed "personal terrorism," but van Heijenoort blamed the Trotskyites for *not* being involved in any clandestine actions against the demented tyrant—actions for which there might, he thought, have been some grounds in the Soviet Union of the early nineteen-thirties.

Almost imperceptibly, Jean, by 1937, was beginning to edge away from his beloved master. In the acrimonious disputes between Trotsky and Rivera, Jean's instincts favored the painter. In daily relations, he suffered more and more from Trotsky's raging intolerance. In April, 1939, Loretta (Bunny) Guyer, a fetching, vivacious New Yorker, arrived on the darkening scene, and a few months later, after a Mexican divorce from his distant French wife, Jean married her. Now, Feferman says, as "the husband of an American, he realized he had a way out, another place to go, and someone to go with." Though still unflinchingly committed to Trotskyite ideology, Jean was desperate for breathing space. Trotsky charged him with a vague but numinous mission to New York: Jean was to be the leader's spokesman on foreign affairs, and was to reconcile the factions that had riven North American Trotskyites. The two men spoke for the last time on the evening of November 4, 1939. It seems to have been, following the disciplined conventions of revolutionary movements, a wholly professional exchange. Revolutionaries do not trade souvenirs or elegies. Nonetheless, for Jean, arriving, with little English, in a cold, indifferent Manhattan, the wrench was sharp. On August 20, 1940, "darkness set in": Trotsky was murdered with an axe. Jean could not stifle the feeling that he might have saved Trotsky's life—that he, with his native French, would have spotted the fake accent of Ramón Mercader, the Communist-secret-police assassin. That conviction was simple and lacerating: "I'm sure I could have prevented." In one sense, van Heijenoort would never escape from Trotsky's shadow; in another, he would create for

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himself a wholly new existence. It is the merit of Feferman's book to make this ambiguity compellingly lucid.

LIKE piloting jet fighters, mathematical logic is a young man's game. The mental concentration required is consuming. The muscles of the mind are stretched to the breaking point as the practitioner lasers in on questions that are the utmost formality and abstruseness but at the same time go to the heart of reason and underpin the construct of mathematics and of logical deduction as a whole. Kurt Gödel was in his early twenties when he proposed his famous principle of incompleteness, which many feel to have been the most significant step in logical thought since Descartes. It may well be that mathematical logicians of the first order, like chess prodigies, are born rather than made. For a man to return to higher mathematics and mathematical logic when he has abandoned any commerce with them since his school days is almost unheard of, and for such a man to contribute signally to the history of his field is unique. However, supported by Bunny and by a teaching assistantship, van Heijenoort obtained his Ph.D. in the distinguished Mathematics Department of New York University. Working on the geometry of convex surfaces, he kept fiercely to himself. For a considerable time, not even his closest colleagues or the students whom he began teaching had the slightest intimation of his past. Gradually, Jean moved into the field of mathematical logic. (It may have been too late for him to be a pure mathematician of creative rank.) After two decades at N.Y.U., he was appointed to a post at Brandeis. Later years found him regularly at Stanford. Solomon Feferman, himself a distinguished mathematical logician, provides a scholarly précis of van Heijenoort's publications at the close of his wife's book. Forty-three reviews by Jean appeared in *The Journal of Symbolic Logic*. He wrote a cogent analysis of Bertrand Russell's famous paradox of 1901 for the Encyclopedia of Philosophy. A second article for this encyclopedia dealt with Gödel's incompleteness theorems. These issues are central to modern mathematics and to the taxing question of whether mathematics can, finally, be reduced to axiomatic logic. Together, they pointed directly to van Heijenoort's classic contribution, published in 1967: his "From Frege to Gödel: A Source Book in Mathematical Logic,

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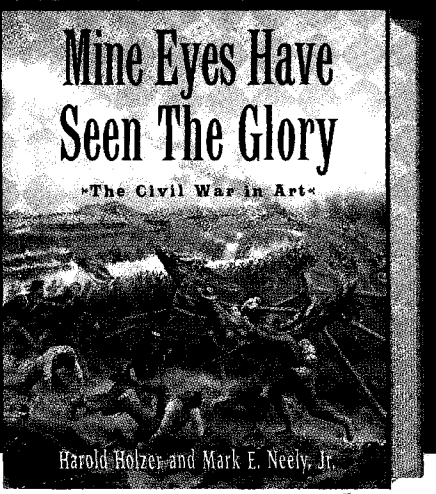

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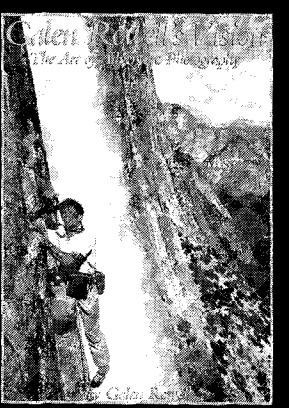
"AN ARTIST-ADVENTURER"
—*Wall Street Journal*



GALEN ROWELL'S VISION
The Art of Adventure Photography
BY
Galen Rowell
FOREWORD BY
Steve Werner
At fine bookstores
A SIERRA CLUB BOOK

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1879-1931." With the assistance of such Harvard logicians as W. V. O. Quine, van Heijenoort selected forty-six texts in the logic and foundation of mathematics for complete or partial reproduction. Many had to be translated into English, itself a task whose arduous responsibility is difficult for a layman to grasp. The impact of the "Source Book" was profound: it helped to reveal the field to itself, as it were—to give it coherence within the more general history of reasoning. Each text was introduced by a substantial analytic comment, locating it within the context and the history of both logic and mathematics. Two of the chief selections, together with introductory and linking notes, appeared as a separate edition in 1970. Van Heijenoort continued to publish notable papers—for example, on the relations between logic, calculus, and language. In 1981, he was, naturally, invited to be one of the editors of the posthumous "Collected Works" of Gödel.

Yet the Old Man's shadow lay heavy. With exemplary tact, Anita Feferman traces the self-emancipation of Jean from Marxism, from dialectical materialism and the Marxist theory of history. There were those among Manhattan's Trotskyites who accused van Heijenoort of treason. Rumors spread to the effect that coöperation with the F.B.I. might have eased Jean's acquisition of American citizenship. The fact is that the processes of conversion were genuine and painful. Increasingly at home in the translucent rigors of mathematical logic and analytic philosophy, wrestling with truths of an uncompromisingly impartial category, Jean van Heijenoort came to reject the melodramatic scenarios of Marxist historicism and the claims of Marxist-Leninist determinism to any demonstrable scientific status. Paradoxically, however, it was now that Jean was in a position to make his final and greatest contribution to the survival in spirit of the lost leader. From the mid-fifties onward, he acted as a close consultant to the Trotsky Archive at the Harvard College Library. Laboring as an essentially unpaid "specialist in acquisitions," Jean helped make the archive an incomparable monument to Trotsky and an indispensable treasure-house for historians of the Russian Revolution. (They now queue up from Russia itself.) As he harvested and combed the voluminous material, as he relived the tortuous chronicle of the Fourth International and met with his past self at crucial junctures, van Heijenoort seems to have attained a certain inward peace with respect to Trotsky. The love he bore the man and the valuation he had made of his combative genius and rhetorical powers were confirmed. But he also saw the illusions, the self-deceptions, the tactical impurities in the whole Trotskyite position. He perceived Trotsky's exploitation of the idealism and sacrificial impulses of lesser men. He may even have wondered—though this remains the cardinal unknown—whether a Trotskyite victory over Stalin would have guaranteed a humane regime for the Soviet Union.

But if there was peace in mathematical logic and archival scholarship there was none in Jean's private existence. Charismatically handsome, endowed with the legitimate aura of a heroic past, Jean drew women like moths, and he, in turn, fell for them with indiscriminate gusto. Numerous relationships and four marriages yielded little but turmoil. Nothing in this biography is more poignant than Feferman's account of how Jean's mother, in France, received with serene warmth successive mistresses, wives, and children. Peregrine to a fault, restless, haunted by the notion that he could sooner or later find the ideal location—in France, which he had revisited after twenty-two years; in New England; around New York; or in Mexico—Jean stumbled on a relative Arcadia at Stanford (and on a landlady of rare insight and caring). Too late.

Van Heijenoort had married Anne-Marie Zamora in Mexico City in 1969. The relation, at first idyllic, eventually soured. Divorce followed. But the acutely neurotic, dependent Anne-Marie continued to have a strong hold on Jean. Reconciliation and remarriage took place in December, 1984. Under corrosive stress, Jean divided his time between Mexico and Stanford. Sensing that his work was at stake, he sought to end the entire wretched business and returned to his haven at Menlo Park. The cataclysmic earthquakes that struck Mexico City in September, 1985, caused Jean's immediate return to his unbalanced wife. A joint trip to France proved abysmal. Anne-Marie threatened suicide: "Of course, she wants to kill *me*, too," van Heijenoort observed, with a logician's calm. She did in March of 1986—three .38-calibre bullets into the head of her sleeping husband. One more into her own mouth. Murder in Mexico, forty-five years after that of Trotsky. A terrible déjà vu, made unforgettable in this moving, original book. ♦

Holiday Classics

from The Modern Library

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THOMAS JEFFERSON
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E.M. FORSTER
A Room with a View
Howards End

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PHOTOGRAPHY

VanDerZee: Photographer, 1886-1983
by Deborah Willis-Braithwaite
(Abrams/Smithsonian; $39.95)

IN 1912, James VanDerZee opened a photographic studio in Harlem, and in it, over the next thirty years, he took portraits of the black bourgeoisie and the black beau monde. His subjects included theatre groups, wedding parties, baseball teams, and decorated soldiers of the First World War, along with the occasional nude, and the dead, in their flower-decked coffins. It was the time of the Harlem Renaissance, and VanDerZee's archive came to mirror a culture within a culture. In a biographical essay Rodger Birt explains that VanDerZee's fortunes sank after the Second World War; he was rediscovered in the late nineteen-sixties, and enjoyed acclaim in his later years as an imaginative master of the camera. He died in 1983, at ninety-six. This album includes some of VanDerZee's most famous prints, as well as many reproduced for the first time. At the end of the book are a handful of superb portraits of latter-day celebrities which the photographer made in his old age—most notably a study of the young graffitist and painter Jean-Michel Basquiat with a cat.

Look at the Land: Aerial Reflections on America
by Alex MacLean, with text by Bill McKibben
(Rizzoli; $50)

MACLEAN'S Cessna airplane has taken him from coast to coast, but there are few familiar landmarks or conventionally beautiful bird's-eye-view shots in this portfolio. Instead, we are given startling juxtapositions, as in his photograph of the Pacific surf crashing just across the street from a San Francisco neighborhood of row houses. His pictures capture striking textures and patterns, the marks of geological and historical time, the proximity of the wild and the artificial, and the damage that development and pollution can bring about on the surface of the earth. The photographs are arranged thematically, and the images progress musically, with variation and counterpoint; MacLean's shots of toxic seepage into the circulatory systems of rivers are as memorably sinister as his color-struck images of field and sky are serene.

BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

Alfred Stieglitz's *Camera Notes*
edited by Christian A. Peterson
(Minneapolis Institute of Arts / Norton; $39.95)

THIS handsome book contains all the halftone images and photogravures that appeared in the six-year run (1897-1903) of Alfred Stieglitz's groundbreaking quarterly *Camera Notes*. At a time when photography here and in Europe had come through its initial documentary stage, Stieglitz and others were seeking an artistic rationale for the medium. A new breed of "pictorialists" was born, and they began producing photographs that seemed eager to recall the work of the late-Victorian salon painters: mists and fogs drifted in and out of their pictures; textures were manipulated to look like brushwork or charcoal drawing; nudes in soft focus achieved triumphs of anti-eroticism; and typical titles were "At the Rushy Pool," "Sweet Childhood Days," "Day's Decline." The reproductions of these pictures in *Camera Notes* are another story: by means of the photogravure process—a costly technique akin to engraving—marvels of printing were created, and they give the book its distinction and its historical value. Stieglitz and his peers did not linger in this phase of their art; they soon recognized that photography needed no rationale but itself.

RECOMMENDED

(Our choice of books recently reviewed on this page. The date of the note is given.)

The Grisly Wife
by Rodney Hall
Farrar, Straus & Giroux (10/18)

The Men and the Girls
by Joanna Trollope
Random House (9/27)

Secrets
by Kelvin Christopher James
Villard (10/25)

A Different Person
by James Merrill
Knopf (10/11)

Elizabeth Gaskell
by Jenny Uglow
Farrar, Straus & Giroux (11/22)

Kafka Was the Rage
by Anatole Broyard
Carol Southern (11/29)

Life Work
by Donald Hall
Beacon (10/11)

Do or Die
by Martine Barrat
(Viking; $45)

BARRAT, a French native, has been taking photographs at boxing gyms around New York City since 1979. This collection chronicles her fascination with the subject matter as much as it does the pugilists whose unforgettable faces fill its pages. With a few exceptions, the fighters are unknown, and Barrat, instead of concentrating on dislocated jaws and flying sweat, presents her subjects before and after sparring, while they are wrapping their hands or holding trophies. The effect is of violence contained by a taut and delicate skin of quietness, of action momentarily subsumed by mood. The book begins with the youngest boxers, boys who stand on benches in order to reach the speed bag, and progresses all the way to seventy-four-year-old Kid Chocolate, a former champion and Harlem legend, whom Barrat tracked down in Havana. The Kid's eyes still radiate mirth and ferocity as he shows off his fist, thick and capable at the end of a bony arm. Barrat's sparse commentary hints at the lives behind the faces. About the Swift twins, for instance, we're told that one brother lost an eye sparring with Marvin Hagler and cannot fight anymore, while the other, who continues to box, writes poems "so he won't be sad." In this remarkable and moving book, Barrat reinterprets the poetry of the Sweet Science. ♦

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YOU WON'T HAVE NIXON TO KICK AROUND ANYMORE, DIRTBAG

BY LARRY DOYLE

A Government informer and the man charged with leading a foiled plot to bomb New York City targets discussed abducting former President Richard M. Nixon . . . in a hostage-taking scheme aimed at winning release of Muslims being held in Federal custody in connection with the bombing of the World Trade Center last February. . . .

Mr. Nixon, who lives in New Jersey, could not be reached for comment. . . .

—*The Times.*

"THE Taking of the President: The Terrorist Abduction of Richard M. Nixon," a political thriller to be written by Mr. Nixon, will be released January 3rd, Simon & Schuster announced today. The book, as yet unfinished, will be part of the Richard Nixon Library series, under the publisher's Touchstone Books imprint, according to the Touchstone spokeswoman, Lynda Coover.

"Taking," based on an alleged real-life terrorist plot to kidnap Mr. Nixon and exchange him for Muslims being held in connection with the World Trade Center bombing, will chronicle the hypothetical abduction and the former President's presumed subsequent daring escape, Ms. Coover said.

"Though I hesitate to call it fiction," she added. "As I understand it, they [the alleged terrorists] had discussed this, perhaps even planned it—I don't know. But what Mr. Nixon has done, is doing as we speak, is reconstructing the actual events as they might have actually transpired. Call it 'speculative nonfiction.' "

Simon & Schuster was criticized this summer for publishing Joe McGinniss's "The Last Brother," a biography of Senator Edward Kennedy that included thoughts and emotions the Senator had not had, but Ms. Coover maintained that Mr. Nixon's book would be different. "It will contain only Mr. Nixon's authentic thoughts and feelings, captured as he is thinking or feeling them while writing the book," she said.

A movie based on the book is also in the works, said Kym Brooder, a spokeswoman for Paramount Communications Inc., Simon & Schuster's parent company. "We find the idea of a former American President as action hero to be very, very exciting," Ms. Brooder said.

"Executive in Action: Expletive Deleted," based on Mr. Nixon's screenplay and scheduled for release in 1994, will be directed by Sidney Pollack, who helmed Paramount Pictures' 1993 summer blockbuster "The Firm." Mr. Pollack was criticized for taking liberties with John Grisham's best-selling book, but Ms. Brooder did not see that issue arising in this case, "because Dick's not a control freak."

In the film, which will emphasize action elements of the book over its geopolitical insights, the part of Mr. Nixon will be played by Dan Ackroyd, star of "Coneheads," another Paramount release. Mr. Ackroyd, whose affectionate portrayal of Mr. Nixon on NBC's "Saturday Night Live" made an indelible impression on the former President, stepped into the role when Mr. Nixon's first choice, George C. Scott, was unavailable. Instead of relying on time-consuming and cumbersome makeup to transform Mr. Ackroyd into Mr. Nixon, "morphing" technology will be used to superimpose Mr. Nixon's face directly on Mr. Ackroyd's. "The face will be Dick's but the acting will be all Dan's," Ms. Brooder said.

Next fall will also see Mr. Nixon's book turned into a four-part, six-hour syndicated miniseries, incorporating several characters and settings from Paramount Television's immensely popular syndicated series "Star Trek: The Next Generation." Mr. Nixon, reportedly "a big Trekker," will pen the teleplay, and is "noodling with" the notion of doing "a holographic cameo," Ms. Brooder said. Plot details have yet to be worked out, she said, but added that the Muslim terrorists would likely be replaced by "some sort of alien entity."

"NIXON: the X-President #1," a thirty-two-page full-color comic book drawn by Mr. Nixon, will début in November of 1994, according to Paramount licensing spokesman Byll Germane. "NIXON" will mix elements from the book, the movie, and the series, and in addition Mr. Nixon will have as yet undetermined superpowers. Images from the comic book will also be reproduced on a set of Day-Glo posters and in a series of Bahamian commemorative stamps. Christmas, 1994, will feature covert-action figures based on the comic, Mr. Germane said, as well as a role-playing CD-ROM based on the miniseries, and a book-on-tape based on the film, and, based on the book itself, toys for the tub. ♦

DAVID STOTEN

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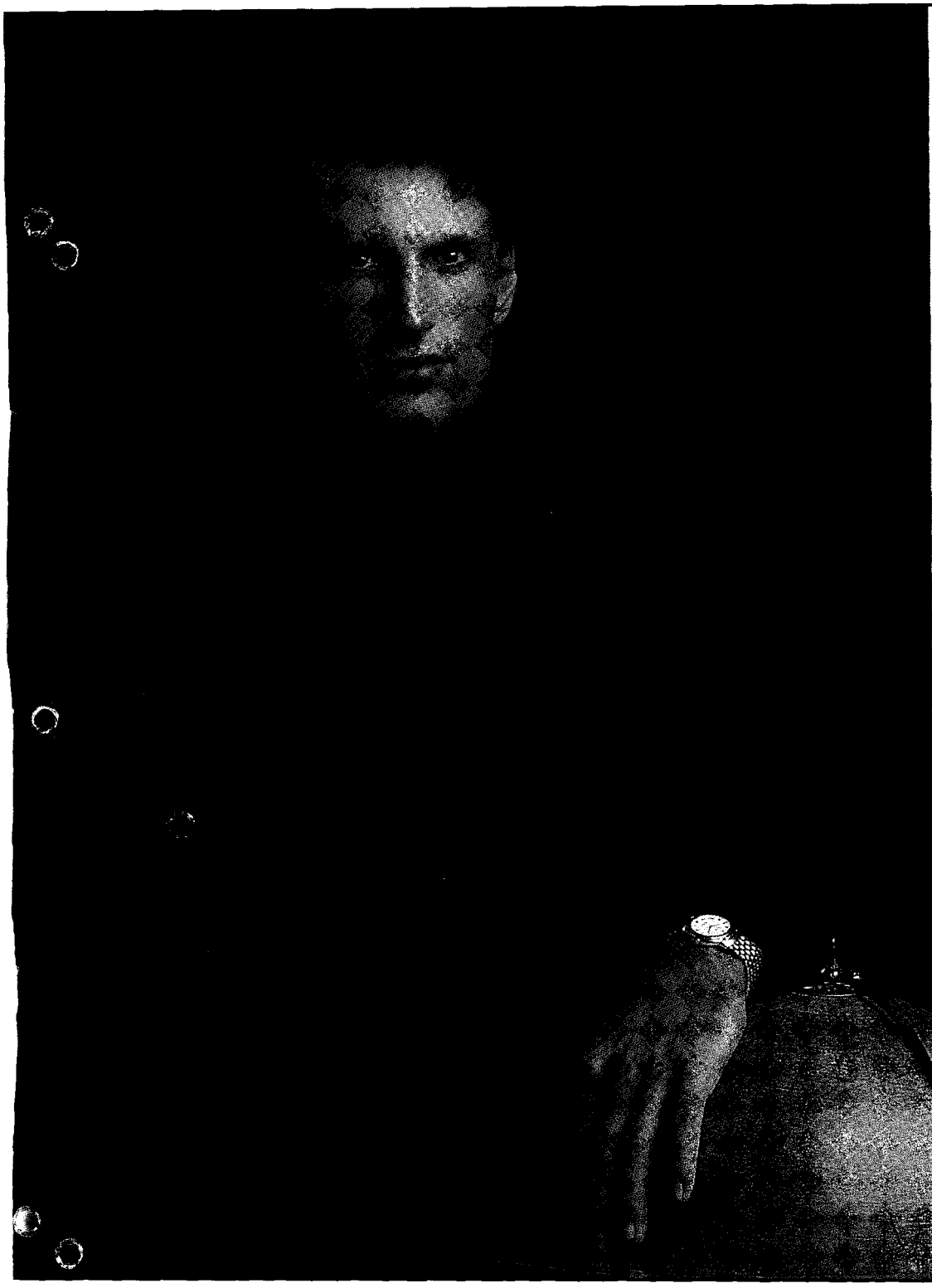

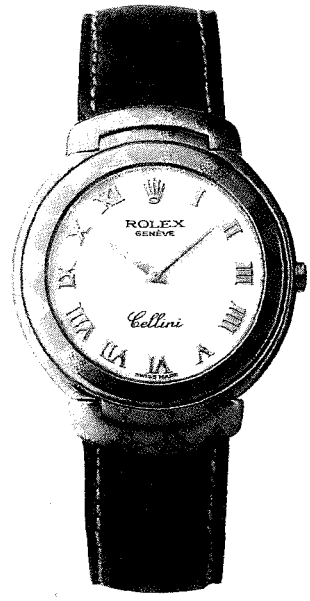

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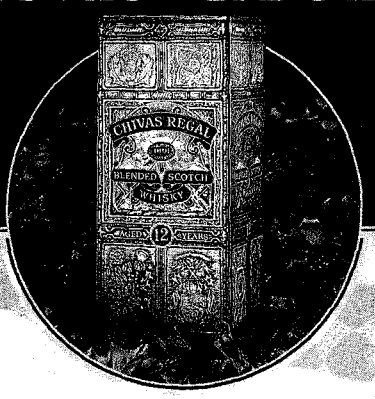

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